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SOUTHERN WRITERS

SELECTIONS IN PROSE AND VERSE

EDITED BY

W. P. TRENT

AUTHOR OF "A HISTORY OF AMERICAN LITERATURE,"
"JOHN MILTON," ETC., ETC.

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PREFACE

THIS volume of selections from Southern writers, designed primarily for use in school and college classes in the South, will not, I trust, be regarded as a sectional product in the unpleasant sense of that term. The history of the South and its literature cannot profitably be divorced from the history and literature of the entire country; but just as it appears desirable that the children of each state should be given special instruction in the history of that commonwealth, so it seems reasonable and appropriate that the young people of a well-differentiated section like the South should be afforded an opportunity to study the writers of their region in more detail than is possible when only general text-books on American literature are employed. This volume, in other words, is intended to furnish supplementary reading and information which the teacher can use in connection with work in American literature, or in a special subordinate class if there be an opportunity to form one. Many of the extracts given have also been chosen with special reference to their availability for use in connection with classes in history, which always stand in need of illustrative material, and the volume may serve the purposes of a reading book, as well as of a supplementary collection of specimens for use in classes in composition and rhetoric. I believe that I do not exaggerate when I say that a study of these selections ought to increase a pupil's interest in American literature and history as a whole, and also to open his eyes to the fact that, while the South has never been prolific of books and writers, its people have contributed a larger and a better share to the literature of the Republic than is generally admitted.

The task of forming such a collection as is here presented is

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not inconsiderable. Even when the lists of Southern writers that have been compiled by students anxious to claim for their section every available name have been rigidly winnowed, both on the score of correct attribution and of quality of production, there still remains a much larger number of worthy and representative authors than can be successfully included in a single volume. The statesmen and orators alone would furnish materials for a large book, and a larger one could be readily made from writings produced since the Civil War. Minor questions, too, such as the ease with which an author's works may be secured, and the consequent danger of furnishing material most of which is fairly accessible in other forms, as well as the frequently mooted point whether short, more or less fragmentary selections are of much value, have been constantly present to my mind. I can scarcely hope to escape censure for having admitted this author and specimen while excluding that; but I can at least say that my recent studies in preparation for my "History of American Literature, 1607–1865," have enabled me to take a rather wide survey of the field to be covered, and that I have made my selections with care, and, as far as I could, with regard to the importance of the writers both to the South and to the Union at large.

In preparing the brief biographical and critical notices I have relied, whenever my library facilities would allow me, upon memoirs and sketches of recognized authority. In some cases, however, it has been possible to secure only the most meagre sort of data, and I have had to fall back upon general works of reference. It will give me great pleasure to have my attention called to sources of information that have escaped me, and also to feel that the deficiencies of this book may stimulate Southern students to supply articles and monographs on minor writers of the section whose lives and works have been allowed to sink into oblivion. Corrections, too, of bibliographical errors —for with such a large number of items errors are inevitable— will be gratefully received.

In view of the many needs which the book is designed to meet, the mass of selections has been made comparatively large. I have also aimed to supply material for intensive study by giving considerable space to such writers as seem more and more to stand out as the chief authors of their section and of their respective epochs; for example, Poe and Henry Timrod. I have appended notes here and there, but not so many, I trust, as to keep the student away from the two books that should be constantly in his hands, — his dictionary and his manual of classical mythology. In view of the facts that the Old South is often reproached, perhaps overzealously, with literary sterility, and that the writers of the New South are too near us for impartial criticism, and are also somewhat accessible and familiar, I have emphasized the earlier periods and exercised considerable liberty of omission in the third division of the volume. For example, it has seemed best to give the writers of fiction who made themselves prominent in the eighties precedence over those who have distinguished themselves within the last fifteen years. So, again, out of the far from thin ranks of the latter-day Southern poets some had to be chosen as representative and the rest passed over. This is only to say that the fate of the anthologist is ever the same, — he wishes he could stretch his volume to twice the size a prudent publisher would be justified in allowing. I will put aside so vain a wish and substitute for it the more modest one that some of the boys and girls now growing up in that South, to the fortunes of which no Southern-born man, wherever his lot may be cast, can ever be indifferent, may through this book become much more familiar with the writers of their section.

W. P. TRENT.

NEW YORK,
January 1, 1905.

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[1] The reader may find useful the following indications of the contents of special notes: For "The Belles of Williamsburg," see p. 62; for Mme. Le Vert, see p. 69, *note* 2; for a list of miscellaneous writers of the Old South, see p. 71, *note* 2; for early Southern scientists, see p. 173, *note* 2; for early Southern humorists, see p. 70, p. 253, *note* 1, p. 271, *notes* 2 and 3, and p. 456, *note* 1; for Southern journalists, see p. 71; for miscellaneous writers of the Civil War period, see p. 336, *note;* for literary activity immediately after the Civil War, see p. 375, *note;* for Creole writers, see p. 377, *note;* for the negro in ante-bellum humor, see p. 456, *note* 1.

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FIRST PERIOD

THE LITERATURE OF THE COLONIES AND THE REVOLUTION

1607–1789

INTRODUCTION

THROUGHOUT this entire period of nearly two hundred years of American history, literature in the strictly æsthetic sense of the term is almost non-existent. Apart, for example, from the work of Philip Freneau, it would be hard to name ten poems written in early America that give genuine pleasure to the modern reader. Not a single good novel or drama was published in the country before Washington became President. There was no real man of letters, the two most important authors of the period, Jonathan Edwards and Benjamin Franklin, being famous, the one as theologian and metaphysician, the other as scientist, statesman, philanthropist, and man of affairs. Of the few prose works which one can still read with true pleasure, Franklin's "Autobiography," John Woolman's "Journal," Colonel William Byrd's "History of the Dividing Line," and Crèvecœur's "Letters from an American Farmer," not one belongs, strictly speaking, to imaginative literature. There were good annalists, but no great historians; there were learned and earnest divines, but none gifted with marked literary ability; there were fervid orators like James Otis, Patrick Henry, and Christopher Gadsden, and able publicists like Jefferson, Hamilton, Madison, and Dickinson; but not one of them has obtained a place in literature comparable with that held by the orator-publicist, Edmund Burke. It could hardly have been otherwise in a group of struggling colonies. But there was a good deal of writing, especially in New England, and the books, sermons, speeches, pamphlets, and correspondence of the period are of great value to the historian, as well as to the reader interested to know what manner of men his ancestors were. The Southern reader has a scantier stock of material from which to secure such knowledge than the New Englander possesses, for the art of writ-

ing has never been extensively practised by a people chiefly engaged in agriculture. But even in the Colonial South interesting books were written by interesting men; and in the Revolution Southerners came to the front as soldiers, orators, and statesmen in a way which proves that Anglo-Saxon love of liberty and genius for affairs were strengthened rather than weakened by their transfer to the New World.

Only a few of these early Southern writers can be represented in such a volume as the present, but in those few some very great names are found — among them that of the greatest of all Americans, the truly styled Father of his Country, whose character as shown in his writings was never more needed as an example than at this moment. Next to Washington stands Jefferson, the greatest of American political idealists, and next to Jefferson stands Madison, the most learned, patiently thoughtful, and conservative of our statesmen. These three, with Patrick Henry, would alone suffice to show how great was the part played in the Revolution, not merely by the South but by one state, Virginia. There were other Virginian patriots, however, like Richard Henry Lee and George Mason, and there were Carolinians and Georgians who did noble service in achieving American independence. There was no more incorruptible and sturdy patriot than Henry Laurens. There was no more authoritative voice lifted in favor of national independence than that of another South Carolinian, Chief Justice William Henry Drayton (1742–1779), learned jurist and bold pamphleteer.[1]

The student of early Southern literature is not obliged, however, to confine his attention to statesmen and publicists. He finds not a few descriptive and historical tracts that are interesting as well as instructive, and in William Stith (1689–1755), the Reverend President of William and Mary College, he discovers a scholarly historian worthy to rank with the New Englander, Thomas Prince. In Colonel William Byrd he is justified in seeing the most sprightly,

[1] See Tyler's "Literary History of the American Revolution," I, 491–493. Drayton left two manuscript volumes describing the Revolution in the South which were used by his son, John Drayton, in preparing his "Memoirs of the American Revolution" (1821).

cultured, and interesting writer born in the colonies before Franklin. In reading Robert Beverley he perceives that country gentlemen could manage affairs and a ready pen as well as they could a large plantation. In the letters of Mrs. Eliza Wilkinson he recognizes the charm and the vivacity that have ever been regarded as the dower of Southern women. If he goes farther afield than this volume, he will derive profit and some pleasure from reading the narrative and descriptive tracts of George Percy, William Strachey, Alexander Whitaker, John Hammond, George Alsop, and Colonel Henry Norwood. The Rev. Hugh Jones, John Lawson, and Patrick Tailfer need not be entirely unfamiliar names to him if he is a sufficiently patriotic Virginian, North Carolinian, or Georgian to make him look up their writings. He may find less to attract him in such theologians as James Blair, Samuel Davies, and Alexander Garden (1685–1756), but he cannot fail to find them interesting men. At the very least he ought to read about these early Southerners in connection with the other colonists who laid the foundations of American literature. To do this should not prove to be an unpleasant task, for the four volumes of the late Professor Moses Coit Tyler deal in a very attractive way[1] with the entire range of American literature from the planting of the colonies to the Treaty of Paris.

CAPTAIN JOHN SMITH

[The famous Captain Smith cannot with any fairness be claimed as an American writer, and, if he could, it would be difficult to prove that he is the peculiar property of the South. Nevertheless, as he wrote the first book composed by an Englishman upon the soil of what is now the United States, and as this "True Relation" dealt with "Such Occurrences and Accidents of Note as Hath Happened in Virginia," it would seem proper to make his the

[1] The first two volumes of Tyler's "History of American Literature" appeared in 1878 and carried the narrative to 1765. The two volumes devoted to the Revolution appeared in 1897. For briefer accounts of the beginnings of American literature see the histories by Richardson, Wendell, and Trent. For a large variety of specimens of early writings see Stedman and Hutchinson's "Library of American Literature," Vols. I–III; also Duyckinck's "Cyclopædia of American Literature," and Trent and Wells's "Colonial Prose and Poetry" (3 vols.).

first name in a volume of selections from Southern writers. And if Smith be admitted, there can be little question that he should be brought before us along with the Indian Princess who is said to have saved his life. But some have held that this romantic event never took place and have based their belief chiefly upon the discrepancies revealed through a comparison of the passages here given from the "True Relation" and the "General History," in only the latter of which is Pocahontas mentioned. This is no place to defend the gallant Captain, who was certainly gifted in drawing the long-bow; yet it should be said in his behalf that well-qualified historians have not hesitated to accept what other historians have regarded as the Pocahontas legend. Nor is there room to recount even briefly his other strange adventures, or to give more than the barest outlines of his life.

He was born at Willoughby in Lincolnshire, in January, 1579, and died at London on the 21st of June, 1632. The son of a tenant farmer, apprenticed to trade, he ran away to serve in the Netherlands and afterwards fought in Hungary and Transylvania, against the Turks. He was captured, and enslaved, escaped to Russia, returned to England in 1605, and the next year accompanied Newport's expedition to Virginia. The opposition shown him by the authorities was overcome through his skill in reconnoitring and his success in obtaining supplies. While exploring the James River in 1607, he was captured by Indians, brought before their chief, Powhatan, saved as he claimed from death by the intervention of Pocahontas, and sent back to Jamestown after six weeks' captivity. Later he explored the Chesapeake, was for a time Colonial President, returned to England in 1609, and five years later explored the coast of New England. A third expedition in 1616 resulted in his capture by the French. He escaped, but was unable to secure means to continue his explorations. Typical of his many writings is the first, "A True Relation" (1608); clumsy, formless, inartistic, yet interesting because full of life. He wrote also "A Description of New England" (1616), "New England's Trials" (1620), "The General History of Virginia, New England and the Summer Isles" (1624), and a few less significant books. The best edition of Smith's works is that of Edward Arber (1884). There is a biography by the late Charles Dudley Warner (1881), and a number of scholars have discussed the Captain's accuracy. Charles Deane and John Fiske of Massachusetts (see "Old Virginia and her Neighbors") were respectively against and for him. Virginian scholars also divided. His chief Virginian critic is Mr. Alexander Brown, whose "Genesis of the United States" (1890) and other books furnish clear evidence of the zeal with which Southern scholars are devoting themselves to history. See Deane's edition of the "True Relation" (1866) and, in Smith's behalf, the late William Wirt Henry's paper in the Proceedings of the Virginia Historical Society for 1882.]

POWHATAN'S TREATMENT OF SMITH[1]

[From "A True Relation of Such Occurrences and Accidents of Note as hath happened in Virginia," etc. London, 1608.]

Arriving at Weramocomoco their Emperor proudly lying upon a bedstead a foot high, upon ten or twelve mats richly hung with many chains of great pearls about his neck, and covered with a great covering of Rahaughcums.[2] At [his] head sat a woman, at his feet another; on each side sitting upon a mat upon the ground, were ranged his chief men on each side the fire, ten in a rank and behind them as many young women, each a great chain of white beads over their shoulders, their heads painted in red; and with such a grave and majestical countenance, as drave me into admiration to see such state in a naked savage.

He kindly welcomed me with good words, and great platters of sundry victuals, assuring me his friendship, and my liberty within four days. He much delighted in Opechan Comough's relation of what I had described to him, and oft examined me upon the same.

He asked me the cause of our coming.

I told him being in fight with the Spaniards, our enemy, being overpowered, near put to retreat, and by extreme weather put to this shore, where landing at Chesipiack, the people shot us, but at Kequoughtan they kindly used us; we by signs demanded fresh water, they described us up the river was all fresh water: at Paspahegh also they kindly used us: our pinnace being leaky, we were enforced to stay to mend her, till Captain Newport, my father, came to conduct us away.

He demanded why we went further with our boat. I told him, in that I would have occasion to talk of the back sea, that on the other side the main, where was salt water, my father had a child slain which we supposed Monocan, his enemy [had done]; whose death we intended to revenge.

After good deliberation, he began to describe me the countries

[1] The spelling and punctuation of all the extracts from the earlier writers has been in the main modernized except for some proper names.

[2] Explained in the second extract.

beyond the falls, with many of the rest; confirming what not only Opechancanoyes, and an Indian which had been prisoner to Pewhatan had before told me: but some called it five days, some six, some eight, where the said water dashed amongst many stones and rocks, each storm; which caused oft times the head of the river to be brackish.

Anchanachuck he described to be the people that had slain my brother: whose death he would revenge. He described also upon the same sea, a mighty nation called Pocoughtronack, a fierce nation that did eat men, and warred with the people of Moyaoncer and Pataromerke, nations upon the top of the head of the Bay, under his territories: where the year before they had slain an hundred. He signified their crowns were shaven, long hair in the neck, tied on a knot, swords like pollaxes.

Beyond them, he described people with short coats, and sleeves to the elbows, that passed that way in ships like ours. Many kingdoms he described me, to the head of the bay, which seemed to be a mighty river issuing from mighty mountains betwixt the two seas. The people clothed at Ocamahowan, he also confirmed. And the southerly countries also, as the rest that reported us to be within a day and a half of Mangoge, two days of Chawwonock, six from Roonock, to the south part of the back sea. He described a country called Anone, where they have abundance of brass, and houses walled as ours.

I requited his discourse (seeing what pride he had in his great and spacious dominions, seeing that all he knew were under his territories) in describing to him the territories of Europe, which was subject to our great king whose subject I was, the innumerable multitude of his ships, [and] I gave him to understand the noise of trumpets, and terrible manner of fighting [which] were under Captain Newport my father: whom I intituled the Meworames, which they call the king of all the waters. At his greatness he admired: and not a little feared. He desired me to forsake Paspahegh, and to live with him upon his river, a country called Capa Howasicke. He promised to give me corn, venison, or what I wanted to feed us: hatchets and copper we should make him, and none should disturb us.

THE POCAHONTAS INCIDENT — THE LATER VERSION OF POWHATAN'S TREATMENT OF SMITH

[From the "General History of Virginia," etc. (1624), Lib. III.]

Opitchapam the King's brother invited him to his house, where, with as many platters of bread, fowl, and wild beasts, as did environ him, he bid him welcome; but not any of them would eat a bit with him, but put up all the remainder in baskets.

At his return to Opechancanough's all the King's women and their children, flocked about him for their parts, as a due by custom, to be merry with such fragments.

> But his waking mind in hideous dreams did oft see wondrous shapes
> Of bodies strange and huge in growth, and of stupendous makes.

At last they brought him to Werowocomoco, where was Powhatan their Emperor. Here more than two hundred of those grim courtiers stood wondering at him, as he had been a monster; till Powhatan and his train had put themselves in their greatest braveries. Before a fire upon a seat like a bedstead, he sat covered with a great robe, made of raccoon skins and all the tails hanging by. On either hand did sit a young wench of 16 or 18 years, and along on each side the house, two rows of men, and behind them as many women, with all their heads and shoulders painted red; many of their heads bedecked with the white down of birds; but every one with something: and a great chain of white beads about their necks.

At his entrance before the King, all the people gave a great shout. The Queen of Appamatuck was appointed to bring him water to wash his hands, and another brought him a bunch of feathers, instead of a towel to dry them. Having feasted him after their best barbarous manner they could, a long consultation was held, but the conclusion was, two great stones were brought before Powhatan: then as many as could laid hands on him, dragged him to them, and thereon laid his head, and being ready with their clubs, to beat out his brains, Pocahontas the King's dearest daughter, when no entreaty could prevail, got his head in her arms, and

laid her own upon his to save his from death: whereat the Emperor was contented he should live to make him hatchets, and her bells, beads, and copper; for they thought him as well of all occupations as themselves. For the King himself will make his own robes, shoes, bows, arrows, pots; plant, hunt, or do any thing so well as the rest.

They say he bore a pleasant show,
But sure his heart was sad.
For who can pleasant be, and rest,
That lives in fear and dread:
And having life suspected, doth
It still suspected lead.

Two days after, Powhatan having disguised himself in the most fearfulest manner he could, caused Captain Smith to be brought forth to a great house in the woods, and there upon a mat by the fire to be left alone. Not long after from behind a mat that divided the house, was made the most dolefulest noise he ever heard: then Powhatan more like a devil than a man, with some two hundred more as black as himself, came unto him and told him now they were friends, and presently he should go to Jamestown, to send him two great guns, and a grindstone, for which he would give him the Country of Capahowosick, and for ever esteem him as his son Nantaquoud.

So to Jamestown with 12 guides Powhatan sent him. That night they quartered in the woods, he still expecting (as he had done all this long time of his imprisonment) every hour to be put to one death or other for all their feasting. But almighty God by his divine providence, had mollified the hearts of those stern barbarians with compassion. The next morning betimes they came to the fort, where Smith having used the savages with what kindness he could, he showed Rawhunt, Powhatan's trusty servant, two demi-culverins and a millstone to carry Powhatan: they found them somewhat too heavy; but when they did see him discharge them, being loaded with stones, among the boughs of a great tree loaded with icicles, the ice and branches came so tumbling down, that the poor savages ran away half dead with fear. But at last we regained some confidence with them, and gave them such toys,

and sent to Powhatan his women, and children such presents, as gave them in general full content.

NARRATIVES DEALING WITH BACON'S REBELLION

[No event in the Southern colonies before the Revolution caused greater literary activity, or was more characteristic of the independent temper bred in Englishmen by their new surroundings than the popular uprising in 1676 known as "Bacon's Rebellion." During the English Protectorate, Governor Berkeley, who had taken the Royal side, had been forced to resign his authority. He was reinstated at the Restoration, in 1660, and surpassed his royal master in taxation and in persecution, especially of the Baptists and the Quakers. He abolished also the biennial election of Burgesses. This led to popular discontent, which was intensified by the conduct of King Charles II, who treated Virginia as his personal property, making large grants to court favorites, and countenancing laws that produced great uncertainty and distress among the planters. The assembly, assuming to be a perpetual body, sought to make itself independent by a permanent impost on exported tobacco. All this, added to the corruption, tyranny, and inefficiency of Governor Berkeley, who seemed unwilling to give the colonists adequate protection from raids by the Indians whose trade he sought, produced a growing discontent that needed only the presence of a sturdy leader to burst into overt rebellion. Such a leader was found in Nathaniel Bacon, a young man of wealth and the best English training, who, in defiance of the Governor, took the field against the Indians and was enthusiastically supported by the mass of the people and the smaller planters. This was in April, 1676. In May, Berkeley proclaimed Bacon a traitor. In June, however, the assembly enacted the so-called "Bacon Laws," a series of reform measures, and that leader was appointed commander-in-chief against the Indians. In July the reform party seem to have achieved a legislative triumph, and in August a popular convention which met at Williamsburg voted to sustain Bacon against the Indians and to prevent, if possible, a civil war; but the sudden sickness and death of Bacon in October deprived the popular party of its only efficient leader, and Berkeley reëstablished his tyranny by such general, hurried, and indecent executions that the king, who speedily recalled him to England, is said to have exclaimed, "The old fool has taken more lives in his naked country than I for my father's murder." The character of Berkeley's administration may be gathered from his often quoted reply to the Commissioners of Plantations (1670): "But, I thank God, *there are no free schools* nor *printing*, and I hope we shall not have these hundred years; for *learning* has brought disobedience, and heresy and sects into the world, and printing has divulged them, and libels

against the best government. God keep us from both." The rebellion which this intolerance caused had a romantic character that appealed to contemporary chroniclers as it has to later romancers. There is an anonymous "History of Bacon's and Ingram's Rebellion," known as "The Burwell Papers," printed by the Massachusetts Historical Society in 1814 and again more correctly in 1866. Though incomplete it is a thoroughly readable narrative, a little pedantic and affected and pronounced in its sympathy with the aristocratic party. The writer has been conjecturally identified with a planter, Cotton of Acquia Creek, possibly the author of a concise account entitled "Strange News from Virginia" (1677). Another short account written in 1705 by a certain T. M., probably Thomas Matthews, a Burgess of Stafford County and a man of genial credulity, furnishes interesting material. But neither of these writers approaches, in literary power, that unknown Bacon's "man" who wrote upon his master the really noble epitaph that follows. This poem, the historian of colonial literature, the late Professor Moses Coit Tyler, pronounced to be a "noble dirge," and it would surely be difficult to produce better verses written in America before the days of Freneau.[1]]

BACON'S DEATH

[From "The Burwell Papers." Text of 1866.]

Bacon having for some time been besieged by sickness, and now not able to hold out any longer, all his strength and provisions being spent, surrendered up that fort he was no longer able to keep, into the hands of that grim and all-conquering captain, Death, after that he had implored the assistance of the above-mentioned minister, for the well making his articles of rendition. The only religious duty (as they say) he was observed to perform during these intrigues of affairs, in which he was so considerable an actor, and so much concerned, that rather than he would decline the cause, he became so deeply engaged in the first rise thereof, though much urged by arguments of dehortations by his nearest relations and best friends, that he subjected himself to all those inconveniences that, singly, might bring a man of a more robust frame to his last home. After he was dead he was bemoaned in these following lines, drawn by the man that waited upon his person (as it is said), and who attended his corpse to their burial place; but where deposited till the general day, not

[1] All the above documents can be found in Vol. I of Force's "Tracts."

known, only to those who are resolutely silent in that particular. There was many copies of verses made after his departure, calculated to the latitude of their affections who composed them; as a relish taken from both appetites I have here sent you a couple:[1]

BACON'S EPITAPH, MADE BY HIS MAN

DEATH, why so cruel? What! no other way
To manifest thy spleen, but thus to slay
Our hopes of safety, liberty, our all,
Which, through thy tyranny, with him must fall
To its late chaos? Had thy rigid force
Been dealt by retail, and not thus in gross,
Grief had been silent. Now we must complain,
Since thou, in him, hast more than thousand slain,
Whose lives and safeties did so much depend
On him their life, with him their lives must end.
If 't be a sin to think Death brib'd can be
We must be guilty; say 'twas bribery
Guided the fatal shaft. Virginia's foes,
To whom for secret crimes just vengeance owes
Deserved plagues, dreading their just desert,
Corrupted Death by Paracelsian[2] art
Him to destroy; whose well tried courage such,
Their heartless hearts, nor arms, nor strength could touch.
Who now must heal those wounds, or stop that blood
The heathen made, and drew into a flood?
Who is 't must plead our cause? nor trump, nor drum
Nor deputations; these, alas! are dumb
And cannot speak. Our Arms (though ne'er so strong)
Will want the aid of his commanding tongue,
Which conquer'd more than Cæsar. He o'erthrew
Only the outward frame: this could subdue

[1] The satiric reply to the "Epitaph" is not reprinted here.

[2] *I.e.* the art of the physician or of the quack — derived from Paracelsus (1493–1541), the Swiss alchemist and physician. See Browning's poem that bears his name.

The rugged works of nature. Souls replete
With dull chill'd cold, he'd animate with heat
Drawn forth of reason's limbec. In a word,
Mars and Minerva both in him concurred
For arts, for arms, whose pen and sword alike
As Cato's did, may admiration strike
Into his foes; while they confess withal
It was their guilt styl'd him a criminal.
Only this difference doth from truth proceed:
They in the guilt, he in the name must bleed,
While none shall dare his obsequies to sing
In deserv'd measures; until time shall bring
Truth crown'd with freedom, and from danger free
To sound his praises to posterity.
Here let him rest; while we this truth report
He's gone from hence unto a higher Court
To plead his cause, where he by this doth know
Whether to Cæsar he was friend, or foe.

ROBERT BEVERLEY

[About Robert Beverley, the most interesting and one of the most important of the early historians of Virginia, not much that is definite is known. Some accounts have it that he was born in that colony about 1675 and died there in 1716. Others place his birth about 1670 and his death about 1735. He was educated in England and in 1697 he succeeded his father, Major Robert Beverley, as Clerk of the Council of Virginia, under Governor Andros. This office gave him access to documentary records, and in 1705, for reasons given in the first selection, he published in London a "History and Present State of Virginia," in four books. This was not merely an account of contemporary conditions, social and economic, though it furnishes us with intimate details of the daily life in Virginia during the first century of its settlement; it gave also an account of the settlement of the colony and of its history. The work attracted so much attention that two years after its first appearance a French translation of it with fourteen woodcuts appeared in Amsterdam, and these illustrations were used in a second English edition in 1722. The book was not again printed until 1855, but whether much read or not, Beverley deserves the distinction of being remembered as a farsighted, patriotic citizen, and a sensible, sprightly writer.]

HOW HE CAME TO WRITE

[From the Preface to the "History and Present State of Virginia." Edition of 1722.]

My first business in the world being among the public records of my country, the active thoughts of my youth put me upon taking notes of the general administration of the government; but with no other design than the gratification of my own inquisitive mind; these lay by me for many years afterwards, obscure and secret, and would forever have done so, had not the following accident produced them.

In the year 1703, my affairs calling me to England, I was soon after my arrival, complimented by my bookseller with an intimation, that there was prepared for printing a general account of all her Majesty's Plantations in America, and his desire that I would overlook it before it was put to the press; I agreed to overlook that part of it which related to Virginia.

Soon after this he brings me about six sheets of paper written, which contained the account of Virginia and Carolina. This it seems was to have answered a part of Mr. Oldmixon's British Empire in America.[1] I very innocently (when I began to read) placed pen and paper by me, and made my observations upon the first page, but found it in the sequel so very faulty, and an abridgement only of some accounts that had been printed 60 or 70 years ago; in which also he had chosen the most strange and untrue parts, and left out the most sincere and faithful, so that I laid aside all thoughts of farther observations, and gave it only a reading; and my bookseller for answer, that the account was too faulty and too imperfect to be mended. Withal telling him, that seeing I had in my junior days taken some notes of the government, which I then had with me in England, I would make him an account of my own country, if I could find time, while I staid in London. And this I should the rather undertake in justice to so fine a

[1] John Oldmixon (1674–1742), a miscellaneous and notoriously partisan writer. The book referred to appeared in 1708.

country; because it has been so misrepresented to the common people of England, as to make them believe that the servants in Virginia are made to draw in cart and plow, as horses and oxen do in England, and that the country turns all people black, who go to live there, with other such prodigious phantasms.

Accordingly before I left London, I gave him a short history of the country, from the first settlement, with an account of its then state; but I would not let him mingle it with Oldmixon's other account of the plantations, because I took them to be all of a piece with those I had seen of Virginia and Carolina, but desired mine to be printed by itself. And this I take to be the only reason of that gentleman's so severely reflecting upon me in his book, for I never saw him in my life that I know of.

THE PASTIMES OF COLONIAL VIRGINIA

[From the Same, Book IV, Part II.]

For their recreation, the plantations, orchards, and gardens constantly afford them fragrant and delightful walks. In their woods and fields, they have an unknown variety of vegetables, and other rarities of nature to discover and observe. They have hunting, fishing, and fowling, with which they entertain themselves an hundred ways. There is the most good-nature and hospitality practised in the world, both toward friends and strangers; but the worst of it is, this generosity is attended now and then with a little too much intemperance. The neighborhood is at much the same distance as in the country in England; but the goodness of the roads and the fairness of the weather bring people often together.

The Indians, as I have already observed, had in their hunting a way of concealing themselves, and coming up to the deer, under the blind of a stalking-head, in imitation of which many people have taught their horses to stalk it, that is, to walk gently by the huntsman's side, to cover him from the sight of the deer. Others cut down trees for the deer to browse upon, and lie in wait behind

them. Others again set stakes at a certain distance within their fences, where the deer had been used to leap over into a field of peas, which they love extremely; these stakes they so place, as to run into the body of the deer, when he pitches, by which means they impale him; and, for a temptation to the leap, take down the top part of the fence.

They hunt their hares (which are very numerous) a-foot, with mongrels or swift dogs, which either catch them quickly, or force them to hole in a hollow tree, whither all their hares generally tend, when they are closely pursued. As soon as they are thus holed, and have crawled up into the body of the tree, the business is to kindle a fire and smother them with smoke till they let go their hold and fall to the bottom stifled; from whence they take them. If they have a mind to spare their lives, upon turning them loose they will be as fit as ever to hunt at another time: for the mischief done them by the smoke immediately wears off again.

They have another sort of hunting, which is very diverting, and that they call vermin-hunting; it is performed a-foot, with small dogs in the night, by the light of the moon or stars. Thus in summer time they find abundance of raccoons, opossums, and foxes in the corn-fields, and about their plantations; but at other times they must go into the woods for them. The method is to go out with three or four dogs, and, as soon as they come to the place, they bid the dogs seek out, and all the company follow immediately. Wherever a dog barks, you may depend upon finding the game; and this alarm draws both men and dogs that way. If this sport be in the woods, the game by that time you come near it is perhaps mounted to the top of an high tree, and then they detach a nimble fellow up after it, who must have a scuffle with the beast, before he can throw it down to the dogs; and then the sport increases, to see the vermin encounter those little curs. In this sort of hunting they also carry their great dogs out with them, because wolves, bears, panthers, wild-cats, and all other beasts of prey are abroad in the night.

For wolves they make traps, and set guns baited in the woods, so that, when he offers to seize the bait, he pulls the trigger, and

the gun discharges upon him. What Ælian[1] and Pliny[2] write of the horses being benumbed in their legs, if they tread in the track of a wolf, does not hold good here; for I myself, and many others, have rid full speed after wolves in the woods, and have seen live ones taken out of a trap, and dragged at a horse's tail; and yet those that followed on horse-back have not perceived any of their horses to falter in their pace. . . .

The inhabitants are very courteous to travellers, who need no other recommendation, but the being human creatures. A stranger has no more to do, but to inquire upon the road where any gentleman or good housekeeper lives, and there he may depend upon being received with hospitality. This good nature is so general among their people, that the gentry, when they go abroad, order their principal servant to entertain all visitors with everything the plantation affords. And the poor planters, who have but one bed, will very often sit up, or lie upon a form or couch all night, to make room for a weary traveller to repose himself after his journey.

If there happen to be a churl, that either out of covetousness, or ill-nature, won't comply with this generous custom, he has a mark of infamy set upon him, and is abhorred by all.

COLONEL WILLIAM BYRD

[William Byrd, one of the most prominent members of the Virginia aristocracy, was born in that colony March 28, 1674, and died there August 26, 1744. The son of a noted colonial official of the same name, he was educated in England, travelled in Europe, and later spent some years in Great Britain as agent of his colony. He was a member of the King's Council in Virginia for more than a generation, and finally its president. He added to his inherited wealth, lived in lordly state, and gathered the most valuable library in the colonies.[3] He did much to encourage immigration and was in other ways a public-spirited citizen. "The Westover Manuscripts" first printed at Petersburg,

[1] A Roman of the third century A.D., who wrote, in Greek, on the nature of animals.

[2] The elder Pliny (23–79 A.D.) was a naturalist.

[3] It numbered nearly four thousand volumes, the titles of which may be read in an appendix to Bassett's edition of Byrd's writings.

Virginia, in 1841, contain an account of his experiences as commissioner of his colony in determining the border line between Virginia and North Carolina in 1728, also of a journey undertaken with a friend to survey a grant of land on which he expected to exploit iron mines, and of another frontier journey to mines already in operation. All these tracts, the titles of which are given in connection with the citations made from them, are remarkable for their vigorous style, their shrewd humor, and their valuable observations of an economic nature. Byrd was one of the most cultivated Americans of the eighteenth century, and he would have been an ornament to any society. He was at his best perhaps as a student of economics and affairs, but he had also in him the makings of a great writer. As an easy and charming author, he is unsurpassed by any other early American, save Benjamin Franklin. Although far from the centres of culture, he was a patron of art and science and a Fellow of the Royal Society of Great Britain. A new edition of his writings, superintended by Professor J. S. Bassett, and provided with the best account of his life, was published in 1901, and many of his letters appeared shortly after in the "Virginia Magazine of History and Biography."]

NORTH CAROLINA HUSBANDRY

[From "The History of the Dividing Line."[1]]

[March] 10th [1728]. The Sabbath happened very opportunely to give some ease to our jaded people, who rested religiously from every work, but that of cooking the kettle. We observed very few cornfields in our walks, and those very small, which seemed the stranger to us, because we could see no other tokens of husbandry or improvement. But, upon further inquiry, we were given to understand people only made corn for themselves and not for their stocks, which know very well how to get their own living. Both cattle and hogs ramble in the neighboring marshes and swamps, where they maintain themselves the whole winter long, and are not fetched home till the spring. Thus these indolent wretches, during one half of the year, lose the advantage of the milk of their cattle as well as their dung, and many of the poor creatures perish in the mire, into the bargain, by this ill-management. Some who pique themselves more upon industry than their neighbors, will, now and then, in compliment to their cattle, cut

[1] The text follows in the main the edition of 1841; the variations of the new edition are not important to our purposes.

down a tree whose limbs are loaded with the moss afore-mentioned. The trouble would be too great to climb the tree in order to gather this provender, but the shortest way (which in this country is always counted the best) is to fell it, just like the lazy Indians, who do the same by such trees as bear fruit, and so make one harvest for all.

RUNNING THE BOUNDARY LINE THROUGH THE DISMAL SWAMP

[From the Same.]

[March] 14th [1728]. Before nine of the clock this morning, the provisions, bedding and other necessaries, were made up into packs for the men to carry on their shoulders into the Dismal. They were victualled for eight days at full allowance, nobody doubting but that would be abundantly sufficient to carry them through that inhospitable place; nor indeed was it possible for the poor fellows to stagger under more. As it was, their loads weighed from 60 to 70 pounds, in just proportion to the strength of those who were to bear them. It would have been unconscionable to have saddled them with burdens heavier than that, when they were to lug them through a filthy bog which was hardly practicable with no burdens at all. Besides this luggage at their backs, they were obliged to measure the distance, mark the trees, and clear the way for the surveyors every step they went. It was really a pleasure to see with how much cheerfulness they undertook, and with how much spirit they went through all this drudgery. . . . Although there was no need of example to inflame persons already so cheerful, yet to enter the people with better grace, the author and two more of the commissioners accompanied them half a mile into the Dismal. The skirts of it were thinly planted with dwarf reeds and gall bushes, but when we got into the Dismal itself, we found the reeds grew there much taller and closer, and to mend the matter were so interlaced with bamboo-briers, that there was no scuffling through them without the help of pioneers. At the same time, we found the ground moist and trembling under our feet like a quagmire, insomuch that it was an easy matter to

run a ten foot pole up to the head in it, without exerting any uncommon strength to do it. Two of the men, whose burdens were the least cumbersome, had orders to march before, with their tomahawks, and clear the way, in order to make an opening for the surveyors. By their assistance we made a shift to push the line half a mile in three hours, and then reached a small piece of firm land, about 100 yards wide, standing up above the rest like an island. . . .

17th. . . . Since the surveyors had entered the Dismal they had laid eyes on no living creature ; neither bird nor beast, insect nor reptile came in view. Doubtless the eternal shade that broods over this mighty bog, and hinders the sunbeams from blessing the ground, makes it an uncomfortable habitation for anything that has life. Not so much as a Zealand frog could endure so aguish a situation. It had one beauty, however, that delighted the eye, though at the expense of all the other senses : the moisture of the soil preserves a continual verdure, and makes every plant an evergreen, but at the same time the foul damps ascend without ceasing, corrupt the air, and render it unfit for respiration. Not even a turkey buzzard will venture to fly over it, no more than the Italian vultures will over the filthy lake Avernus[1] or the birds in the Holy Land over the salt sea where Sodom and Gomorrah formerly stood.

In these sad circumstances the kindest thing we could do for our suffering friends was to give them a place in the Litany. Our chaplain for his part did his office, and rubbed us up with a seasonable sermon. This was quite a new thing to our brethren of North Carolina, who live in a climate where no clergyman can breathe, any more than spiders in Ireland. . . .

19th. . . . We ordered several men to patrol on the edge of the Dismal, both towards the North and towards the South, and to fire guns at proper distances. This they performed very punctually, but could hear nothing in return, nor gain any sort of intelligence. In the meantime whole flocks of women and children flew hither to stare at us, with as much curiosity as if we had lately landed from Bantam[2] or Morocco. Some borderers, too, had a great mind to

[1] A lake of Campania near Baiæ, fabled to be the entrance to hell.
[2] A seaport and district at the west end of Java.

know where the line would come out, being for the most part apprehensive lest their lands should be taken into Virginia. In that case they must have submitted to some sort of order and government; whereas, in North Carolina, every one does what seems best in his own eyes. There were some good women that brought their children to be baptized, but brought no capons along with them to make the solemnity cheerful. In the meantime it was strange that none came to be married in such a multitude, if it had only been for the novelty of having their hands joined by one in holy orders. Yet so it was, that though our chaplain christened above an hundred, he did not marry so much as one couple during the whole expedition. But marriage is reckoned a lay contract in Carolina, as I said before, and a country justice can tie the fatal knot there, as fast as an archbishop.

PRIMITIVE DENTISTRY

[From "A Journey to the Land of Eden."]

[Oct.] 9th [1733]. Major Mayo's survey being no more than half done, we were obliged to amuse ourselves another day in this place. And that the time might not be quite lost, we put our garments and baggage into good repair. I for my part never spent a day so well during the whole voyage. I had an impertinent tooth in my upper jaw, that had been loose for some time, and made me chew with great caution. Particularly I could not grind a biscuit but with much deliberation and presence of mind. Tooth-drawers we had none amongst us, nor any of the instruments they make use of. However, invention supplied this want very happily, and I contrived to get rid of this troublesome companion by cutting a caper. I caused a twine to be fastened round the root of my tooth, about a fathom in length, and then tied the other end to the snag of a log that lay upon the ground, in such a manner that I could just stand upright. Having adjusted my string in this manner, I bent my knees enough to enable me to spring vigorously off the ground, as perpendicularly as I could. The force of the leap drew out the tooth with so much ease that

I felt nothing of it, nor should have believed it was come away, unless I had seen it dangling at the end of the string. An under tooth may be fetched out by standing off the ground and fastening your string at due distance above you. And having so fixed your gear, jump off your standing, and the weight of your body, added to the force of the spring, will prize out your tooth with less pain than any operator upon earth could draw it.

This new way of tooth-drawing, being so silently and deliberately performed, both surprised and delighted all that were present, who could not guess what I was going about. I immediately found the benefit of getting rid of this troublesome companion, by eating my supper with more comfort than I had done during the whole expedition.

THE SPOTSWOOD HOME

[From "A Progress to the Mines in the Year 1732."]

[Sept.] 27th [1732]. . . . I rode eight miles together over a stony road and had on either side continual poisoned fields, with nothing but saplings growing on them. Then I came into the main county road that leads from Fredericksburg to Germanna, which last place I reached in ten miles more. This famous town consists of Colonel Spotswood's[1] enchanted castle on one side of the street, and a baker's dozen of ruinous tenements on the other, where so many German families had dwelt some years ago; but are now removed ten miles higher, in the Fork of Rappahannock, to land of their own. There had also been a chapel about a bow-shot from the colonel's house, at the end of an avenue of cherry trees, but some pious people had lately burnt it down, with intent to get another built nearer to their own homes. Here I arrived about three o'clock, and found only Mrs. Spotswood at home, who received her old acquaintance with many a gracious smile. I was carried into a room elegantly set off with pier glasses, the

[1] Alexander Spotswood (1676–1740), a veteran of Blenheim, who from 1710 to 1722 was an energetic if often unpopular governor of Virginia. In 1716 he organized the expedition which crossed the Blue Ridge into the Valley of Virginia and gave rise to the so-called order of the "Knights of the Golden Horseshoe."

largest of which came soon after to an odd misfortune. Amongst other favorite animals that cheered this lady's solitude, a brace of tame deer ran familiarly about the house, and one of them came to stare at me as a stranger. But unluckily spying his own figure in the glass, he made a spring over the tea-table that stood under it, and shattered the glass to pieces, and falling back upon the tea-table made a terrible fracas among the china. This exploit was so sudden, and accompanied with such a noise, that it surprised me, and perfectly frightened Mrs. Spotswood. But 'twas worth all the damage to show the moderation and good humor with which she bore this disaster. In the evening the noble colonel came home from his mines, who saluted me very civilly, and Mrs. Spotswood's sister, Miss Theky, who had been to meet him *en cavalier*,[1] was so kind too as to bid me welcome. We talked over a legend of old stories, supped about 9, and then prattled with the ladies, till it was time for a traveller to retire. In the mean time I observed my old friend to be very uxorious, and exceedingly fond of his children. This was so opposite to the maxims he used to preach up before he was married, that I could not forbear rubbing up the memory of them. But he gave a very good-natured turn to his change of sentiments, by alleging that whoever brings a poor gentlewoman into so solitary a place, from all her friends and acquaintance, would be ungrateful not to use her and all that belongs to her with all possible tenderness.

HENRY LAURENS

[HENRY LAURENS, a patriotic South Carolinian of Huguenot stock, was born in Charleston in 1724, and died there December 8, 1792. His training in business was partly obtained in London, but this did not make him any less steadfast in opposing British aggressions later in life when he had made a fortune as a Charleston merchant. In 1771 he retired and travelled in England and Europe. Returning in 1774, he was given offices in his native state, and was sent to the Continental Congress, of which he became president, in succession to John Hancock. He was made minister to Holland in 1779, but on his voyage over was captured by the British. He threw his papers overboard, but

[1] *I.e.* had ridden on horseback to meet him.

they were recovered and used as evidence against him. He was imprisoned in the Tower as a suspected traitor and was kept there for over a year, to the detriment of his health. He refused to try to impede the negotiations of his son John, who was seeking to raise a loan for America in Paris, and in other ways he proved to the British ministers that he was incorruptible and worthy of the consideration shown him by Edmund Burke. Finally he was exchanged for Lord Cornwallis, was one of the commissioners who negotiated the preliminaries of peace with Great Britain, and returned to his Carolina plantation. After his death his body was cremated, according to a request in his will—apparently the first instance of the practice in America. Some of his writings have been published by the South Carolina Historical Society, and he deserves to rank with John Rutledge and William Henry Drayton as a patriot who sheds lustre upon his native state. A page or two from Laurens must suffice for our purposes, but it would be pleasant and profitable to quote more extensively from him, as well as to give extracts from the political and historical writings of Drayton. It may be mentioned that Laurens's daughter, Martha, was the second wife of the learned physician and historian of South Carolina and the Revolution, Dr. David Ramsay (*q.v.*), who became her biographer.]

A BOLD TOAST

[From "A Narrative of the Capture of Henry Laurens, of his Confinement in the Tower of London, etc., 1780, 1781, 1782." Collections of the South Carolina Historical Society, Vol. I, 1857.]

The 14th or 15th September, [1780] the Vestal and Fairy, which had joined her, entered the Basin of St. Johns, Newfoundland. Soon after we had anchored, Admiral Edwards sent his compliments, desiring I would dine with him that and every day while I should remain in the land.

The Admiral received me politely at dinner; seated me at his right hand; after dinner he toasted the king; I joined. Immediately after he asked a toast from me. I gave "General Washington," which was repeated by the whole company, and created a little mirth at the lower end of the table. The Admiral, in course of conversation, observed I had been pretty active among my countrymen. I replied that I had once been a good British subject, but after Great Britain had refused to hear our petitions, and had thrown us out of her protection, I had endeavored to do my duty.

AN INCORRUPTIBLE PATRIO

[From the Same.]

The 7th March, [1781] Mr. Oswald[1] visited, and was left alone with me. It immediately occurred he had some extraordinary subject from White Hall[2] for conversation, and so it appeared.

Mr. Oswald began by saying, "I converse with you this morning not particularly as your friend, but as a friend to Great Britain." I thanked him for his candor; he proceeded: "I have certain propositions to make for obtaining your liberty, which I advise you should take time to consider. I showed the note you lately sent me to Lord Germain,[3] who was at first very angry. He exclaimed, 'Rascals! rascals! — we want no rascals! Honey! honey!! vinegar! They have had too much honey, and too little vinegar! They shall have less honey and more vinegar for the future!'" I said to Mr. Oswald, I should be glad to taste a little of his lordship's vinegar; his lordship's honey had been very unpleasant; but Mr. Oswald said, "That note was written without a moment's deliberation, intended only for myself,[4] and not for the eye of a minister." Mr. Oswald smiled, and said, "It has done you no harm." I then replied, "I am as ready to give an answer to any proposition which you have to make to me at this moment as I shall be in any given time. An honest man requires no time to give an answer where his honor is concerned. If the Secreta-

[1] Richard Oswald (1705-1781), a diplomatist who represented Great Britain in the negotiations for peace. He furnished £50,000 bail for Laurens.

[2] Formerly the favorite palace of the English kings, Whitehall was burned during the reign of William III (see Macaulay's "History of England," Vol. V, Chap. xxiii), and was afterwards used for official purposes. Laurens meant to say that Oswald had come to him straight from the ministers.

[3] Lord George Germain, Viscount Sackville (1716–1785), cashiered for cowardice at the battle of Minden, but made Colonial Secretary by George III, and thus charged with the conduct of the war against the colonies. See Trevelyan's "The American Revolution," Part II, Vol. I, p. 28.

[4] The text has "yourself," which seems plainly wrong. Many corrections of punctuation have been needed, but the original quotation marks have been left in places where we should not now use them.

ries of State will enlarge me upon parole, as it seems they can enlarge me if they please, I will strictly conform to my engagement to do nothing, directly or indirectly, to the hurt of this kingdom. I will return to America, or remain in any part of England which may be assigned, and render myself, when demanded."

Mr. Oswald answered, "No, you must stay in London, among your friends. The ministers will often have occasion to send for, and consult you ; but observe, I say all this as from myself, not by particular direction or authority ; but I know it will be so. You can write two or three lines to the ministers, and barely say, you are sorry for what is past. A pardon will be granted. Every man has been wrong, at some time or other of his life, and should not be ashamed to acknowledge it." I now understood Mr. Oswald, and could easily perceive my worthy friend was more than half ashamed of his mission. Without hesitation, I replied, "Sir, I will never subscribe to my own infamy, and to the dishonor of my children." Mr. Oswald then talked of long and painful confinement, which I should suffer, and repeated "possible consequences." "Permit me to repeat, Sir," said I, "I am afraid of no consequences but such as would flow from dishonorable acts." Mr. Oswald desired, "I would take time, weigh the matter properly in my mind, and let him hear from me." I concluded by assuring him, "he never would hear from me in terms of compliance ; if I could be so base, I was sure I should incur his contempt." Mr. Oswald took leave with such expressions of regard and such a squeeze of the hand, as induced me to believe he was not displeased with my determination.

In the course of this conversation, I asked, "Why ministers were so desirous of having me about their persons." Mr. Oswald said, "They thought I had great influence in America." I answered, "I once had some influence in my own country ; but it would be in me the highest degree of arrogance to pretend to have a general influence in America. I know but one man, of whom this can be said ; I mean General Washington. I will suppose, for a moment, the General should come over to your ministers. What would be the effect? He would instantly lose all his influence, and be called a rascal."

NO RUNNING AWAY

[From the Same.]

September 23d. [1781] — For some time past I have been frequently and strongly tempted to make my escape from the Tower, assured, "It was the advice and desire of all my friends, the thing might be easily effected, the face of American affairs was extremely gloomy. That I might have 18 hours start before I was missed; time enough to reach Margate and Ostend; that it was believed there would be no pursuit," etc., etc. I had always said: "I hate the name of a runaway." At length I put a stop to farther applications by saying, "I will not attempt an escape. The gates were opened for me to enter; they shall be opened for me to go out of the Tower. God Almighty sent me here for some purpose. I am determined to see the end of it." Where the project of an escape originated is uncertain; but I am fully convinced it was not the scheme of the person who spoke to me upon the subject. The ruin of that person and family would have been the consequence of my escape, unless there had been some previous assurance of indemnification.

GEORGE WASHINGTON

[Even the barest outlines of a life so familiar to all as that of Washington seem superfluous. For the sake of uniformity, however, the student may be reminded that the Father of his Country was born, of good old English stock, in Westmoreland County, Virginia, on February 22, 1732, and died at Mount Vernon, December 14, 1799. He was brought up chiefly by his mother, received a very limited education, and was early thrown upon his own resources as a surveyor. His profession brought him into contact with frontier life, and in consequence he was led finally to take an active part in the campaigns against the French and Indians for the possession of the Ohio region. After his marriage with Mrs. Custis in 1759, he settled at Mount Vernon as a planter. He sympathized from the first with the colonies in their contentions with the mother country, was made a member of the first Continental Congress, and in 1775 became commander-in-chief of the American forces. It is now gen-

erally acknowledged that his prudence, determination, and military skill were the greatest single factor in bringing the Revolution to a successful issue. After the close of the war he retired to Mount Vernon, where he took an active interest in the efforts made to strengthen the union of states. He presided over the Convention of 1787, and was subsequently elected first President under the new Constitution. He served with great wisdom for two terms (1789–1797), declining reëlection in his famous "Farewell Address." After his retirement he was appointed lieutenant-general of the American forces, in view of the war that seemed impending with France. He lived only a year longer, dying of laryngitis and bad medical attention.

Washington was diffident of his own powers as a writer, and very few of his admirers have ventured to claim for him the honors of authorship. His "Farewell Address" was due in considerable part to Hamilton, so far as concerns the expansion and phrasing of its topics, and at least one editor of his letters felt obliged to correct his orthography and to elevate his diction. His style, when at its best, possesses little grace or variety; and his voluminous writings are read by few who are not historical students. But he is amply worthy of being included in every volume devoted either to Southern or to American writers, because his character was so great and noble that much that he wrote became great and noble also. No defects of early training, no lack of the elements of style, no shrinking from authorship, could prevent such a man from producing, whenever he wrote down what was uppermost in his mind and heart, literature marked by the most important of all qualities, — "high seriousness." It is impossible to read his more important letters, or his proclamations to his soldiers, or such documents as his address to the governors of all the states on the occasion of his laying down his command, or the rough draft of his "Farewell Address," without feeling emotions of the most elevated kind. It is true that these emotions are moral and intellectual rather than æsthetic in character, yet at times they are æsthetic too, for the sonorous and stately dignity of some of his pages gives a pleasure that is not unconnected with pure charm. Criticism of so great a man, certainly the technical criticism of the student of rhetoric, is almost an impertinence; yet it would be equally an impertinence for the student of history to claim Washington for his own behoof, since he not merely did noble deeds, but uttered and recorded noble words, which will stir mankind as long as sublime characters inspire reverent admiration.

There are two editions of the writings of Washington, one by Jared Sparks in twelve volumes (1834–1837), and one by Worthington C. Ford in fourteen (1889–1893). The text of the latter is the more accurate and is here followed by permission of the publishers, Messrs. G. P. Putnam's Sons. There are, of course, numerous biographies of Washington, of which those by Chief Justice Marshall, Washington Irving, and Senator Henry Cabot Lodge in the "American Statesmen" series may be mentioned.]

TO THE GOVERNORS OF ALL THE STATES

[From Washington's "Circular Letter addressed to the Governors of All the States on Disbanding the Army."]

Head-quarters, Newburg,
8 June, 1783.

Sir: — The great object, for which I had the honor to hold an appointment in the service of my country, being accomplished, I am now preparing to resign it into the hands of Congress, and to return to that domestic retirement, which, it is well known, I left with the greatest reluctance; a retirement for which I have never ceased to sigh, through a long and painful absence, and in which (remote from the noise and trouble of the world) I meditate to pass the remainder of life, in a state of undisturbed repose. But before I carry this resolution into effect, I think it a duty incumbent on me to make this my last official communication; to congratulate you on the glorious events which Heaven has been pleased to produce in our favor; to offer my sentiments respecting some important subjects, which appear to me to be intimately connected with the tranquillity of the United States; to take my leave of your Excellency as a public character; and to give my final blessing to that country, in whose service I have spent the prime of my life, for whose sake I have consumed so many anxious days and watchful nights, and whose happiness, being extremely dear to me, will always constitute no inconsiderable part of my own.

Impressed with the liveliest sensibility on this pleasing occasion, I will claim the indulgence of dilating the more copiously on the subjects of our mutual felicitations. When we consider the magnitude of the prize we contended for, the doubtful nature of the contest, and the favorable manner in which it has terminated, we shall find the greatest possible reason for gratitude and rejoicing. This is a theme that will afford infinite delight to every benevolent and liberal mind, whether the event in contemplation be considered as the source of present enjoyment, or the parent of future happiness; and we shall have equal occasion to felicitate ourselves on

the lot which Providence has assigned us, whether we view it in a natural, a political, or a moral point of light.

The citizens of America, placed in the most enviable condition, as the sole lords and proprietors of a vast tract of continent, comprehending all the various soils and climates of the world, and abounding with all the necessaries and conveniences of life, are now, by the late satisfactory pacification, acknowledged to be possessed of absolute freedom and independency. They are, from this period, to be considered as the actors on a most conspicuous theatre, which seems to be peculiarly designated by Providence for the display of human greatness and felicity. Here they are not only surrounded with every thing, which can contribute to the completion of private and domestic enjoyment; but Heaven has crowned all its other blessings, by giving a fairer opportunity for political happiness, than any other nation has ever been favored with. Nothing can illustrate these observations more forcibly, than a recollection of the happy conjuncture of times and circumstances, under which our republic assumed its rank among the nations. The foundation of our empire was not laid in the gloomy age of ignorance and superstition; but at an epoch when the rights of mankind were better understood and more clearly defined, than at any former period. The researches of the human mind after social happiness have been carried to a great extent; the treasures of knowledge, acquired by the labors of philosophers, sages, and legislators, through a long succession of years, are laid open for our use, and their collected wisdom may be happily applied in the establishment of our forms of government. The free cultivation of letters, the unbounded extension of commerce, the progressive refinement of manners, the growing liberality of sentiment, and, above all, the pure and benign light of Revelation, have had a meliorating influence on mankind and increased the blessings of society. At this auspicious period, the United States came into existence as a nation; and, if their citizens should not be completely free and happy, the fault will be entirely their own.

Such is our situation, and such are our prospects; but notwithstanding the cup of blessing is thus reached out to us; notwithstanding happiness is ours, if we have a disposition to seize the

occasion and make it our own; yet it appears to me there is an option still left to the United States of America, that it is in their choice, and depends upon their conduct, whether they will be respectable and prosperous, or contemptible and miserable, as a nation. This is the time of their political probation; this is the moment when the eyes of the whole world are turned upon them; this is the moment to establish or ruin their national character for ever; this is the favorable moment to give such a tone to our federal government, as will enable it to answer the ends of its institution, or this may be the ill-fated moment for relaxing the powers of the Union, annihilating the cement of the confederation, and exposing us to become the sport of European politics, which may play one State against another, to prevent their growing importance, and to serve their own interested purposes. For, according to the system of policy the States shall adopt at this moment, they will stand or fall; and by their confirmation or lapse it is yet to be decided, whether the revolution must ultimately be considered as a blessing or a curse; a blessing or a curse, not to the present age alone, for with our fate will the destiny of unborn millions be involved.

With this conviction of the importance of the present crisis, silence in me would be a crime. I will therefore speak to your Excellency the language of freedom and of sincerity without disguise. I am aware, however, that those who differ from me in political sentiment, may perhaps remark, I am stepping out of the proper line of my duty, and may possibly ascribe to arrogance or ostentation, what I know is alone the result of the purest intention. But the rectitude of my own heart, which disdains such unworthy motives; the part I have hitherto acted in life; the determination I have formed, of not taking any share in public business hereafter; the ardent desire I feel, and shall continue to manifest, of quietly enjoying, in private life, after all the toils of war, the benefits of a wise and liberal government, will, I flatter myself, sooner or later convince my countrymen, that I could have no sinister views in delivering, with so little reserve, the opinions contained in this address.

There are four things, which, I humbly conceive, are essential

to the well-being, I may even venture to say, to the existence of the United States, as an independent power.

First. An indissoluble union of the States under one federal head.

Secondly. A sacred regard to public justice.

Thirdly. The adoption of a proper peace establishment; and,

Fourthly. The prevalence of that pacific and friendly disposition among the people of the United States, which will induce them to forget their local prejudices and policies; to make those mutual concessions, which are requisite to the general prosperity; and, in some instances, to sacrifice their individual advantages to the interest of the community.

These are the pillars on which the glorious fabric of our independency and national character must be supported. Liberty is the basis; and whoever would dare to sap the foundation, or overturn the structure, under whatever specious pretext he may attempt it, will merit the bitterest execration, and the severest punishment, which can be inflicted by his injured country. . . .[1]

THE SPIRIT OF PARTY

[From the "Farewell Address."]

I have already intimated to you the danger of parties in the state, with particular reference to the founding of them on geographical discriminations. Let me now take a more comprehensive view, and warn you in the most solemn manner against the baneful effects of the spirit of party, generally.

This spirit, unfortunately, is inseparable from our nature, having its root in the strongest passions of the human mind. It exists under different shapes in all governments, more or less stifled, controlled, or repressed; but, in those of the popular form, it is seen in its greatest rankness, and is truly their worst enemy.

[1] The student may be reminded that even this noble document did not escape harsh criticism in its day. One of Washington's fellow-Virginians, a man of great eminence, referring to it, wrote scornfully about "the unsolicited obtrusion of his advice."

The alternate domination of one faction over another, sharpened by the spirit of revenge, natural to party dissension, which in different ages and countries has perpetrated the most horrid enormities, is itself a frightful despotism. But this leads at length to a more formal and permanent despotism. The disorders and miseries, which result, gradually incline the minds of men to seek security and repose in the absolute power of an individual; and sooner or later the chief of some prevailing faction, more able or more fortunate than his competitors, turns this disposition to the purposes of his own elevation, on the ruins of Public Liberty.

Without looking forward to an extremity of this kind, (which nevertheless ought not to be entirely out of sight,) the common and continual mischiefs of the spirit of party are sufficient to make it the interest and duty of a wise people to discourage and restrain it.

It serves always to distract the Public Councils, and enfeeble the Public Administration. It agitates the Community with ill-founded jealousies and false alarms; kindles the animosity of one part against another, foments occasionally riot and insurrection. It opens the door to foreign influence and corruption, which find a facilitated access to the government itself through the channels of party passions. Thus the policy and the will of one country are subjected to the policy and will of another.

There is an opinion, that parties in free countries are useful checks upon the administration of the Government, and serve to keep alive the spirit of Liberty. This within certain limits is probably true; and in Governments of a Monarchical cast, Patriotism may look with indulgence, if not with favor, upon the spirit of party. But in those of the popular character, in Governments purely elective, it is a spirit not to be encouraged. From their natural tendency, it is certain there will always be enough of that spirit for every salutary purpose. And, there being constant danger of excess, the effort ought to be, by force of public opinion, to mitigate and assuage it. A fire not to be quenched, it demands a uniform vigilance to prevent its bursting into a flame, lest, instead of warming, it should consume.

AMERICA'S TRUE FOREIGN POLICY

[From the Same.]

It is our true policy to steer clear of permanent alliances with any portion of the foreign world; so far, I mean, as we are now at liberty to do it; for let me not be understood as capable of patronizing infidelity to existing engagements. I hold the maxim no less applicable to public than to private affairs, that honesty is always the best policy. I repeat it, therefore, let those engagements be observed in their genuine sense. But, in my opinion, it is unnecessary and would be unwise to extend them.

Taking care always to keep ourselves, by suitable establishments, on a respectable defensive posture, we may safely trust to temporary alliances for extraordinary emergencies.

Harmony, liberal intercourse with all nations, are recommended by policy, humanity, and interest. But even our commercial policy should hold an equal and impartial hand; neither seeking nor granting exclusive favors or preferences; consulting the natural course of things; diffusing and diversifying by gentle means the streams of commerce, but forcing nothing; establishing, with powers so disposed, in order to give trade a stable course, to define the rights of our merchants, and to enable the government to support them, conventional rules of intercourse, the best that present circumstances and mutual opinion will permit, but temporary, and liable to be from time to time abandoned or varied, as experience and circumstances shall dictate; constantly keeping in view, that it is folly in one nation to look for disinterested favors from another; that it must pay with a portion of its independence for whatever it may accept under that character; that, by such acceptance, it may place itself in the condition of having given equivalents for nominal favors, and yet of being reproached with ingratitude for not giving more. There can be no greater error than to expect or calculate upon real favors from nation to nation. It is an illusion, which experience must cure, which a just pride ought to discard.

In offering to you, my countrymen, these counsels of an old and affectionate friend, I dare not hope they will make the strong and lasting impression I could wish; that they will control the usual current of the passions, or prevent our nation from running the course, which has hitherto marked the destiny of nations. But, if I may even flatter myself, that they may be productive of some partial benefit, some occasional good; that they may now and then recur to moderate the fury of party spirit, to warn against the mischiefs of foreign intrigue, to guard against the impostures of pretended patriotism; this hope will be a full recompense for the solicitude for your welfare, by which they have been dictated.

How far in the discharge of my official duties, I have been guided by the principles which have been delineated, the public records and other evidences of my conduct must witness to you and to the world. To myself, the assurance of my own conscience is, that I have at least believed myself to be guided by them. . . .

Though, in reviewing the incidents of my administration, I am unconscious of intentional error, I am nevertheless too sensible of my defects not to think it probable that I may have committed many errors. Whatever they may be, I fervently beseech the Almighty to avert or mitigate the evils to which they may tend. I shall also carry with me the hope, that my Country will never cease to view them with indulgence; and that, after forty-five years of my life dedicated to its service with an upright zeal, the faults of incompetent abilities will be consigned to oblivion, as myself must soon be to the mansions of rest.

Relying on its kindness in this as in other things, and actuated by that fervent love towards it, which is so natural to a man, who views in it the native soil of himself and his progenitors for several generations; I anticipate with pleasing expectation that retreat, in which I promise myself to realize, without alloy, the sweet enjoyment of partaking, in the midst of my fellow-citizens, the benign influence of good laws under a free government, the ever favorite object of my heart, and the happy reward, as I trust, of our mutual cares, labors, and dangers.

GEORGE WASHINGTON.

United States, September 19th, 1796.

PATRICK HENRY

[PATRICK HENRY, the most impassioned of American orators and an important statesman of the Revolution, was born of mixed English and Scotch parentage at Studley, Hanover County, Virginia, on May 29, 1736, and died at Red Hill, Charlotte County, on June 6, 1799. His early attempts to succeed as a farmer and a storekeeper were unsuccessful, and he turned to the law in 1760. He was already married and needed the fees that soon came to him. Late in 1763 he showed himself to be a great orator and a tribune of the people in what was known as the "Parson's Cause" — a case which involved not merely the power of the legislature to determine the money price of the tobacco in which a clergyman's salary was paid, but also a protest against the conduct of the king in not approving an important act of the Burgesses. Then came the Stamp Act agitation during which Henry was elected a Burgess. He introduced bold resolutions against the act, and carried them by his astonishing eloquence, although opposed by many of the best men in the assembly. Eight years later he was prominent in the opening events of the Revolution. He served in the first Continental Congress and extended his fame as an orator. In the Virginia Convention of 1775 he delivered the famous speech from Wirt's version of which an extract is here given. Then he saw a little military service, and became the first governor of the state of Virginia. He was reëlected in 1777 and in 1778, and some years later served two additional terms. Perhaps his most important executive act was his encouragement of the plans of George Rogers Clark to conquer the Northwest Territory. After the Revolution he practised law with much success and maintained a hold upon the affections of his fellow-Virginians which almost equalled that of Washington. The latter would have made him Secretary of State and Chief Justice, but he refused. Like many other men of his time, he thought more of state than of national honors, and he was one of the most strenuous of the critics of the new Constitution, in which, with great foresight, he divined an instrument which would be used to subordinate the states to the federal government. On the whole, he was a loyal, conservative statesman and a lawyer of ability, his deficiencies, especially of education, having been exaggerated. But it is as an orator that he is chiefly remembered. He belongs to the inspired, improvisational class of which Chatham is a good example, rather than to the weighty, more deliberate, and prepared class of which Webster is the chief American representative. A few reported speeches and the tributes of qualified judges who heard him, such as Thomas Jefferson, along with the praise of contemporaries and the voice of tradition, form the basis of his reputation to-day, and scarcely afford means for a comparison of

his powers as an orator with those of Webster or Clay. Yet there can be but little doubt that in sheer fire of genius, Patrick Henry has never been surpassed as an orator by any American. John Randolph of Roanoke, himself a great orator, declared that he was Shakespeare and Garrick combined — an exaggeration in which there is a kernel of truth. The best biography of Henry is that by his grandson, the late William Wirt Henry of Richmond, in three volumes (1891) — one of the best examples of latter-day Southern scholarship. There is also a good memoir in the "American Statesmen" series by the late Professor Moses Coit Tyler (1887). The most famous biography is that by William Wirt (*q.v.*), the first edition of which appeared in 1817. Wirt, misled by the recollections of the aging Jefferson and by his own desire to write a striking book, did much to create the impression that Patrick Henry was a prodigy rather than a great and solid man.]

THE ALTERNATIVE

[From a Speech in the Virginia Convention, March, 1775, given in Wirt's "Life of Henry," 25th edition.]

Mr. President:[1] it is natural to man to indulge in the illusions of hope. We are apt to shut our eyes against a painful truth — and listen to the song of that syren, till she transforms us into beasts. Is this the part of wise men, engaged in a great and arduous struggle for liberty? Are we disposed to be of the number of those, who having eyes, see not, and having ears, hear not, the things which so nearly concern their temporal salvation? For my part, whatever anguish of spirit it may cost, I am willing to know the whole truth; to know the worst, and to provide for it.

I have but one lamp by which my feet are guided; and that is the lamp of experience. I know of no way of judging of the future but by the past. And judging by the past, I wish to know what there has been in the conduct of the British ministry for the last ten years, to justify those hopes with which gentlemen have been pleased to solace themselves and the house. "Is it that insidious smile with which our petition has been lately received? Trust it not, sir; it will prove a snare to your feet. Suffer not

[1] The text has been slightly changed in tenses and persons to give more vividness, since Wirt gave portions of the speech in the third person. Phrases such as "said he" have been omitted. The passages in quotation marks are, however, unchanged.

yourselves to be betrayed with a kiss. Ask yourselves how this gracious reception of our petition comports with those warlike preparations which cover our waters and darken our land. Are fleets and armies necessary to a work of love and reconciliation? Have we shown ourselves so unwilling to be reconciled that force must be called in to win back our love? Let us not deceive ourselves, sir. These are the implements of war and subjugation — the last arguments to which kings resort. I ask gentlemen, sir, what means this martial array, if its purpose be not to force us to submission? Can gentlemen assign any other possible motive for it? Has Great Britain any enemy in this quarter of the world, to call for all this accumulation of navies and armies? No, sir, she has none. They are meant for us: they can be meant for no other. They are sent over to bind and rivet upon us those chains which the British ministry have been so long forging. And what have we to oppose to them? Shall we try argument? Sir, we have been trying that for the last ten years. Have we anything new to offer upon the subject? Nothing. We have held the subject up in every light of which it is capable; but it has been all in vain. Shall we resort to entreaty and humble supplication? What terms shall we find which have not been already exhausted? Let us not, I beseech you, sir, deceive ourselves longer. Sir, we have done everything that could be done to avert the storm which is now coming on. We have petitioned — we have remonstrated — we have supplicated — we have prostrated ourselves before the throne, and have implored its interposition to arrest the tyrannical hands of the ministry and parliament. Our petitions have been slighted; our remonstrances have produced additional violence and insult; our supplications have been disregarded; and we have been spurned, with contempt, from the foot of the throne. In vain, after these things, may we indulge the fond hope of peace and reconciliation. *There is no longer any room for hope.* If we wish to be free — if we mean to preserve inviolate those inestimable privileges for which we have been so long contending — if we mean not basely to abandon the noble struggle in which we have been so long engaged, and which we have pledged ourselves never to abandon until the glorious object of our contest shall be ob-

tained — we must fight! — I repeat it, sir, we must fight!! An appeal to arms and to the God of Hosts, is all that is left us!"

They tell us, sir, that we are weak — unable to cope with so formidable an adversary. "But when shall we be stronger? Will it be the next week or the next year? Will it be when we are totally disarmed, and when a British guard shall be stationed in every house? Shall we gather strength by irresolution and inaction? Shall we acquire the means of effectual resistance by lying supinely on our backs, and hugging the delusive phantom of hope, until our enemies shall have bound us hand and foot? Sir, we are not weak, if we make a proper use of those means which the God of nature hath placed in our power. Three millions of people armed in the holy cause of liberty and in such a country as that which we possess, are invincible by any force which our enemy can send against us. Besides, sir, we shall not fight our battles alone. There is a just God who presides over the destinies of nations, and who will raise up friends to fight our battles for us. The battle, sir, is not to the strong alone; it is to the vigilant, the active, the brave. Besides, sir, we have no election. If we were base enough to desire it, it is now too late to retire from the contest. There is no retreat but in submission and slavery! Our chains are forged. Their clanking may be heard on the plains of Boston! The war is inevitable — and let it come!! I repeat it, sir, let it come!!!

"It is in vain, sir, to extenuate the matter. Gentlemen may cry, peace, peace — but there is no peace. The war is actually begun! The next gale that sweeps from the north will bring to our ears the clash of resounding arms! Our brethren are already in the field! Why stand we here idle? What is it that gentlemen wish? What would they have? Is life so dear, or peace so sweet, as to be purchased at the price of chains and slavery? Forbid it, Almighty God! — I know not what course others may take; but as for me,[1] give me liberty or give me death!"

[1] Here Wirt inserted, "cried he, with both his arms extended aloft, his brows knit, every feature marked with the resolute purpose of his soul, and his voice swelled to its boldest note of exclamation."

THOMAS JEFFERSON

[THOMAS JEFFERSON was born of a good family at Shadwell, Albemarle County, Virginia, April 13, 1743, and died at Monticello near by, in the same county, July 4, 1826. He received an excellent education at William and Mary College, and saw much of the best society. He studied law under Chancellor Wythe, began to practise at the bar, and achieved at once a considerable success. At the age of twenty-six he entered the House of Burgesses, and served off and on with much distinction until the breaking out of the Revolution. He then entered Congress, where he succeeded John Dickinson as the chief drafter of state papers, the most important of these being the "Declaration of Independence." After this he returned to Virginia politics, labored successfully to modify the state laws in a democratic direction, and served as governor for two years, during which period his administration was much harassed by the invasions of the British. In 1783 he reëntered Congress and took part in important legislation. The next year he went to France as minister plenipotentiary, succeeding Franklin in 1785. His career as a diplomat was successful, but was cut short by his acceptance of the post of Secretary of State in Washington's first cabinet. He was subsequently elected Vice-President in 1797 and President from 1801 to 1809. His two presidential administrations were marked rather by profound influence than by overtly exerted executive force, but the first secured to the country the vast territory of Louisiana. He was succeeded by his disciple Madison, and during his retirement at Monticello he maintained his grip upon politics through his large correspondence. From 1817 to his death he was mainly interested in founding the University of Virginia. Throughout his old age he was looked up to as the chief political theorist and most typical republican of the country, but this public homage entailed a hospitality that left him poor.

If Jefferson be judged by any single piece of work, except perhaps the "Declaration of Independence," or by the general qualities of his style, he cannot in any fairness be termed a great writer. This is true despite the many excellences of the "Notes on Virginia," his only book, of his state papers, and of his countless letters, which, while fascinating to the student of his character, are rather barren of charm when read without some ulterior purpose.

Yet he was surely in one important respect a greater writer than any of his American forerunners and contemporaries, not even Franklin excepted. His was the most influential pen of his times, and it is to his writings that posterity turns with most interest whenever the purposes, the hopes, the fears of the great Revolutionary epoch become matters of study. They reveal also the personality of Jefferson himself, but so subtle was that great man that we can

never feel that we understand him fully. We may learn to understand, however, with fair thoroughness the theory of government that he had worked out for himself from French and English sources; we may see how every letter he wrote carried his democratic doctrines farther afield; we may feel him getting a firm grasp not merely upon his contemporaries, but upon generations yet to be; finally, we can observe yawning across his later writings the political chasm into which the young republic was one day to fall. But writings that enable us to do all this are certainly great in their way, and so is the hand that penned them, and in a way Jefferson has given us a masterpiece. The "Declaration of Independence," whatever may be the justice of the criticisms directed against this and that clause or statement, is a true piece of literature, because ever since it was written it has been alive with emotion. Though we were to read it a thousand times, it would stir every one of us that loves liberty and his native land and has a sense for the rhetoric of denunciation and aspiration. It is true that our national taste has changed, and that the fervent eloquence of the Declaration would be distinctly out of place to-day. This is only to say that the art of writing prose has made great strides since Jefferson's time; but we must not forget that, if his pen was not that of a chastened writer, it was nevertheless that of a ready and a wonderfully effective one.

There are two elaborate editions of Jefferson's writings, the so-called "Congressional" in nine volumes and that of Paul Leicester Ford in ten (1892–1899). The text of the latter is followed here with the kind permission of the publishers, G. P. Putnam's Sons. There are numerous biographies, including George Tucker's (1837), H. S. Randall's in three volumes (1858), James Parton's (1874), and John T. Morse's in the "American Statesmen" (1883).]

JEFFERSON ON FRANCE

[From his "Autobiography."]

And here, I cannot leave this great and good country without expressing my sense of its preëminence of character among the nations of the earth. A more benevolent people I have never known, nor greater warmth and devotedness in their select friendships. Their kindness and accommodation to strangers is unparalleled, and the hospitality of Paris is beyond anything I had conceived to be practicable in a large city. Their eminence, too, in science, the communicative dispositions of their scientific men, the politeness of the general manners, the ease and vivacity of their conversation, give a charm to their society, to be found nowhere

else. In a comparison of this, with other countries, we have the proof of primacy, which was given to Themistocles, after the battle of Salamis. Every general voted to himself the first reward of valor, and the second to Themistocles. So, ask the travelled inhabitant of any nation, in what country on earth would you rather live? Certainly, in my own, where are all my friends, my relations, and the earliest and sweetest affections and recollections of my life. Which would be your second choice? France.

FIRST INAUGURAL ADDRESS[1]

[Delivered March 4, 1801.]

Friends and fellow-citizens:

Called upon to undertake the duties of the first executive office of our country, I avail myself of the presence of that portion of my fellow-citizens which is here assembled, to express my grateful thanks for the favor with which they have been pleased to look towards me, to declare a sincere consciousness that the task is above my talents, and that I approach it with those anxious and awful presentiments which the greatness of the charge and the weakness of my powers so justly inspire. A rising nation, spread over a wide and fruitful land; traversing all the seas with the rich productions of their industry; engaged in commerce with nations who feel power and forget right; advancing rapidly to destinies beyond the reach of mortal eye, — when I contemplate these transcendent objects, and see the honor, the happiness, and the hopes of this beloved country committed to the issue and the auspices of this day, I shrink from the contemplation, and humble myself before the magnitude of the undertaking. Utterly, indeed, should I despair, did not the presence of many whom I here see remind me that in the other high authorities provided by our Constitution I shall find resources of wisdom, of virtue, and of zeal, on which to rely under all difficulties. To you, then, gentlemen, who are charged with the sovereign functions of legislation, and to those associated with you, I look with encouragement for that guidance

[1] This address may fairly be regarded as one of our great political classics.

and support which may enable us to steer with safety the vessel in which we are all embarked, amid the conflicting elements of a troubled sea.

During the contest of opinion through which we have passed, the animation of discussion and of exertions has sometimes worn an aspect which might impose on strangers, unused to think freely, and to speak and to write what they think. But, this being now decided by the voice of the nation, enounced according to the rules of the Constitution, all will, of course, arrange themselves under the will of the law, and unite in common efforts for the common good. All, too, will bear in mind this sacred principle, that, though the will of the majority is in all cases to prevail, that will, to be rightful, must be reasonable; that the minority possess their equal rights, which equal laws must protect, and to violate [which] would be oppression. Let us, then, fellow-citizens, unite with one heart and one mind; let us restore to social intercourse that harmony and affection without which liberty and even life itself are but dreary things. And let us reflect that having banished from our land that religious intolerance under which mankind so long bled and suffered, we have yet gained little if we countenance a political intolerance as despotic, as wicked, and capable of as bitter and bloody persecutions. During the throes and convulsions of the ancient world, during the agonized spasms of infuriated man, seeking through blood and slaughter his long-lost liberty, it was not wonderful that the agitation of the billows should reach even this distant and peaceful shore; that this should be more felt and feared by some and less by others, and should divide opinions as to measures of safety. But every difference of opinion is not a difference of principle. We have called by different names brethren of the same principle. We are all republicans; we are all federalists. If there be any among us who would wish to dissolve this Union, or to change its republican form, let them stand, undisturbed, as monuments of the safety with which error of opinion may be tolerated where reason is left free to combat it. I know, indeed, that some honest men have feared that a republican government cannot be strong; that this government is not strong enough. But would the honest patriot, in the full tide of success-

ful experiment, abandon a government which has so far kept us free and firm, on the theoretic and visionary fear that this government, the world's best hope, may, by possibility, want energy to preserve itself? I trust not. I believe this, on the contrary, the strongest government on earth. I believe it is the only one where every man, at the call of the law, would fly to the standard of the law, and would meet invasions of public order as his own personal concern. Sometimes it is said that man cannot be trusted with the government of himself. Can he, then, be trusted with the government of others? Or have we found angels in the form of kings to govern him? Let history answer this question.

Let us, then, pursue with courage and confidence, our own federal and republican principles, our attachment to Union and representative government. Kindly separated by nature and a wide ocean from the exterminating havoc of one quarter of the globe; too high-minded to endure the degradations of the others; possessing a chosen country, with room enough for all descendants to the hundredth and thousandth generation; entertaining a due sense of our equal right to the use of our own faculties, to the acquisitions of our industry, to honor and confidence from our fellow-citizens, resulting not from birth but from our actions, and their sense of them; enlightened by a benign religion, professed, indeed, and practiced in various forms, yet all of them inculcating honesty, truth, temperance, gratitude, and the love of man; acknowledging and adoring an overruling Providence, which, by all its dispensations, proves that it delights in the happiness of man here, and his greater happiness hereafter; with all these blessings, what more is necessary to make us a happy and a prosperous people? Still one thing more, fellow-citizens, — a wise and frugal government, which shall restrain men from injuring one another, shall leave them otherwise free to regulate their own pursuits of industry and improvement, and shall not take from the mouth of labor the bread it has earned. This is the sum of good government, and this is necessary to close the circle of our felicities.

About to enter, fellow-citizens, on the exercise of duties which comprehend everything dear and valuable to you, it is proper you should understand what I deem the essential principle[s] of

this government, and, consequently, those which ought to shape its administration. I will compress them in the narrowest compass they will bear, stating the general principle, but not all its limitations. Equal and exact justice to all men, of whatever state or persuasion, religious or political; peace, commerce, and honest friendship with all nations, entangling alliances with none; the support of the State governments in all their rights, as the most competent administrations for our domestic concerns, and the surest bulwarks against anti-republican tendencies; the preservation of the General Government in its whole constitutional vigor, as the sheet-anchor of our peace at home and safety abroad; a jealous care of the right of election by the people, — a mild and safe corrective of abuses which are lopped by the sword of revolution, where peaceable remedies are unprovided; absolute acquiescence in the decisions of the majority, — the vital principle of republics, from which is no appeal but to force, the vital principle and immediate parent of despotism; a well-disciplined militia, — our best reliance in peace and for the first moments of war, till regulars may relieve them; the supremacy of the civil over the military authority; economy in the public expense, that labor may be lightly burdened; the honest payment of our debts and sacred preservation of the public faith; encouragement of agriculture, and of commerce as its handmaid; the diffusion of information and arraignment of all abuses at the bar of the public reason; freedom of religion, freedom of the press, and freedom of person under the protection of the *habeas corpus;* and trial by juries impartially selected. These principles form the bright constellation which has gone before us, and guided our steps through an age of revolution and reformation. The wisdom of our sages and blood of our heroes have been devoted to their attainment. They should be the creed of our political faith, the text of civic instruction, the touchstone by which to try the services of those we trust; and should we wander from them in moments of error or alarm, let us hasten to retrace our steps, and to regain the road which alone leads to peace, liberty, and safety.

"I repair, then, fellow-citizens, to the post which you have assigned me. With experience enough in subordinate stations to

know the difficulties of this, the greatest of all, I have learned to expect that it will rarely fall to the lot of imperfect man to retire from this station with the reputation and the favor which bring him into it. Without pretensions to that high confidence you reposed in our first and greatest revolutionary character, whose preëminent services had entitled him to the first place in his country's love, and had destined for him the fairest page in the volume of faithful history, I ask so much confidence only as may give firmness and effect to the legal administration of your affairs. I shall often go wrong, through defect of judgment. When right, I shall often be thought wrong by those whose positions will not command a view of the whole ground. I ask your indulgence for my own errors, which will never be intentional; and your support against the errors of others, who may condemn what they would not, if seen in all its parts. The approbation implied by your suffrage is a great consolation to me for the past; and my future solicitude will be to retain the good opinion of those who have bestowed it in advance, to conciliate that of others by doing them all the good in my power, and to be instrumental to the happiness and freedom of all.

Relying, then, on the patronage of your good will, I advance with obedience to the work, ready to retire from it whenever you become sensible how much better choice it is in your power to make. And may that Infinite Power which rules the destinies of the universe, lead our councils to what is best, and give them a favorable issue for your peace and prosperity.

DAVID RAMSAY

[DAVID RAMSAY was born in Lancaster County, Pennsylvania, April 2, 1749, and died in Charleston, South Carolina, May 8, 1815. He graduated at Princeton, taught for some years, studied medicine at the University of Pennsylvania, and settled at Charleston. Here he not only practised his profession, but served the Revolutionary cause with such zeal that in 1780 he was put into close confinement at St. Augustine by the British. After the Revolution he was a member of the Continental Congress, and of the Senate of South Carolina, over which he pre-

sided for some years. It was chiefly, however, for his attainments, in medical science and in American history that he was distinguished among his contemporaries, and it is his writings in the latter category that have preserved his name. A popular tract was his "Sermon on Tea" from the text "Touch not, taste not, handle not." In 1785 he published a "History of the Revolution in South Carolina," and four years later a more extended account of the movement in which he had participated and about which he had gathered much information. This was his "History of the American Revolution" in two volumes (1789) from which a selection is here given. In 1807 he published a biography of Washington, and in 1809 a "History of South Carolina from its Settlement in 1670 to the Year 1808," a work in two volumes which has long ranked with the best of the earlier local histories. Among his other writings were a memorial volume devoted to his second wife Martha, a daughter of Henry Laurens (*q.v.*), — his first wife was a daughter of another Revolutionary leader, John Witherspoon, — and a "History of the United States," which was continued by other hands and incorporated in a universal history. Dr. Ramsay, who died from wounds inflicted by a maniac whom he had examined professionally, was a good, clear writer and deserves to rank with Jeremy Belknap, Dr. Benjamin Rush, and other distinguished historians and publicists of the early republic. It may be mentioned that his brother, Colonel Nathaniel Ramsay, was a brave soldier of the Revolution and a successful lawyer in Maryland. It may also be recalled as a curious coincidence that Hugh Williamson (1735–1819), the historian of the neighboring state of North Carolina, was also a native of Pennsylvania, a learned physician, a surgeon in the Revolution, and an important participator in the politics of the times. Unlike Dr. Ramsay, however, he did not make his permanent home in the South, but after 1793 lived in New York City. His "History of North Carolina" appeared in 1812.]

SOME RESULTS OF THE REVOLUTION

[From "The History of the American Revolution" (1789), Appendix IV.]

The American revolution, on the one hand, brought forth great vices; but on the other hand, it called forth many virtues, and gave occasion for the display of abilities which, but for that event, would have been lost to the world. When the war began, the Americans were a mass of husbandmen, merchants, mechanics, and fishermen; but the necessities of the country gave a spring to the active powers of the inhabitants, and set them on thinking, speaking, and acting in a line far beyond that to which they had been accustomed.

The difference between nations is not so much owing to nature, as to education and circumstances. While the Americans were guided by the leading-strings of the mother country, thay had no scope nor encouragement for exertion. All the departments of government were established and executed for them, but not by them. In the years 1775 and 1776, the country being suddenly thrown into a situation that needed the abilities of all its sons, these generally took their places, each according to the bent of his inclination. As they severally pursued their objects with ardor, a vast expansion of the human mind speedily followed. This displayed itself in a variety of ways. It was found that the talents for great stations did not differ in kind, but only in degree, from those which were necessary for the proper discharge of the ordinary business of civil society. In the bustle that was occasioned by the war, few instances could be produced of any persons who made a figure, or who rendered essential services, but from among those who had given specimens of similar talents in their respective professions. Those who from indolence or dissipation, had been of little service to the community in time of peace, were found equally unserviceable in war. A few young men were exceptions to this general rule. Some of these, who had indulged in youthful follies, broke off from their vicious courses, and on the pressing call of their country became useful servants of the public; but the great bulk of those, who were the active instruments of carrying on the revolution, were self-made, industrious men. These who by their own exertions, had established, or laid a foundation for establishing personal independence, were most generally trusted, and most successfully employed in establishing that of their country. In these times of action, classical education was found of less service than good natural parts, guided by common-sense and sound judgment.

Several names could be mentioned of individuals who, without the knowledge of any other language than their mother tongue, wrote not only accurately, but elegantly, on public business. It seemed as if the war not only required, but created talents. Men whose minds were warmed with the love of liberty, and whose abilities were improved by daily exercise, and sharpened with a laudable ambition to serve their distressed country, spoke, wrote,

and acted, with an energy far surpassing all expectations which could be reasonably founded on their previous acquirements.

The Americans knew but little of one another previous to the revolution. Trade and business had brought the inhabitants of their seaports acquainted with each other, but the bulk of the people in the interior country were unacquainted with their fellow-citizens. A continental army, and Congress composed of men from all the States, by freely mixing together, were assimilated into one mass. Individuals of both, mingling with the citizens, disseminated principles of union among them. Local prejudices abated. By frequent collision asperities were worn off, and a foundation was laid for the establishment of a nation, out of discordant materials. Intermarriages between men and women of different States were much more common than before the war, and became an additional cement to the union. Unreasonable jealousies had existed between the inhabitants of the Eastern and of the Southern States; but on becoming better acquainted with each other, these in a great measure subsided. A wiser policy prevailed. Men of liberal minds led the way in discouraging local distinctions, and the great body of the people, as soon as reason got the better of prejudice, found that their best interests would be most effectually promoted by such practices and sentiments as were favorable to union.

JAMES MADISON

[JAMES MADISON was born in Port Conway, Virginia, March 16, 1751, and died at Montpellier, Orange County, Virginia, June 28, 1836. The son of parents able to give him a good education, he graduated at Princeton in 1772, where he had the poet Freneau for a room-mate, studied law and history at home while teaching his brothers and sisters, took part early in the Revolutionary movement, was a member of the state convention of 1776, where he helped to draft the new constitution for Virginia, and was elected to the legislature, serving only one term because he would not condescend to solicit votes in an improper manner. In 1780 he was sent to the Continental Congress, where his legal and historical learning, in which he had scarcely a rival, and the prudence and balance of temperament which characterized him through life, caused him to take a high stand as a legislator. In 1784 he was again

elected to the Virginia legislature, and there he took the lead in the successful fight for religious liberty which did much completely to separate church and state in America. His next great service was in connection with the Annapolis Convention of 1786, which led to the calling of the Philadelphia Convention of 1787 that furnished a constitution to the country then verging on anarchy. In the Constitutional Convention, for the convening of which he was perhaps more responsible than any other man, Madison both by suggesting plans to others and by defending propositions looking to the establishment of an adequately strong government, as well as by offering compromises, so affected the final action of the body and the shape of the instrument it adopted that he may fairly be called the Father of the Constitution. Then he took a leading part in securing the adoption of the Constitution, not only by his labors in the Virginia Convention, but also by joining with Hamilton and Jay in the production of "The Federalist," the famous series of letters defending and expounding the provisions of the new document. These letters were greatly applauded and still rank as one of the most valuable contributions to political literature made by America. They were planned by Hamilton, but Madison's claim to credit for his share in them — especially if we assign to him, as seems proper, those letters the authorship of which is disputed — is not much inferior to that of the more brilliant originator. After the adoption of the Constitution, Madison was elected to the first House of Representatives, where he was easily the leading member. When the Federalist and Democratic-Republican parties were formed, he threw in his lot with the latter and thus became a colleague of Jefferson and an opponent of his former colleague, Hamilton. Jefferson was better qualified for party leadership and in a sense took precedence of Madison in the years that followed; but the latter, in spite of a short retirement from public life, was too valuable a statesman to be in any way eclipsed. In 1798 he drew up the famous Virginia Resolutions against the Alien and Sedition laws. In 1801 he became Secretary of State under Jefferson and held the office until his own election to the presidency. Both as Secretary and as President (1809–1817) he displayed many fine qualities of mind and character, but it is not generally thought that he was nearly so well qualified for executive as for legislative functions. It was a period of very tangled foreign relations; Madison was unable to cope with Napoleon and was finally forced, much against his will, into war with Great Britain. In 1817, at the end of his second term, he retired to Montpellier, where he passed the rest of his life in study, looked up to by all as a true patriot and a wise statesman. His writings are of great value to students, especially in all matters relating to the framing of the Constitution. His rank as a statesman depends upon the emphasis we lay upon knowledge and prudence and the power to present proper lines of action as compared with the ability to dominate men and parties, to work the machinery of government, to carry out a definite policy. No more conservative and deeply learned statesman has been produced in America, but Madison cannot be numbered among our great executives.

See "James Madison, the Constructive Statesman," in John Fiske's "Essays Historical and Literary" (1902). There is an elaborate "Life and Times of James Madison," by William C. Rives, Jr. (3 vols., 1859), a biography in the "American Statesmen" series by S. H. Gay (1884), and a recent life by Gaillard Hunt (1902). An edition of his "Letters and Other Writings," in four volumes, was published in 1865. His complete works are being edited by Gaillard Hunt, and five volumes have already appeared (1900–1904). The fifth volume covers the years 1787–1790. There is also a "Memoirs and Letters" of his beautiful and sprightly wife, familiarly known as "Dolly Madison" (1887).]

A STANDING ARMY AND THE CONSTITUTION

[From "The Federalist," No. XLI, January 22, 1788. Edition of 1818.]

How could a readiness for war in time of peace be safely prohibited, unless we could prohibit in like manner, the preparations and establishments of every hostile nation? The means of security can only be regulated by the means and the danger of attack. They will in fact be ever determined by these rules, and by no others. It is in vain to oppose constitutional barriers to the impulse of self-preservation. It is worse than in vain: because it plants in the constitution itself necessary usurpations of power, every precedent of which is a germ of unnecessary and multiplied repetitions. If one nation maintains constantly a disciplined army, ready for the service of ambition or revenge, it obliges the most pacific nations, who may be within the reach of its enterprises, to take corresponding precautions. The fifteenth century was the unhappy epoch of military establishments in time of peace. They were introduced by Charles VII. of France. All Europe has followed, or been forced into, the example. Had the example not been followed by other nations, all Europe must long ago have worn the chains of a universal monarch. Were every nation, except France, now to disband its peace establishment, the same event might follow. The veteran legions of Rome were an overmatch for the undisciplined valor of all other nations, and rendered her mistress of the world.

Not less true is it that the liberties of Rome proved the final victim to her military triumphs, and that the liberties of Europe,

as far as they ever existed, have, with few exceptions, been the price of her military establishments. A standing force, therefore, is a dangerous, at the same time that it may be a necessary, provision. On the smaller scale, it has its inconveniences. On an extensive scale, its consequences may be fatal. On any scale, it is an object of laudable circumspection and precaution. A wise nation will combine all these considerations; and whilst it does not rashly preclude itself from any resource which may become essential to its safety, will exert all its prudence in diminishing both the necessity and the danger of resorting to one which may be inauspicious to its liberties.

The clearest marks of this prudence are stamped on the proposed constitution. The union itself, which it cements and secures, destroys every pretext for a military establishment which could be dangerous. America united, with a handful of troops, or without a single soldier, exhibits a more forbidding posture to foreign ambition, than America disunited, with a hundred thousand veterans ready for combat. It was remarked, on a former occasion, that the want of this pretext had saved the liberties of one nation in Europe. Being rendered, by her insular situation and her maritime resources, impregnable to the armies of her neighbors, the rulers of Great Britain have never been able, by real or artificial dangers, to cheat the public into an extensive peace establishment. The distance of the United States from the powerful nations of the world, gives them the same happy security. A dangerous establishment can never be necessary or plausible, so long as they continue a united people. But let it never for a moment be forgotten that they are indebted for this advantage to their union alone. The moment of its dissolution will be the date of a new order of things. The fears of the weaker, or the ambition of the stronger, States or confederacies, will set the same example in the new as Charles VII. did in the old world. The example will be followed here, from the same motives which produced universal imitation there. Instead of deriving from our situation the precious advantage which Great Britain has derived from hers, the face of America will be but a copy of that of the continent of Europe. It will present liberty everywhere crushed between stand-

ing armies and perpetual taxes. The fortunes of disunited America will be even more disastrous than those of Europe. The sources of evil in the latter are confined to her own limits. No superior powers of another quarter of the globe intrigue among her rival nations, inflame their mutual animosities, and render them the instruments of foreign ambition, jealousy, and revenge. In America, the miseries springing from her internal jealousies, contentions, and wars, would form a part only of her lot. A plentiful addition of evils would have their source in that relation in which Europe stands to this quarter of the earth, and which no other quarter of the earth bears to Europe.

This picture of the consequences of disunion cannot be too highly colored, or too often exhibited. Every man who loves peace ; every man who loves his country ; every man who loves liberty, ought to have it ever before his eyes, that he may cherish in his heart a due attachment to the union of America, and be able to set a due value on the means of preserving it.

Next to the effectual establishment of the union, the best possible precaution against danger from standing armies is a limitation of the term for which revenue may be appropriated to their support. This precaution the constitution has prudently added. I will not repeat here the observations, which I flatter myself have placed this subject in a just and satisfactory light. But it may not be improper to take notice of an argument against this part of the constitution, which has been drawn from the policy and practice of Great Britain. It is said that the continuance of an army in that kingdom requires an annual vote of the legislature : whereas the American constitution has lengthened this critical period to two years. This is the form in which the comparison is usually stated to the public : but is it a just form ? is it a fair comparison ? Does the British constitution restrain the parliamentary discretion to one year ? Does the American impose on the congress appropriations for two years ? On the contrary, it cannot be unknown to the authors of the fallacy themselves, that the British constitution fixes no limit whatever to the discretion of the legislature, and that the American ties down the legislature to two years, as the longest admissible term.

Had the argument from the British example been truly stated, it would have stood thus : the term for which supplies may be appropriated to the army establishment, though unlimited by the British constitution, has nevertheless in practice been limited by parliamentary discretion to a single year. Now if in Great Britain, — where the House of Commons is elected for seven years, where so great a proportion of the members are elected by so small a proportion of the people, where the electors are so corrupted by the representatives, and the representatives so corrupted by the crown,[1] — the representative body can possess a power to make appropriations to the army for an indefinite term, without desiring, or without daring, to extend the term beyond a single year ; ought not suspicion herself to blush in pretending that the representatives of the United States, elected freely by the whole body of the people, every second year, cannot be safely intrusted with a discretion over such appropriations, expressly limited to the short period of two years ?

A bad cause seldom fails to betray itself. Of this truth, the management of the opposition to the federal government is an unvaried exemplification. But among all the blunders which have been committed, none is more striking than the attempt to enlist on that side, the prudent jealousy entertained by the people, of standing armies. The attempt has awakened fully the public attention to that important subject ; and has led to investigations which must terminate in a thorough and universal conviction, not only that the constitution has provided the most effectual guards against danger from that quarter, but that nothing short of a constitution fully adequate to the national defence, and the preservation of the union, can save America from as many standing armies as it may be split into states or confederacies ; and from such a progressive augmentation of these establishments in each, as will render them as burthensome to the properties, and ominous to the liberties of the people, as any establishment that can become necessary, under a united and efficient government, must be tolerable to the former and safe to the latter.

[1] It may be worth while to call attention to the fact that this was written long before the Reform Bill.

MRS. ELIZA WILKINSON

[PRACTICALLY no information about Mrs. Wilkinson is given us by the lady who edited her letters in 1839. We are told that she was a young and beautiful widow, and that the letters were copied by her in a clear, feminine hand into a "blank quarto book." The twelve letters written toward the close of the Revolution give us a vivid picture of the experiences and feelings of a patriotic woman during the British occupation of Charleston. We would willingly know more of the writer; but her day was not that of publicity, and it has proved impossible to supplement the meagre statements of Mrs. Caroline Gilman (1794–1888), who first rescued Mrs. Wilkinson from oblivion. The editor herself, who was Boston born, but with her husband, the Rev. Samuel Gilman, a Unitarian clergyman, resided long in Charleston, was a very well-known writer in her day. She published a magazine for children, wrote poems and stories, and was the author of the once popular "Recollections of a Southern Matron" (1836).]

A SPRIGHTLY AND PATRIOTIC CAROLINA DAME[1]

[FROM "LETTERS OF ELIZA WILKINSON, DURING THE INVASION AND POSSESSION OF CHARLESTOWN, SOUTH CAROLINA, BY THE BRITISH IN THE REVOLUTIONARY WAR. ARRANGED FROM THE ORIGINAL MANUSCRIPTS BY CAROLINE GILMAN," NEW YORK, 1839.]

YONGE'S ISLAND, July 14th [1781].

WELL, I have been to town, and seen all my friends and quarrelled with my enemies. I went on board the prison ship, too, and drank coffee with the prisoners; the dear fellows were in high spirits, and expecting to be speedily exchanged; indeed, they were so before I left town. I saw the last vessel sail, and a number of ladies with them of our acquaintance, who have sailed from their native land. The day that the last vessel sailed, some British officers came to the house where I staid. I was sitting very melancholy, and did not alter my position on their entrance.

[1] The letter here given is the eleventh. There are said to be other letters extant that have never been published.

They sat for some time; at length they broke silence with — "You seem melancholy, Madam!" "I am so, Sir; I am thinking how suddenly I am deprived of my friends, and left almost alone in the midst of—"

"Do not say enemies, Madam," (interrupting me,) — "there is not one in this garrison but would protect and serve you to the utmost of his power, as well as those whose absence you lament."

"I have no further business in this garrison, Sir; those on whose account I came down are now gone, and I shall very shortly return to the country; or you may send me off, too — will you?"

"No, no, Madam; I will enter a *caveat* against that — I am determined to convert you."

"That you never shall, for I am determined not to be converted by you."

"Why, then, you shall convert me."

"I shall not attempt it, Sir" — and I turned about, and spoke to a lady by me. Some time after I was asked to play the guitar, — "I cannot play, I am very dull."

"How long do you intend to continue so, Mrs. Wilkinson?"

"Until my countrymen return, Sir!"

"Return as what, Madam? — *prisoners* or *subjects?*"

"As *conquerors!* Sir."

He affected a laugh. "You will never see that, Madam."

"I live in hopes, Sir, of seeing the thirteen stripes hoisted, once more hoisted, on the bastions of this garrison."

"Do not hope so; but come, give us a tune on the guitar."

"I can play nothing but rebel songs."

"Well, let us have one of them."

"Not to-day — I cannot play — I will not play; besides, I suppose I should be put into the *Provost*[1] for such a *heinous crime.*"

"Not for the world, Madam; you never should be put there."

"Aye, aye, so you say; but I see no respect shown;" and, saying this, I went into the chamber, and he down stairs.

I have often wondered, since, I was not packed off too, for I was very saucy, and never disguised my sentiments.

[1] A temporary military prison.

One day Kitty and I were going to take a walk on the Bay to get something we wanted. Just as we had got our hats on, up ran one of the Billets[1] into the dining-room, where we were, —

"Your servant, ladies," —

"Your servant, Sir."

"Going out, ladies?"

"Only to take a little walk."

He immediately turned about, and ran down stairs, I guessed for what.

"Kitty, Kitty, let us hurry off, child; he is gone for his hat and sword as sure as you are alive, and means to accompany us." We immediately caught up our silk gowns to keep them from rustling, and flew down stairs as light as we could, to avoid being heard. Out of the street door we went, and I believe ran near two hundred yards, and then walked very fast. Looking behind, we saw him at some distance, walking at a great rate. We hurried down another street, and went in a half-run until we came to Bedon's Alley, and, turning that, we walked on leisurely to rest ourselves. It was near an hour after, being in a store in Broad-Street, that we saw him pass, in company with five or six other officers, with one of whom he was hooking-arms. — Kitty spied him out, and, pointing to him and looking at me, we ran behind the door to hide ourselves; but he got a glimpse of us before we could do so, and quitting his companions, came immediately into the store, and seemed quite transported to find us. Foolish fellow! I could not help pitying him for his good-nature, and behaving *mighty civil* to him. Had he been one of your impudent, blustering red-coats, who think nothing bad enough they can say of the *rebels*, I should have discarded him that moment, and driven him from my presence; but he accosted us so smilingly, and with such an air of diffidence[2] that I could not find in my heart one spark of ill-nature towards him; so I smiled too, and away we walked. He offered me his hand, or arm rather, to lean on.

"Excuse me, Sir," said I; "I will support myself, if you please."

[1] *I.e.* one of the officers stationed in the house.

[2] The proof-reading was bad here in the original edition.

"No, Madam, the pavements are very uneven — you may get a fall; do accept my arm."

"Pardon me, I cannot."

"Come, you do not know what your condescension may do — I will turn rebel!"

"Will you?" said I, laughing, — "turn rebel first, and then offer your arm."

We stopped in another store, where were several British officers; after asking for articles which I wanted, I saw a broad roll of ribbon, which appeared to be of black and white stripes.

"Go," said I to the officer that was with us, "and reckon the stripes of that ribbon; see if they are *thirteen!*" (with an emphasis I spoke the word — and he went too!)

"Yes, they are thirteen, upon my word, Madam."

"Do hand it me." He did so; I took it, and found that it was narrow black ribbon, carefully wound round a broad white. I returned it to its place on the shelf.

"Madam," said the merchant, "you can buy the black and white, too, and tack them in stripes."

"By no means, Sir; I would not have them *slightly tacked*, but *firmly united*." The above-mentioned officers sat on the counter kicking their heels; — how they gaped at me when I said this! but the merchant laughed heartily.

Well, I have composed a long letter out of nothing; pardon the subject. I am on this lonely island, and have nothing to inspire my pen. Let me hear from you, but I would rather see you, if you would think it worth while to favor me with a visit. Come, my dear, I have a thousand little things to whisper in your ear, of *who*, and *what*, and *how*. If you have but the tenth part of that curiosity ascribed to your sex, you will fly to Yonge's Island, to *enjoy* these promised tete-à-tetes.[1] — Not one word more.

ELIZA W.

[1] This letter has been printed as Mrs. Gilman gave it, with no attempt at modernization. An equally excessive use of italics may be found in Southern letters written after the Civil War.

ST. GEORGE TUCKER

[The Tuckers of Virginia and South Carolina came to those colonies from Bermuda. St. George Tucker was born on the island, July 10, 1752, and died in Nelson County, Virginia, November 10, 1828. At the age of nineteen he went to Williamsburg to complete his education at the college of William and Mary, where he remained a year. He studied law and practised awhile in Virginia, then went back to Bermuda, but in 1776 returned to Virginia to fight for the Revolutionary cause. In 1778 he married the widow Frances Bland Randolph, thus becoming the stepfather of the famous John Randolph of Roanoke (*q.v.*). After Yorktown he practised law once more, was a delegate to the Annapolis Convention of 1786, was made a judge of the general court (1787–1804), and, in 1790, professor of law in his alma mater. This position he filled with great distinction, as his long-appreciated edition of Blackstone's "Commentaries" (1803) abundantly proves. In 1796 he published "A Dissertation on Slavery: with a Proposal for the Gradual Abolition of it in the State of Virginia." This was reprinted in New York in 1861. He also published a volume of political satires, now forgotten, composed some dramas, which seem never to have been printed, and wrote fugitive poems, one of which "Resignation," or "Days of my Youth," here given, was a favorite with John Adams and, on account of its emotional appeal rather than of its poetic style, has found a place in most American anthologies. In 1804 he was put at the head of the state court of appeals. Some years later he resigned through ill health, but in 1813 he accepted a federal district judgeship. His legal abilities were inherited by two sons, Henry St. George Tucker (1780–1848), congressman, judge, professor of law, and legal writer, and Nathaniel Beverley Tucker (*q.v.*), the well-known author of "The Partisan Leader." Several sons of Henry St. George distinguished themselves, especially the late John Randolph Tucker, statesman and expounder of the Constitution, and St. George Tucker, author of "Hansford, A Tale of Bacon's Rebellion" (1853). The well-known historian, philosopher, and miscellaneous writer, Professor George Tucker of the University of Virginia (1775–1861), was a connection of this family, which maintains its distinction in Virginia at the present day.]

RESIGNATION

Days of my youth,
  Ye have glided away;
Hairs of my youth,
  Ye are frosted and gray;

Eyes of my youth,
  Your keen sight is no more;
Cheeks of my youth,
  Ye are furrowed all o'er;
Strength of my youth,
  All your vigor is gone;
Thoughts of my youth,
  Your gay visions are flown.

Days of my youth,
  I wish not your recall;
Hairs of my youth,
  I'm content ye should fall;
Eyes of my youth,
  You much evil have seen;
Cheeks of my youth,
  Bathed in tears have you been;
Thoughts of my youth,
  You have led me astray;
Strength of my youth,
  Why lament your decay?

Days of my age,
  Ye will shortly be past;
Pains of my age,
  Yet awhile ye can last;
Joys of my age,
  In true wisdom delight;
Eyes of my age,
  Be religion your light;
Thoughts of my age,
  Dread ye not the cold sod;
Hopes of my age,
  Be ye fixed on your God.[1]

[1] That St. George Tucker was a good letter writer is proved by one or two letters from him to be found in the "Bland Papers"— a selection made from the manuscripts of a relative of his wife, Colonel Theodorick Bland, Jr., of Prince George County, Virginia. This correspondence, which begins as early as 1744–1745 but is

chiefly concerned with the Revolution in Virginia and contains letters from such distinguished men as Washington, Patrick Henry, Jefferson, and Edmund Randolph, was edited in two volumes (1840 and 1844) by Charles Campbell, the historian of Virginia. It is worth while to mention also that Judge Tucker is said to have contributed a few stanzas to one of the most famous pieces of social verse ever written in the South. This is "The Belles of Williamsburg," a poem of sixteen stanzas celebrating the looks and accomplishments of several young ladies of the old capital of Virginia, written by Dr. James McClurg (1747–1825). This gentleman was a college mate of Jefferson, studied abroad, and became a distinguished physician in Williamsburg and Richmond. He was a noted writer on medical topics and, as his best-known poem and its sequel prove, an accomplished writer of society verse in the manner of Suckling and Cowley. His poem is quoted in John Esten Cooke's (*q.v.*) "Virginia Comedians," and he figures in the same writer's "Youth of Jefferson." The poem and its sequel may also be found in Duyckinck's "Cyclopædia of American Literature." For a sketch of Tucker and extracts from his letters to his wife, see the two articles contributed by C. W. Coleman, Jr., to *The Magazine of American History*, Vol. VII (1881). Sketches of Tucker and other old-time Virginia lawyers will also be found in *The Green Bag*, Vol. X. It should be noted that the various accounts of Tucker show many small discrepancies in the dates they furnish.

SECOND PERIOD

THE LITERATURE OF THE OLD SOUTH

1790–1865

INTRODUCTION

During the upwards of seventy-five years that elapsed between the inauguration of Washington and the assassination of Lincoln, American literature as a whole emerged from what it is too much of a compliment to call its dawn and passed into what is regarded as its period of meridian splendor. Such splendor as it had, however, was mainly due to the writings of gifted New Englanders during what is known as the Transcendentalist Period (1830–1850) and the years immediately following. Take from American literature the writings of Emerson, Hawthorne, Longfellow, Whittier, Holmes, Thoreau, Lowell, and the great historians, Prescott, Motley, and Parkman, to say nothing of Alcott, Margaret Fuller, Mrs. Stowe, and a large number of minor writers, and what is left of our *ante bellum* literature seems at first thought comparatively negligible. It is not negligible, of course, for the work of Irving, Cooper, Bryant (though he was really a New Englander), Poe, and Whitman, to say nothing of that of Willis (another New Englander by birth), Kennedy, Simms, and many others, was important in its day and fairly holds its own in ours. Indeed, Poe and Whitman are to many persons the most significant writers in the entire range of our literature.

Of all the names given above only three, those of Poe, Kennedy, and Simms, belong to the South, and of these, only that of Poe is of great consequence to the reader of to-day. The South which had done so much to establish American independence, which had given Washington, and Jefferson, and Madison, and Monroe, and Marshall to the Union, — a list which does not exhaust the distinguished statesmen furnished by a single state, — scarcely gave to the world before the close of the Civil War half a dozen writers whose names really mean anything to the present generation. The race of statesmen did not cease, — as the names of Calhoun,

Hayne, Macon, Jackson, Clay, Toombs, Stephens, Yancey, and Jefferson Davis suffice to show, — although it will be observed that the claim Virginia can make to pride in this list is a very slight one. When the Civil War came, the race of great soldiers — in which Virginia can once more find occasion for just pride, — Lee, "Stonewall" Jackson, the two Johnstons, Stuart, Forrest, Longstreet, and many another — showed that the essential vitality of the Southern people had not only not decayed since the Revolution, but in some respects had been strengthened. Rich and poor alike joined in maintaining for four years what is perhaps the most heroic struggle in history. Yet the people who produced these statesmen and soldiers, who were unexcelled in those private virtues and manners which in the old adage "maketh man," made in seventy-five years so small a contribution to the literature and art and science and industrial improvement of the world, that they are often represented, erroneously, as exponents of a lower order of civilization than was to be found elsewhere in America.

It is needless to say that it was the presence of domestic slavery that gave a semblance of truth to this view of the Southern people. This inherited institution did indeed retard the South industrially and affect its mental development detrimentally in many ways. It sharpened the minds of Southern statesmen, but it kept them and the people they represented harping upon one topic, or, to put it more accurately, the defence they naturally felt called upon to make of what they regarded as property took precedence, after 1820, of every other public interest, and the inevitable result was a narrowing and hardening of the public mind and an inflaming of the public heart. Such an epoch of strife could not be propitious to the development of creative literature, but that life in the Old South was propitious to the development of character among the favored classes is equally obvious. No nobler man than Robert E. Lee can be named in American history, and the characteristic virtues seen at their height in Lee were abundantly illustrated by the men and women of his social class. In other words, the Old South was dominated by an aristocracy marked by many fine qualities, but resting upon slavery and the ownership of land as a basis and thus out of touch, not merely with the democracy of

the rest of America, but with the mixed civilization of Europe. There was, it is true, a democracy in the South, — especially in the mountain regions, and more particularly in the states of North Carolina and Georgia, — but it was the aristocracy that conducted the general political policy of the section and that represented it before the world. We need not dwell on the condition of the non-slaveholding whites and of the negroes, for it is now seen at a glance that the social structure of the South was an anachronism and that it would probably have been ended through war even if there had been no written constitution to afford points of contended interpretation. It is equally plain that the failure of the South to contribute greatly to literature, art, and science was due to no mental or spiritual defects on the part of the Southern people, but to conditions inseparable from a rural, aristocratic social system. Country gentlemen have in no age or land done much to aid the artistic and scientific development of the world, and the Southern planters were no exception to the rule. They had no great cities to attract and develop youths of promise; they were far removed from printers and publishers, and led a life not conducive to mental exertion; they had inherited in many cases a prejudice against writing for money as a profession for gentlemen. Hence it is no wonder that while Richmond and Charleston and New Orleans contained not a few citizens of culture, some of whom endeavored to write books and to publish magazines, no such literary development was possible in any of them as was seen in Boston, New York, and Philadelphia. Even the New South, with its greater activity and success in literature, has as yet no literary centre, and much the same condition of affairs prevails in the West.

But despite all obstacles not a few men and women in the *ante bellum* South devoted themselves to literature, and when one makes a close study of the work they did, one is on the whole rather surprised to find how much success was achieved by them. At the opening of the period there is little to chronicle save the writings of public men, which, though excellent in their way, did not often display the literary quality visible in the speeches of John Randolph of Roanoke. With Wirt and the cultured group of lawyers who

were his friends in Richmond, such as John Wickham and Francis Gilmer, we have the first literary coterie of any importance. But to-day "The Letters of the British Spy" and "The Old Bachelor" seem very old-fashioned, and the "Life of Patrick Henry," though still read, is almost worthless as biography. Wirt was a genial, cultivated, and able man, but as a writer he was little more than an amateur. Amateurish also were the early Southern poets, Shaw and Pinkney and Key in Maryland, Dabney and Maxwell and Munford in Virginia, Crafts and Holland and their compeers in South Carolina. If some of them, especially Pinkney, had been granted longer lives and a more propitious environment, they might have left us more than an occasional poem of promise or excellence ; but this could not be, and it was not long before able Southerners like Hugh S. Legaré were pointing out the limitations of their predecessors like Crafts. Late in the twenties and early in the thirties genuine men of letters were produced. Poe practically began his career in Baltimore, where Kennedy,[1] who continued the Wirt tradition of the literary lawyer, gave him assistance. Through Kennedy, Poe formed his famous connection with *The Southern Literary Messenger*, which Thomas W. White had established in Richmond under the editorship of Mr. James E. Heath, afterward the author of a novel, "Edgehill." Poe took the journal from an amateur, and most of the contributors on whom he relied were amateurs also, but he managed it as a professional, and gave it an impetus that enabled it to survive into the Civil War.[2] Under the poet John R. Thompson, it had, during the fifties, a sort of Indian summer of success, numbering among its contributors not only young Southerners like John Esten Cooke and Timrod and Paul Hayne, but Northern writers like Donald G. Mitchell. Meanwhile Charleston had produced in William Gilmore Simms the first important Southern novelist and the most indefatigable of Southern editors. Before Simms made himself famous, *The Southern Review* (1828–1832) had shown what a creditable quarterly

[1] Among Baltimore writers the poet and critic George Henry Calvert and Brantz Mayer and S. Teakle Wallis deserve special mention.

[2] The dates of the *Messenger* are 1834–1864. A history of the periodical by Dr. Benjamin Blake Minor, who was editor between 1843 and 1847, has just been published.

could be conducted in the South. In its pages Hugh S. Legaré, Stephen Elliott, Thomas Smith Grimké, and others of their cultured group found an organ for their thought. After Legaré abandoned literature, Simms labored zealously in the cause, and by his series of Revolutionary and Border romances and by his editorship of *The Southern Quarterly Review*,[1] and above all by his hearty sympathy with all Southern aspirants for literary fame, he performed a work which it would be ungrateful for Southerners, if not for Americans, ever to forget. Just before the Civil War, young men who formed part of his coterie in Charleston, and had had advantages of education denied to him, collaborated in *Russell's Magazine* (1857–1860) and made it a credit, if a short-lived one, to its city and section. Two of these young men were the poets Timrod and Hayne, whose memories are cherished by the Southern people, and whose worth as poets is being slowly recognized by the country at large.

Meanwhile the other Southern states had produced writers who could not be wholly discouraged, even by the most depressing conditions. They were in many cases historians zealous for the fame of their respective commonwealths. Charles Campbell in Virginia (1807–1876) and Albert James Pickett (1810–1858) in Alabama may serve as examples. Professor George Tucker in Virginia and Judge Gayarré in Louisiana were historians of broader sweep and accomplished writers in other fields.[2] Publicists and orators were, of course, produced in abundance, Calhoun easily taking the lead as a subtle expounder of the rights of minorities. The fame of these

[1] The dates of the *Review* are 1842–1856. Simms took charge in 1849.

[2] Writers of travels ought not to be overlooked. Probably the best-known Southern writer of this type was the celebrated Mme. Octavia Walton Le Vert (1810–1877), who was born in Georgia, but spent much of her life in Mobile. She was highly educated and brilliant, saw something of Washington society, and of Clay, Webster, and Calhoun; married Dr. Henry S. Le Vert, of Mobile, and became a noted figure in that city; travelled in Europe in the fifties and met many distinguished people; and, although opposed to secession, was active in her good services to soldiers during the Civil War. Her ebullient "Souvenirs of Travel," which she is said to have written at the suggestion of Lamartine, were issued in two volumes in 1857. They still retain some interest, though not nearly so much as the famous book which the talented Englishwoman, Fanny Kemble (Mrs. Butler), wrote about the South, — "Journal of a Residence on a Georgia Plantation" (1863).

old-time speakers — Hayne, Toombs, Stephens, Yancey, Sergeant S. Prentiss[1] (of Northern birth) — is still fresh, but rather through tradition than through much reading of such of their speeches as are in print. There was also a small group of sociologists who wrote some very queer books,[2] a larger group of defenders of slavery, among whom were to be found very able advocates like Professor Albert Taylor Bledsoe (1809–1877), and a commercial and industrial organ, the well-known *De Bow's Review* of New Orleans.[3]

More important to the literary student are minor poets like Philip Cooke of Virginia and James Barron Hope of the same state, Richard Henry Wilde, who is best credited to Georgia, A. B. Meek of Alabama, Albert Pike, born in Massachusetts but long resident in Arkansas, and quite a list of others, whose names will suggest themselves to persons familiar with Southern literature. And more important than these are the Southwestern and the Georgia humorists, who not only influenced the development of our national humor, but also pointed out the way to those writers of local realistic fiction who have contributed so much to the literary reputation of the New South. They begin with Judge Longstreet and William Tappan Thompson in Georgia and with Davy Crockett in Tennessee, culminate in Judge Baldwin the genial author of the "Flush Times," and end for our period at least with the amusing yarns of "Sut Lovengood" (George Washington Harris, 1814–1868, an adopted citizen of Tennessee), and the funny lucubrations of "Mozis Addums" (George W. Bagby of Virginia, 1828–1883), and "Bill Arp" (Charles Henry Smith of Georgia, 1823–1903). Coarse and crude though some of this humor may appear to-day, it is one of the most characteristic and interesting products of the Old South, and, if space had permitted, it would have been more completely represented in this volume by the inclusion of selections from the three genuine humorists last named.

Many of the writers named above were journalists at one time or another in their careers, a fact which reminds us that the Old South

[1] For a brief account of Prentiss as a speaker, see Reuben Davis's "Recollections of Mississippi and Mississippians" (1891), pp. 81–83.

[2] See, for example, the large collaborated volume of essays entitled "Cotton is King."

[3] The dates seem to be 1846–1864 and 1866–1870.

numbered among its editors some of the most famous in the whole country. Thomas Ritchie (1778–1854), editor of the Richmond *Enquirer;* the rival he killed in a duel, John Hampden Pleasants (1797–1846), of the Richmond *Whig;* George D. Prentice of the Louisville *Journal*, who will be mentioned again; the elder Joseph Gales (1760–1841) of the Raleigh *Register*, and his sons Joseph[1] (1786–1860) and Seaton (1828–1878); the brilliant William R. Taber of the Charleston *Mercury*, who was killed in a duel in 1856 — these are among the most eminent of the journalists who discussed burning questions and were ever ready to fight for their opinions. Perhaps the most remarkable of them all was the erratic John Moncure Daniel (1825–1865), editor of the Richmond *Examiner*, and for seven years minister to the court of Victor Emmanuel at Turin. His criticism of President Davis in the Civil War was caustic in the extreme, and the fame of his editorials and the impression made by his striking personality, which reminds one of that of John Randolph of Roanoke, have not yet been effaced by the lapse of years.[2]

It is almost needless to append to this brief sketch the names of the numerous writers of the Old South whom for one reason or another it did not seem proper to include in the present anthology. Many are mentioned in the special introductions and in footnotes; others may be found in such repositories as the useful Stedman-Hutchinson "Library of American Literature"; others of still less consequence but of interest to the student of the literature of the state to which they belong may be searched for in special bibliographical lists.[3] It is more important to warn the student not to

[1] Of *The National Intelligencer*, of Washington, D.C.

[2] Daniel figures in the interesting "Autobiography" (1904) of his talented and widely accomplished kinsman, Mr. Moncure Daniel Conway, who was born in Virginia (1831), but has long been a citizen of the world. Daniel's war editorials were gathered by his brother Frederick S. Daniel in a privately printed volume (1868). An excellent sketch of the famous editor entitled "John M. Daniel's Latch-Key" was written by the editor and humorist already mentioned, Dr. George W. Bagby (Lynchburg, 1868). See also an article, "John M. Daniel and his Contemporaries," by O. P. Fitzgerald, in *The South Atlantic Quarterly* for January, 1905, — a sketch of several old-time editors by one who knew many of them.

[3] Merely to illustrate the kinds of books and some of the writers that might yield materials for short essays the following brief list of names may be given: Rev. Deve-

allow his patriotic feelings to cause him to set too high a value on even the best work that has been brought together in this division of our volume, and to counsel him to do his work on Southern literature always with an eye to the history of the literature of the entire country as he will find it outlined in such works as those by Professor Richardson, Professor Wendell, and the present editor.

reux Jarratt (1733–1801), whose posthumous "Autobiography" (1806) is very readable; Rev. Robert B. Semple (1769–1831), author of the "History of Virginia Baptists" (1810); Bishop William Meade (1789–1862), author of "Old Churches, Ministers, and Families of Virginia" (1857) — these three writers suffice to show how much interesting material there is relative to the ecclesiastical history of the South; Robert Greenhow (1800–1854), historian of Tripoli and Oregon; and George Fitzhugh (1807–1881), the sociologist, author of the curious "Cannibals All, or Slaves without Masters" (1856); Professor Thomas R. Dew of William and Mary College (1802–1846), another sociologist, must suffice for Virginia. Hinton Rowan Helper (1829), author of the sensational "Impending Crisis of the South" (1857); Theophilus Hunter Hill (1836–1901), poet and editor; and the historian John Hill Wheeler (1806–1882) may represent North Carolina, a state which has given interesting men to other commonwealths; for example, the jurist and historian François Xavier Martin (1764–1846) to Louisiana, and the statesman and historian Thomas Hart Benton (1782–1858) to Missouri. South Carolina furnishes many subjects; for example, Francis Kinloch (1755–1826), the traveller and patriot; Mrs. Louisa S. McCord (1810–1880) and her husband Colonel David J. McCord (1797–1855); the essayist Henry J. Nott (1797–1837); Charles Fraser (1782–1860), painter and poet; the able Presbyterian clergyman and writer, Dr. James H. Thornwell (1812–1862); the once popular poetess, Miss Mary E. Lee (1813–1849); and the less-known religious poetess, Miss Catherine Gendron Poyas (1813–1882). Georgia suggests among other names those of the Rev. Francis Robert Goulding (1810–1881), author of that old-time favorite of boys and girls, "The Young Marooners" (1852; enlarged, 1866); and of the accomplished lawyer, Robert M. Charlton (1807–1854). To go through the other states would be tedious, but attention may be called to the once popular novelist, Mrs. Caroline Lee Hentz (1800–1856), who lived in several parts of the South; to Dr. William A. Caruthers (1800–1850), who was born in Virginia but became a physician in Georgia, his romances, such as the readable "Knights of the Horse-Shoe" (1845 and 1881), dealing with colonial times in the state of his nativity; to the poet Augustus J. Requier (1825–1887) of South Carolina and Alabama, author of the Confederate lyric "Ashes of Glory"; to Mrs. Catharine Warfield (1816–1877) of Mississippi and Kentucky, author of "The Household of Bouverie" (1860) and other novels; and to such distinguished foreigners as Dr. Thomas Cooper and Professor Francis Lieber, who spent a portion of their lives at the South Carolina College of Columbia. A topic of special interest is the magazines of the *ante bellum* South, particularly those that were born — and died — in Charleston.

JOHN MARSHALL

[JOHN MARSHALL, the eldest son of Colonel Thomas Marshall, a friend of Washington and a distinguished Revolutionary soldier, was born in Germantown, Fauquier County, Virginia, September 24, 1755, and died in Philadelphia, July 6, 1835. He received a good education, began to study law, joined his father in resisting the British by taking arms, served with distinction, and was made captain in 1779. Toward the end of the war he resumed his legal studies, and he was admitted to the bar in 1780. Then he served again in the army, and later began a practice which was soon extensive. About 1783 he made Richmond, where his house still stands, his permanent residence. He was elected to the legislature and defended the new Constitution in the Virginia Convention of 1788, answering Patrick Henry with great acumen. He became a strong Federalist in politics, and in 1795 Washington offered him the attorney-generalship, which he declined. In 1797 he was one of the three American commissioners to France who were involved in the famous X. Y. Z. affair. In 1799 he was elected to Congress and later was made Secretary of State, filling the position until the close of John Adams's administration, when he was appointed Chief Justice (January, 1801). In his decisions he had an opportunity to influence profoundly the development of the country in the direction of centralization, and in a very true sense he may be regarded as the chief supporter of the federal government between Washington and Lincoln. In consequence he was brought into strong opposition with statesmen like Jefferson, who believed in limiting the powers of the central government. But his force as a legal reasoner and his personal integrity were such that he commanded the respect of all, and laid the basis of a fame that seems destined to increase rather than to diminish. He is regarded by common consent as the greatest of American jurists, although it is freely admitted that there have been much more learned lawyers. As a writer, apart from his great opinions, his reputation rests upon an elaborate life of Washington, undertaken at the request of that statesman's relatives. This was published in five volumes between 1804 and 1807. In many respects it is more of a history than a biography, indeed, the first volume was afterward issued separately as a contribution to the history of the colonies. Shortly before his death the work, which is still used as an authority but scarcely read for pleasure, was revised and condensed. There is a short life of Marshall by Allan B. Magruder in the "American Statesmen" series.]

THE CHARACTER OF WASHINGTON[1]

[From "The Life of George Washington." Second Edition. Reprint of 1850.]

No man has ever appeared upon the theatre of public action, whose integrity was more incorruptible, or whose principles were more perfectly free from the contamination of those selfish and unworthy passions, which find their nourishment in the conflicts of party. Having no views which required concealment, his real and avowed motives were the same; and his whole correspondence does not furnish a single case, from which even an enemy would infer that he was capable, under any circumstances, of stooping to the employment of duplicity. No truth can be uttered with more confidence than that his ends were always upright, and his means always pure. He exhibits the rare example of a politician to whom wiles were absolutely unknown, and whose professions to foreign governments, and to his own countrymen, were always sincere. In him was fully exemplified the real distinction, which forever exists, between wisdom and cunning, and the importance as well as truth of the maxim that "honesty is the best policy."

If Washington possessed ambition, that passion was, in his bosom, so regulated by principles, or controlled by circumstances, that it was neither vicious nor turbulent. Intrigue was never employed as the means of its gratification, nor was personal aggrandizement its object. The various high and important stations to which he was called by the public voice, were unsought by himself; and, in consenting to fill them, he seems rather to have yielded to

[1] The passage is taken from the concluding pages of the last chapter. The student will be interested in comparing it with the Funeral Oration delivered in 1800 by Henry ("Light Horse Harry") Lee (1756–1818), father of General Robert E. Lee, and author of "Memoirs of the War in the Southern Department of the United States" (1812), which his distinguished son afterward revised (1869). In this oration occur the famous phrases, "First in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen, he was second to none in the endearing scenes of private life." In the resolutions passed by the House of Representatives on Washington's death, General Lee had written, "the MAN, first in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his fellow-citizens." See Marshall's "Washington," II, 441.

a general conviction that the interests of his country would be thereby promoted, than to an avidity for power.

Neither the extraordinary partiality of the American people, the extravagant praises which were bestowed upon him, nor the inveterate opposition and malignant calumnies which he encountered, had any visible influence upon his conduct. The cause is to be looked for in the texture of his mind.

In him, that innate and unassuming modesty which adulation would have offended, which the voluntary plaudits of millions could not betray into indiscretion, and which never obtruded upon others his claims to superior consideration, was happily blended with a high and correct sense of personal dignity, and with a just consciousness of that respect which is due to station. Without exertion, he could maintain the happy medium between that arrogance which wounds, and that facility which allows the office to be degraded in the person who fills it.

MASON LOCKE WEEMS

[ONE of the most curious and interesting figures in American literature is the celebrated "Parson Weems." He was born at Dumfries, Virginia, about 1760, and died at Beaufort, South Carolina, May 23, 1825. At the end of the Revolution he sought ordination in England, there being then no American bishop, and he solicited the aid of Franklin in the matter. Later he was rector of Pohick Church near Mount Vernon and had Washington for a parishioner. His salary did not suffice to support his numerous family, and about 1790 he became a book agent for the well-known Philadelphia publisher and writer, Mathew Carey. He adopted methods similar to those now employed by itinerant venders of patent medicines, and was very successful. He rode through the South, and wherever he could find a fair or other gathering, he would collect people around him, talk about his books, tell anecdotes, and amuse his audience by his eccentricities. He was a noted performer on the fiddle and would play for young people to dance — on one occasion a falling screen actually revealed him playing in his clerical clothes, to the great scandal of the beholders. In 1800 he turned author, publishing his "Life of Washington," which has been one of the most popular books ever written by an American. Lives of Marion (1805), Franklin (1817), and Penn (1819) followed. All are marked by fluency of narrative and the gift of making a good point, but

they have no pretensions to accuracy. The story of the cherry tree rests solely on Weems's authority and is of very slight credibility; the account of Marion, which purported to be by Weems and General Peter Horry, was so embellished that the latter was outraged and disclaimed responsibility for the way Weems presented the facts. There is no reason to suppose that the "Parson" intended to be unveracious; he simply thought, with many of his contemporaries, and actually stated, that a story with a good moral would benefit his readers, whether it were true or not. He also wrote curious stories dealing very crudely with drunkards and murderers, his object in writing them being to strike terror into the souls of evil doers. These are quite rare, but copies of his chief biographies are easily obtained — the "Life of George Washington" went through about seventy editions — and are worth a glance, since they well illustrate the sort of book that appeals to the simpler elements of our population. A good account of Weems was contributed to the *Sunday News* of Charleston for August 30, 1903, by Ludwig Lewisohn.]

WASHINGTON AND THE CHERRY TREE[1]

[From "The Life of George Washington, with Curious Anecdotes, equally Honourable to himself and exemplary to his Young Countrymen." Seventeenth Edition, 1816.]

The following anecdote is a *case in point*. It is too valuable to be lost, and too true to be doubted; for it was communicated to me by the same excellent lady to whom I am indebted for the last.

"When George," said she, "was about six years old, he was made the wealthy master of a *hatchet!* of which, like most little boys, he was immoderately fond; and was constantly going about chopping everything that came in his way. One day, in the garden, where he often amused himself hacking his mother's peasticks, he unluckily tried the edge of his hatchet on the body of a beautiful young English cherry-tree, which he barked so terribly, that I don't believe the tree ever got the better of it. The next morning the old gentleman, finding out what had befallen his tree, which, by the by, was a great favourite, came into the house; and

[1] From Chapter II. It is said that the first version of the cherry-tree story appears in the fifth edition of the "Life," printed in Augusta, Georgia, in 1806, the earlier editions having contained no stories of Washington's boyhood. See William W. Ellsworth's letter to *The Evening Post*, February 2, 1905.

with much warmth asked for the mischievous author, declaring at the same time, that he would not have taken five guineas for his tree. Nobody could tell him anything about it. Presently George and his hatchet made their appearance. '*George*,' said his father, 'do you know who killed that beautiful little cherry-tree yonder in the garden?' This was a *tough question;* and George staggered under it for a moment; but quickly recovered himself: and looking at his father, with the sweet face of youth brightened with the inexpressible charm of all-conquering truth, he bravely cried out, 'I can't tell a lie, Pa; you know I can't tell a lie. I did cut it with my hatchet.' 'Run to my arms, you dearest boy,' cried his father in transports, 'run to my arms; glad am I, George, that you killed my tree; for you have paid me for it a thousand-fold. Such an act of heroism in my son is more worth than a thousand trees, though blossomed with silver, and their fruits of purest gold.'"

MARION'S ESCAPE

[From "The Life of General Francis Marion, a Celebrated Partisan Officer in the Revolutionary War, against the British and Tories in South Carolina and Georgia. By Brig.-Gen. P. Horry, of Marion's Brigade: and M. L. Weems." Eleventh Edition. Frankford (*near Phil.*). Published by Joseph Allen, 1826.]

How happy it is for man, that the author of his being loves him so much better than he loves himself; and has established so close a connexion between his *duty* and his *advantage*. This delightful truth was remarkably exemplified in an event that befell Marion about this time, March, 1780. Dining with a squad of choice Whigs, in Charleston, in the house of Mr. Alexander M'Queen, Tradd street, he was so frequently pressed to bumpers of old wine, that he found himself in a fair way to get drunk. 'Twas in vain he attempted to *beat a retreat.* The company swore, that *that would never do for General Marion.* Finding, at last, that there was no other way of escaping a *debauch*, but by leaping out of one of the windows of the dining-room, which was on the second story, he bravely undertook it. It cost

him, however, a broken ankle. When the story got about in Charleston, most people said he was a great fool for his pains; but the event soon proved that Marion was in the right, and that there is no policy like sticking to a man's duty. For, behold, presently Charleston was invested by a large British army, and the American general (Lincoln)[1] finding Marion was utterly unfit for duty, advised him to push off in a litter to his seat in St. John's parish. Thus providentially was Marion preserved to his country when Charleston fell,[2] as it soon did, with all our troops.

WILLIAM WIRT

[WILLIAM WIRT, who was not merely a distinguished lawyer, orator, and statesman, but for many years was regarded as the chief Southern man of letters, was born in Bladensburg, Maryland, November 8, 1772, and died in Washington, D.C., February 18, 1834. He was of Swiss and German stock and was early left an orphan. He received a good education for those days, read widely, secured an excellent position as a family tutor, and studied law. He practised in Virginia, and through his marriage with a Miss Gilmer was thrown with many distinguished men, including Jefferson. At the close of the century his wife died and Wirt removed to Richmond, thence to Norfolk, and back again to Richmond, securing a judicial office and also extending his reputation by his "Letters of the British Spy," Addisonian essays first published in a Richmond newspaper (1803). In 1807 he delivered in the prosecution of Aaron Burr at Richmond the celebrated speech from which schoolboys have taken a favorite declamation. After this Wirt continued to practise, formed a literary circle which joined in the production of essays such as "The Old Bachelor" (1812), and took a minor part in state politics. In 1817 he published his most famous book, "Sketches of the Life and Character of Patrick Henry." In this, as we have already seen, he created a legend rather than portrayed a man, but the vitality of the book is a proof of its literary power. In the same year he was made Attorney-General of the United States and held the office through the administrations of Monroe and John Quincy Adams, and although he made no marked impression as a statesman, he maintained his position as one of the most eminent lawyers of the country. He then retired to Baltimore, his closing years being uneventful, save for the fact that in 1832 he made the mistake of allowing himself to be voted for as the candidate of the Anti-Masonic party for the presidency. He was an admirable example of the

[1] General Benjamin Lincoln (1733–1810) of Massachusetts. [2] May, 1780.

cultured gentleman of the old school, well read in the classics, carrying his handsome person with great dignity, kindly and courteous, devoted to his profession, his country, and his church. As an orator and writer he was somewhat too ornate and florid to suit modern taste, nor was he in any sense profound or original; but he was clear and felicitous both in his speaking and in his writing, and in his private correspondence he was often charming. Among his Virginia associates should be specially mentioned the Richmond lawyer, John Wickham and a brilliant relation by marriage, Francis Walker Gilmer, to the latter of whom many of Wirt's best letters were addressed. Although we cannot now regard these men as more than brilliant amateurs in their literary capacity, we should make a mistake if we did not recognize their great ability as advocates and learned lawyers, and their position as leaders in a society eminent for its virtues and graces.[1]]

THE BLIND PREACHER

[From "The Letters of the British Spy." Tenth Edition (1832). Reprint of 1856.]

It was one Sunday, as I travelled through the county of Orange, that my eye was caught by a cluster of horses tied near a ruinous, old, wooden house, in the forest, not far from the road-side. Having frequently seen such objects before, in travelling through these states, I had no difficulty in understanding that this was a place of religious worship.

Devotion alone should have stopped me, to join in the duties of the congregation; but I must confess that curiosity to hear the preacher of such a wilderness was not the least of my motives. On entering, I was struck with his preternatural appearance; he was a tall and very spare old man; his head, which was covered with a white linen cap, his shrivelled hands, and his voice, were all

[1] An interesting and valuable "Memoir" of Wirt in two volumes (1849) was written by John Pendleton Kennedy (*q.v.*). Unfortunately one can never be sure that the letters contained in it are precisely what Wirt wrote. The present editor, in preparing a monograph on the mission of Francis Walker Gilmer to secure English professors for the University of Virginia, had an opportunity of examining some of Wirt's letters in the original and found that they had lost in raciness through Kennedy's attempts to amend them. See "English Culture in Virginia" (1889), published in the Johns Hopkins "Studies in Historical and Political Science."

shaking under the influence of a palsy; and a few moments ascertained to me that he was perfectly blind.

The first emotions which touched my breast, were those of mingled pity and veneration. But ah! sacred God! how soon were all my feelings changed! The lips of Plato were never more worthy of a prognostic swarm of bees, than were the lips of this holy man! It was a day of the administration of the sacrament; and his subject, of course, was the passion of our Saviour. I had heard the subject handled a thousand times: I had thought it exhausted long ago. Little did I suppose, that in the wild woods of America, I was to meet with a man whose eloquence would give to this topic a new and more sublime pathos, than I had ever before witnessed.

As he descended from the pulpit, to distribute the mystic symbols, there was a peculiar, a more than human solemnity in his air and manner which made my blood run cold, and my whole frame shiver.

He then drew a picture of the sufferings of our Saviour; his trial before Pilate; his ascent up Calvary; his crucifixion, and his death. I knew the whole history; but never, until then, had I heard the circumstances so selected, so arranged, so colored! It was all new: and I seemed to have heard it for the first time in my life. His enunciation was so deliberate, that his voice trembled on every syllable; and every heart in the assembly trembled in unison. His peculiar phrases had that force of description that the original scene appeared to be, at that moment, acting before our eyes. We saw the very faces of the Jews: the staring, frightful distortions of malice and rage. We saw the buffet; my soul kindled with a flame of indignation; and my hands were involuntarily and convulsively clinched.

But when he came to touch on the patience, the forgiving meekness of our Saviour; when he drew, to the life, his blessed eyes streaming in tears to heaven; his voice breathing to God a soft and gentle prayer of pardon on his enemies, "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do" — the voice of the preacher, which had all along faltered, grew fainter and fainter, until his utterance being entirely obstructed by the force of his feelings, he raised

his handkerchief to his eyes, and burst into a loud and irrepressible flood of grief. The effect is inconceivable. The whole house resounded with the mingled groans, and sobs, and shrieks of the congregation. . . .

Guess my surprise, when, on my arrival at Richmond, and mentioning the name of this man, I found not one person who had ever before heard of *James Waddell!*[1] Is it not strange, that such a genius as this, so accomplished a scholar, so divine an orator, should be permitted to languish and die in obscurity, within eighty miles of the metropolis of Virginia?

BURR AND BLENNERHASSETT

[From the Argument in the Trial of Aaron Burr. United States Circuit Court, Richmond, Virginia, 1807. The Text is that of Kennedy's "Life of William Wirt." Revised Edition, 1850.]

Who is Blennerhassett? A native of Ireland; a man of letters, who fled from the storms of his own country to find quiet in ours. His history shows that war is not the natural element of his mind. If it had been, he never would have exchanged Ireland for America. So far is an army from furnishing the society natural and proper to Mr. Blennerhassett's character, that on his arrival in America, he retired even from the population of the Atlantic States, and sought quiet and solitude in the bosom of our western forests. But he carried with him taste and science and wealth; and lo, the desert smiled! Possessing himself of a beautiful island in the Ohio, he rears upon it a palace, and decorates it with every romantic embellishment of fancy. A shrubbery, that Shenstone[2] might have

[1] James Waddel or Waddell must have deserved much of Wirt's praise; indeed, the latter once declared that he had fallen short of the truth in his description, and Madison and Patrick Henry praised Waddell highly. He was born in Ireland in 1739 and died in Louisa County, Virginia, in 1805. He came as an infant to Pennsylvania, became a teacher, then emigrated to Virginia, and under the guidance of the famous Samuel Davies entered the Presbyterian ministry. He filled various charges until about 1785 when he partly took up teaching again. He became blind in 1787. Before his death he ordered that all his manuscripts be burned. Thus his reputation depends upon the above sketch and upon tradition.

[2] William Shenstone (1714–1763), an English poet noted for the taste he displayed in laying out his country-seat.

envied, blooms around him. Music, that might have charmed Calypso and her nymphs, is his. An extensive library spreads its treasures before him. A philosophical apparatus offers to him all the secrets and mysteries of nature. Peace, tranquillity and innocence shed their mingled delights around him. And to crown the enchantment of the scene, a wife, who is said to be lovely even beyond her sex, and graced with every accomplishment that can render it irresistible, had blessed him with her love and made him the father of several children. The evidence would convince you that this is but a faint picture of the real life. In the midst of all this peace, this innocent simplicity and this tranquillity, this feast of the mind, this pure banquet of the heart, the destroyer comes; he comes to change this paradise into a hell. Yet the flowers do not wither at his approach. No monitory shuddering through the bosom of their unfortunate possessor warns him of the ruin that is coming upon him. A stranger presents himself. Introduced to their civilities by the high rank which he had lately held in his country, he soon finds his way to their hearts by the dignity and elegance of his demeanor, the light and beauty of his conversation, and the seductive and fascinating power of his address. The conquest was not difficult. Innocence is ever simple and credulous. Conscious of no design itself, it suspects none in others. It wears no guard before its breast. Every door, and portal, and avenue of the heart is thrown open, and all who choose it enter. Such was the state of Eden when the serpent entered its bowers. The prisoner, in a more engaging form, winding himself into the open and unpractised heart of the unfortunate Blennerhassett, found but little difficulty in changing the native character of that heart and the objects of its affection. By degrees he infuses into it the poison of his own ambition. He breathes into it the fire of his own courage; a daring and desperate thirst for glory; an ardor panting for great enterprises, for all the storm and bustle and hurricane of life. In a short time the whole man is changed, and every object of his former delight is relinquished. No more he enjoys the tranquil scene; it has become flat and insipid to his taste. His books are abandoned. His retort and crucible are thrown aside. His shrubbery blooms and breathes its fragrance upon the air in

vain; he likes it not. His ear no longer drinks the rich melody of music; it longs for the trumpet's clangor and the cannon's roar. Even the prattle of his babes, once so sweet, no longer affects him; and the angel smile of his wife, which hitherto touched his bosom with ecstasy so unspeakable, is now unseen and unfelt. Greater objects have taken possession of his soul. His imagination has been dazzled by visions of diadems, of stars and garters and titles of nobility. He has been taught to burn with restless emulation at the names of great heroes and conquerors. His enchanted island is destined soon to relapse into a wilderness; and in a few months we find the beautiful and tender partner of his bosom, whom he lately "permitted not the winds of" summer "to visit too roughly,"[1] we find her shivering at midnight, on the wintry banks of the Ohio, and mingling her tears with the torrents, that froze as they fell. Yet this unfortunate man, thus deluded from his interest and his happiness, thus seduced from the paths of innocence and peace, thus confounded in the toils that were deliberately spread for him, and overwhelmed by the mastering spirit and genius of another — this man, thus ruined and undone, and made to play a subordinate part in this grand drama of guilt and treason, this man is to be called the principal offender, while he, by whom he was thus plunged in misery, is comparatively innocent, a mere accessary! Is this reason? Is it law? Is it humanity? Sir, neither the human heart nor the human understanding will bear a perversion so monstrous and absurd! so shocking to the soul! so revolting to reason! Let Aaron Burr then not shrink from the high destination which he has courted; and having already ruined Blennerhassett in fortune, character and happiness for ever, let him not attempt to finish the tragedy by thrusting that ill-fated man between himself and punishment.[2]

[1] Wirt was probably thinking of the following lines: —

> "That he might not beteem the winds of heaven
> Visit her face too roughly."
>
> — *Hamlet*, I, ii, 141–142.

[2] It is scarcely necessary to remind the student that, greatly to the disgust of Jefferson, Burr's trial miscarried, and that it is believed by not a few persons to-day that his character was painted in too sombre colors by the earlier writers of our history.

TO CATHARINE WIRT

[From Kennedy's "Life of William Wirt," 1850.]

Baltimore, November 24, 1822.

My dear Catharine: Yesterday morning I arose before day, — shaved and dressed by candlelight, — took my cane and walked to market. There are two market-houses, each of them about three or four times as long as ours in Washington. The first one I came to was the meat market; the next, which was nearest the basin, was the fish and vegetable market. O! what a quantity of superb beef, mutton, lamb, veal, and all sorts of fowls! — Hogsheads full of wild ducks, geese, pheasants, partridges; and then, on one side of the market-house, leaving only a narrow lane between them, a line of wagons and carts groaning under the loads of country productions; these wagons and carts on one side and the market-houses on the other forming a lane as long as from our house to St. John's Church. I must not forget to mention the loads of sweet cakes of all sorts and fashions, that covered the outside tables of the market-houses, and the breakfasts that were cooking everywhere all around for the country people who come many miles to market.

You may conceive the vast quantity of provisions that must be brought to this market, when you are told that sixty thousand people draw their daily supplies from it, — which is more than twice as many people as there are in Washington, Georgetown, Alexandria and Richmond, all put together. Well, and so, after I had walked all round and round and through the market-house, I left it and bent my steps toward the country, and walked two miles and a half out to Mr. Thompson's to breakfast. It had been cloudy and rainy for several days; but the night before had been clear, and although the road was still wet, the morning above head was bright and beautiful. After walking about a mile I came to the summit of a hill that over-looks the city, and there I stopped a moment to take breath and look back upon it. The

ground had begun to smoke from the warmth of the rising sun, and the city seemed to spread itself out below me to a vast extent — a huge dusky mass, to which there seemed no limit. But towering from above the fog was the Washington Monument (a single beautiful column 160 feet in height, which stands in Howard's Park, and is rendered indescribably striking and interesting from the touching solitude of the scene from which it lifts its head), and several noble steeples of churches, interspersed throughout the west of the city, whose gilded summits were now glittering in the sun. Casting the eye over Baltimore, it lights upon the Chesapeake Bay, and, after wandering over that flood of waters, it rests on Fort McHenry and its star-spangled banner. This is the fort where our soldiers gained so much glory last war, and the very banner with regard to which Mr. Key's beautiful song of the "Star-spangled Banner" was written [*q.v.*]. After feasting my eye for some time on the rich, diversified and boundless landscape that lay before me, meditating on the future grandeur of this city and the rising glories of the nation, I turned around my face to resume my walk into the country, when all its soft beauties burst, by surprise, upon me. For while I had been looking back at the town, bay and fort, the sun had risen and was now so high that its light was pouring full upon hill and valley, field and forest, blazing in bright reflection from all the eastern windows of the hundreds of country-houses that crowned the heights around me, and dancing on all the leaves that waved and wantoned in the morning breeze. No city in the world has a more beautiful country around it than Baltimore, in the direction of the west, north and east. In the direction of Washington it is unimproved; but in the other points all that could have been expected from wealth and fine taste has been accomplished. The grounds which were originally poor have been made rich; they lie very finely, not flat and tame, nor yet abrupt and rugged, but rising and falling in forms of endless diversity, sometimes soft and gentle, at others bold and commanding. This beautiful undulating surface has been improved with great taste, the fields richly covered with grass, the clumps of trees, groves and forests pruned of all dead limbs and all deformities, and flourishing in strong and healthy luxuriance. The sites for

the houses are well selected, — always upon some eminence, embosomed amid beautiful trees, from which their white fronts peep out enchantingly; for the houses are all white, which adds much to the cheerfulness and grace of this unrivalled scenery. I hope one of these days to show it to you in person, and then you will be able to imagine what a delightful ramble I had to Mr. Thompson's yesterday morning. I took them quite by surprise; but it was a most agreeable one, and they were rejoiced to see me. Mr. Thompson inquired most kindly after all in Washington, — and giving me a good country breakfast, (most delightful butter,) brought me back to town in his gig, where we arrived by nine o'clock, an hour before Court. Was not this an industrious morning?

Your affectionate father,

WM. WIRT.

JOHN RANDOLPH OF ROANOKE

[JOHN RANDOLPH was born at Cawsons, Virginia, June 2, 1773, and died in Philadelphia, June 24, 1833. He was seventh in descent from Pocahontas, the Indian princess who married John Rolfe. His father died when he was two years old; shortly after his mother married St. George Tucker, who made a good stepfather. He did not get much schooling and has himself described, in a letter to his nephew, the deficiencies of his early reading, although probably with some exaggeration. In 1787 he was sent to Princeton; the next year, after the death of the mother he dearly loved, he became a student of Columbia College. Then he studied law in Philadelphia under his cousin, Edmund Randolph, Washington's Attorney-General. Some dissipation, an unfortunate love affair, emotional experiences in politics and in religion, seem to have combined with constitutional infirmities of mind to give his character a twist that affected his whole life, making him eccentric always, and at times, scarcely, if at all, sane. About 1795 he returned to Virginia and led the life of a planter, family troubles adding to his misanthropy. In 1799 he first appeared as an orator in answer to Patrick Henry on the subject of the Virginia Resolutions against the Alien and Sedition laws. At this time he was elected to Congress, where he made an indiscreet speech which got him into trouble with some military officers, and, as a result, with President Adams. But he soon showed his genius as a leader in the House, becoming a brilliant debater and for a time the Democratic manager. He broke with his relative

Jefferson, however, especially as the latter was growing more and more national in his political views, while Randolph looked upon himself as the spokesman of an old and important state. He could never be trusted to carry legislation through in the way Jefferson desired, and although successful for some time in his own way, he failed signally in his attempt to secure a verdict against Justice Chase in the impeachment trial of that Federalist judge. Then, too, he lost the support of the administration and of the Northern Democrats by his violence in debating the famous case of the Yazoo claims, and finally he became a congressional free-lance, attacking or defending at his pleasure, but always making himself feared for his unrivalled powers of invective. His fellow-Virginians were proud of him, and returned him almost continuously to Congress, where he upheld the doctrine of states rights with an acumen and vigor that were afterward serviceable to Calhoun. He was opposed to slavery, but still more opposed to any interference with the affairs of a sovereign state. He also opposed all forms of war, and thus found himself at odds with Madison during the contest of 1812. His most famous quarrel was with Henry Clay in consequence of some thoroughly unjustified but brilliantly caustic remarks made by Randolph with regard to the falsely charged bargain between Clay and John Quincy Adams. From 1825 to 1827 he represented Virginia in the Senate, where he would deliver long, rambling speeches to which no one save perhaps Calhoun would listen. In 1829 he was a member of the Virginia Constitutional Convention and spoke with great eloquence. In 1830 he accepted the mission to Russia, but the climate soon drove him home. There was considerable scandal caused by his spending a year in England, and yet drawing over $20,000 in salary which he applied to his debts; but he was not the person to mind criticism. By the will which was sustained by the courts, his slaves were emancipated. Some of his speeches were published during his life, and after his death a volume of his "Letters to a Young Relative" appeared (1834). These give a good idea of his varied culture and of his style, which is singularly racy and effective. Probably no other man of modern times has been such a master of extemporized invective, and Randolph's unique powers in this respect were enhanced by his striking appearance and his peculiarities. He was six feet in height, very slim, odd in dress, and most effective in his habit of shaking and pointing his long fingers at the person he was making his target. The selections given will illustrate his general powers of sarcasm; how he silenced an individual will appear from the following: A gentleman "ventured in the House to amend one of Randolph's motions on military matters. The rash man had formerly been a watchmaker. Randolph looked at him a moment; then, pulling out his watch, turned its face toward his opponent, and asked him what time it was. The victim told him. 'Sir,' said Randolph, 'you can mend my watch, but not my motions. You understand tic-tics, sir, but not tac-tics.'"[1] The

[1] From the paper on "John Randolph of Roanoke" in the present editor's "Southern Statesmen of the Old Régime" (1897).

speeches of Randolph have never been collected. See the able but one-sided biography of him by Henry Adams in the "American Statesmen" series (1882), and the life by H. A. Garland (2 vols. 1850); also *The Century Magazine*, March, 1896.]

VAULTING AMBITION[1]

[From "Speeches of Mr. Randolph on the Greek Question," etc. Washington, 1824.]

But, sir, we have not done. Not satisfied with attempting to support the Greeks, one world, like that of Pyrrhus or Alexander, is not sufficient for us. We have yet another world for exploits: we are to operate in a country distant from us 80 degrees of latitude, and only accessible by a circumnavigation of the globe, and to sustain which, we must cover the Pacific with our ships, and the tops of the Andes with our soldiers. Do gentlemen seriously reflect on the work they have cut out for us? Why, sir, these projects of ambition surpass those of Bonaparte himself.

It has once been said, of the dominions of the King of Spain — thank God! it can no longer be said — that the sun never set upon them. Sir, the sun never sets on ambition like this; they who have once felt its scorpion sting, are never satisfied with a limit less than the circle of our planet. I have heard, sir, the late corruscation in the Heavens attempted to be accounted for, by the return of the Lunar Cycle, the moon having got back into the same relative position in which she was nineteen years ago. However this may be, I am afraid, sir, that she exerts too potent an influence over our legislation, or will have done so, if we agree to adopt the resolution on your table. I think, about once in seven or eight years, for that seems to be the term of political cycle, we may calculate upon beholding some redoubted champion — like him who prances into Westminster Hall, armed cap-a-pie, like Sir Somebody Dimock, at the coronation of the British King, challenging all who dispute the title to the crown — coming into this House, mounted on some magnificent project, such as this.

[1] The speech from which this extract is taken was delivered in the House of Representatives on January 24, 1824.

But, sir, I never expected, that, of all places in the world, (except Salem) a proposition like this should have come from Boston.[1]

Sir, I am afraid, that, along with some most excellent attributes and qualities — the love of liberty, jury trial, the writ of *habeas corpus*, and all the blessings of free government, we have derived from our Anglo Saxon ancestors, we have got not a little of their John Bull, or rather John Bull Dog spirit — their readiness to fight for anybody, and on any occasion. Sir, England has been for centuries the game cock of Europe. It is impossible to specify the wars in which she has been engaged for contrary purposes; and she will with great pleasure, see us take off her shoulders the labor of preserving the balance of power. We find her fighting, now, for the Queen of Hungary — then for her inveterate foe, the King of Prussia — now at war for the restoration of the Bourbons — and now on the eve of war with them for the liberties of Spain. These lines on the subject, were never more applicable than they have now become: —

> "Now Europe's balanced — neither side prevails —
> For nothing's left in either of the scales."

If we pursue the same policy, we must travel the same road, and endure the same burthens, under which England now groans. But, Mr. R. said, glorious as such a design might be, a President of the United States would, in his appreciation, occupy a prouder place in history, who, when he retires from office, can say to the people who elected him, I leave you without a debt, than if he had fought as many pitched battles as Cæsar, or achieved as many naval victories as Nelson. And what, said Mr. R., is debt? In an individual, it is slavery. It is slavery of the worst sort, surpassing that of the West India Islands, for it enslaves the mind, as well as it enslaves the body; and the creature who can be abject enough to incur and to submit to it, receives in that condition of his being perhaps an adequate punishment. Of course, Mr. R. said, he spoke of debt with the exception of unavoidable misfortune. He spoke of debt caused by mismanagement, by unwarrantable generosity, by being generous before being just. Mr. R. knew that his

[1] Daniel Webster had offered a resolution for sending an agent to Greece.

sentiment was ridiculed by Sheridan, whose lamentable end was the best commentary upon its truth. No, sir. Let us abandon these projects. Let us say to those seven millions of Greeks, "We defended ourselves, when we were but three millions, against a power, in comparison with which the Turk is but as a lamb. Go and do thou likewise."

INTERNAL IMPROVEMENTS AND LOOSE CONSTRUCTIONS[1]

[From the Same.]

But, sir, it is said we have a right to establish post offices and post roads, and we have a right to regulate commerce between the several states: and it is argued that "to regulate" commerce, is to prescribe the way in which it shall be carried on — which gives, by a *liberal* construction, the power to *construct* the way, that is, the roads and canals on which it is to be carried! Sir, since the days of that unfortunate man, of the German coast, whose name was originally Fyerstein, Anglicised to Firestone, but got, by translation, from that to Flint, from Flint to Pierre-a-Fusil, and from Pierre-a-Fusil to Peter Gun — never was greater violence done the English language, than by the construction, that, under the power to prescribe the way in which commerce shall be carried on, we have the right to construct the way on which it is to be carried. Are gentlemen aware of the colossal power they are giving to the General Government? Sir, I am afraid, that that ingenious gentleman, Mr. McAdam,[2] will have to give up his title to the distinction of the *Colossus of Roads*, and surrender it to some of the gentlemen of this committee, if they succeed in their efforts on this occasion. If, indeed, we have the power which is contended for by gentlemen under that clause of the constitution which relates to the regulation of commerce among the several states, we may, under the same power, *prohibit* altogether,

[1] The speech on Internal Improvements from which this characteristically clever extract is taken was delivered in the House on January 31, 1824.

[2] John Loudon Macadam (1756–1836), Scottish road-maker.

the commerce between the states, or any portion of the states — or we may declare that it shall be carried on only in a particular way, by a particular road, or through a particular canal; or we may say to the people of a particular district, you shall only carry your produce to market through *our* canals, or over our roads, and then, by tolls, imposed upon them, we may acquire power to extend the same blessings, and privileges, to other districts of the country. Nay, we may go further. We may take it into our heads. Have we not the power to provide and maintain a navy? What more necessary to a navy than seamen to man it? And the great nursery of our seamen is (besides fisheries) the coasting trade — we may take it into our heads, that those monstrous lumbering wagons that now traverse the country between Philadelphia and Pittsburg, stand in the way of the raising of seamen, and may declare that no communication shall be held between these points but coastwise: we may specify some particular article in which alone trade shall be carried on.

THE QUALITIES OF A CHIEF

[From "Substance of a Speech of Mr. Randolph on Retrenchment and Reform, delivered in the House of Representatives of the United States on the First of February, 1828." Washington, 1828.]

. . . The talent for government lies in these two things — sagacity to perceive, and decision to act. Genuine statesmen were never made such by mere training; *nascuntur non fiunt*[1] — education will form good business men. The maxim (*nascitur non fit*) is as true of statesmen as it is of poets. Let a house be on fire, you will soon see in that confusion who has the talent to command. Let a ship be in danger at sea, and ordinary subordination destroyed, and you will immediately make the same discovery. The ascendency of mind and of character exists and rises as naturally and as inevitably, where there is free play for it, as material bodies find their level by gravitation. Thus a great

[1] They are born, not made.

logician, like a certain animal, oscillating between the hay on different sides of him, wants some power from without, before he can decide from which bundle to make trial. Who believes that Washington could write as good a book or report as Jefferson, or make as able a speech as Hamilton? Who is there that believes that Cromwell would have made as good a Judge as Lord Hale?[1] No, sir; these learned and accomplished men find their proper place under those who are fitted to command, and to command them among the rest. Such a man as Washington will say to a Jefferson, do you become my Secretary of State; to Hamilton, do you take charge of my purse, or that of the nation which is the same thing; and to Knox,[2] do you be my master of the horse. All history shows this: but great logicians and great scholars are, for that very reason, unfit to be rulers. Would Hannibal have crossed the Alps when there were no roads — with elephants — in the face of the warlike and hardy mountaineers — and have carried terror to the very gates of Rome, if his youth had been spent in poring over books? Would he have been able to maintain himself on the resources of his own genius for sixteen years in Italy, in spite of faction and treachery in the Senate of Carthage, if he had been deep in conic sections and fluxions, and the differential calculus — to say nothing of botany, and mineralogy, and chemistry? "Are you not ashamed," said a philosopher to one who was born to rule, "are you not ashamed to play so well upon the flute?" Sir, it was well put. There is much which it becomes a secondary man to know — much that it is necessary for him to know, that a first rate man ought to be ashamed to know. No head was ever clear and sound that was stuffed with book learning. You might as well attempt to fatten and strengthen a man by stuffing him with every variety and the greatest quantity of food. After all, the Chief must draw upon his subalterns for much that he does not know, and cannot perform himself. My friend Wm. R. Johnson has many a groom that can clean and dress a race horse, and ride him too, better than he can. But what of that? Sir, we are, in the European sense of the term, not a military

[1] Sir Matthew Hale (1609–1676), the great English jurist.

[2] General Henry Knox (1750–1806), Washington's Secretary of War.

people. We have no business for an army — it hangs as a dead weight upon the nation — officers and all. Sir, all that we hear of it is through pamphlets; indicating a spirit that, if I was at the head of affairs, I should very speedily put down. A state of things that never could have grown up under a man of decision of character at the head of the State, or the Department; a man possessing *the spirit of command;* that truest of all tests of a Chief, whether military or civil. Who rescued Braddock, when he was fighting, *secundum artem*,[1] and his men were dropping around him on every side? It was a Virginia Militia Major. He asserted in that crisis the place which properly belonged to him, and which he afterwards filled in the manner we all know.

DR. JOHN SHAW

[JOHN SHAW was born at Annapolis, Maryland, May 4, 1778, and died at sea, January 10, 1809. He became a physician, served as a surgeon of the navy during the troubles with Algiers (1798), studied later at Edinburgh, lived in Canada and Baltimore, and finally died on a voyage to the Bahamas undertaken for his health. He was noted, when at St. John's College and throughout the rest of his short life, for his versatility, especially in the languages, and for his devotion to poetry. The long biographical sketch prefixed to the edition of his poems published in Philadelphia in 1810 shows him to have been full of the spirit of romantic adventure and a charming companion. His poems show him to have possessed much more than the talents we expect to find in young men whose posthumous verses are published by admiring friends. While there are only a few pieces of striking merit, and while the poems as a whole prove that their author belonged to a transition period, being neither wholly of the eighteenth-century school nor wholly of the new order, they nevertheless give one the impression that, if Shaw had lived, he would have surpassed many of his contemporaries who made names for themselves in the American literature of their day. As it is, he belongs with Richard Dabney, William Maxwell, and William Munford of Virginia (the translator of Homer), and other Southern poets of the early nineteenth century whose names are known chiefly to special students. He should be remembered in connection with another Maryland poet who died young, Edward Coate Pinkney (*q.v.*), and as a poetical translator from various modern languages he deserves to be noted as a predecessor of Bryant and Longfellow. Of few other Americans

[1] *I.e.* according to the technical rules of warfare.

of that day could it have been said with even the slightest approach to truth that "he learned all the European polished languages, which he spoke with fluency; he taught the Arabian poets to sing in English numbers, and could hold *long talks* with the Mohawks of Upper Canada."]

SONG

[From "Poems by the Late Dr. John Shaw." 1810.]

Who has robb'd the ocean cave,
To tinge thy lips with coral hue?
Who from India's distant wave,
For thee those pearly treasures drew?
Who, from yonder orient sky,
Stole the morning of thine eye?

Thousand charms, thy form to deck,
From sea, and earth, and air are torn;
Roses bloom upon thy cheek,
On thy breath their fragrance borne.
Guard thy bosom from the day,
Lest thy snows should melt away.

But one charm remains behind,
Which mute earth can ne'er impart;
Nor in ocean wilt thou find,
Nor in the circling air, a heart.
Fairest! wouldst thou perfect be,
Take, oh take that heart from me.

FRANCIS SCOTT KEY

[Francis Scott Key, of a distinguished Maryland family, was born in Frederick County, August 9, 1780, and died in Baltimore, January 11, 1843. He was educated at St. John's College, and studied and practised law, obtaining a position as district attorney in Washington. During the British invasion of Maryland in 1814 a friend of Key was captured, and in the negotiations which Key undertook for his release he was compelled to witness from a ves-

sel the attack on Fort McHenry. When at dawn he saw that the stars and stripes still floated, he composed his famous poem, jotting down portions of it on the back of a letter. It was speedily printed and sung, and became familiar throughout the country. Lapse of time has not caused its fame to diminish, though doubtless fewer people now regard it as worthy of high praise on account of its strictly poetic merits. A collection of Key's poems was published in 1857, with an introductory letter by Chief-Justice Roger B. Taney, but only his song to the flag has commanded special attention. See Tyler's "Memoir of Roger B. Taney," pp. 109–119, and, for the different texts of the song, based on separate versions in Key's handwriting, the *New England Historical and Genealogical Register*, XXVIII, 32–41. Thirty years after the appearance of Key's volume of poems a large monument, executed by the poet-sculptor, William Wetmore Story, was erected to him in Golden Gate Park in San Francisco.]

THE STAR-SPANGLED BANNER[1]

O say, can you see, by the dawn's early light,
What so proudly we hail'd at the twilight's last gleaming,
Whose broad stripes and bright stars, through the clouds of the fight,
O'er the ramparts we watched were so gallantly streaming?
And the rocket's red glare, the bomb bursting in air,
Gave proof through the night that our flag was still there;
O! say, does that star-spangled banner yet wave
O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave?

On that shore, dimly seen through the mists of the deep,
Where the foe's haughty host in dread silence reposes,
What is that, which the breeze, o'er the towering steep
As it fitfully blows, half conceals, half discloses?
Now it catches the gleam of the morning's first beam
In full glory reflected, now shines in the stream;
'Tis the star-spangled banner; O! long may it wave
O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave!

And where are the foes that so vauntingly swore
That the havoc of war and the battle's confusion

[1] The text is a somewhat eclectic one in regard to punctuation, but mainly follows that printed in the *New England Historical and Genealogical Register*, Vol. XXVIII, pp. 40–41. See also *The Century Magazine* for July, 1894.

A home and a country should leave us no more?
Their blood has wash'd out their foul footstep's pollution.
No refuge could save the hireling and slave
From the terror of flight, or the gloom of the grave;
And the star-spangled banner in triumph doth wave
O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave.

O, thus be it ever! when freemen shall stand
Between their lov'd homes and the war's desolation!
Blest with vict'ry and peace, may the heav'n-rescued land
Praise the power that hath made and preserved us a nation.
Then conquer we must, when our cause it is just,
And this be our motto—"*In God is our trust:*"
And the star-spangled banner in triumph shall wave
O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave.

WASHINGTON ALLSTON

[THIS well-known author and painter might be legitimately omitted from a volume of Southern writers on the ground that he was educated and for the most part lived in New England. By this method of reasoning the South can claim Dr. Ramsay (*q.v.*) and Albert Pike (*q.v.*), as well as other writers born in New England, such as George Denison Prentice (1802–1870), the witty Louisville editor and the author of many popular poems, and orators such as the brilliant Sergeant Smith Prentiss (1808–1850), who won great fame, especially in Mississippi and the Southwest. To open up this question, however, might lead to a discussion of the South's claims to Poe, which are essentially legitimate, and there can be little objection to the adoption in a book like the present of fairly flexible canons of choice. Washington Allston, then, is included here because he was born in Waccamaw, South Carolina, November 5, 1779. He died in Cambridge, Massachusetts, where he had long resided, on July 9, 1843. When six years of age he was sent to school in Newport, Rhode Island, and then he studied at Harvard, where he graduated in 1800. He soon went abroad, remaining until 1809, and studying the art of painting in England and Italy. On his return to America he married a sister of the famous Dr. William E. Channing, and after her death he took as his second wife a sister of the poet Richard Henry Dana, thus becoming connected with two of the most distinguished New England families. From 1811 to 1818 he lived in England, where he practised his art and also wrote

poetry, a volume of which, "The Sylphs of the Seasons," was published in London in 1813. After his return to New England he painted numerous pictures specially distinguished for their coloring, but he can scarcely be said to have achieved a high and lasting fame, either by his paintings or by his writings, such as his later poems, which were published in 1850 along with his "Lectures on Art," or his Italian romance, "Monaldi," which appeared in 1841. As a poet, Allston was somewhat more careful in his workmanship than contemporary Americans usually were, and such poems as "The Sylphs of the Seasons," "The Paint-King," and the patriotic ode that follows are worthy of being remembered; but it can scarcely be held with justice that he is an important writer. It is pleasant to remember, however, that Allston was charmingly associated with a very great writer. He was a friend of Coleridge, whose portrait he painted, and "America to Great Britain" was printed in the first edition of Coleridge's "Sibylline Leaves." See both for Allston and for glimpses of Coleridge, Wordsworth, and other interesting men, "The Life and Letters of Washington Allston," by J. B. Flagg (1892). This book has a chapter on Allston's poems and reprints several of them.]

AMERICA TO GREAT BRITAIN[1]

[From "Lectures on Art and Poems, by Washington Allston." Edited by R. H. Dana, Jr., 1850.]

All hail! thou noble land,
Our Fathers' native soil!
Oh, stretch thy mighty hand,
Gigantic grown by toil,
O'er the vast Atlantic wave to our shore!
For thou with magic might
Canst reach to where the light
Of Phœbus travels bright
The world o'er!

The Genius of our clime,
From his pine-embattled steep,
Shall hail the guest sublime;
While the Tritons of the deep
With their conchs the kindred league shall proclaim.

[1] Written in 1810, probably under the influence of Campbell's lyrics.

Then let the world combine, —
O'er the main our naval line
Like the milky-way shall shine
Bright in fame!

Though ages long have past
Since our Fathers left their home,
Their pilot in the blast,[1]
O'er untravelled seas to roam,
Yet lives the blood of England in our veins!
And shall we not proclaim
That blood of honest fame
Which no tyranny can tame
By its chains?

While the language free and bold
Which the bard of Avon sung,
In which our Milton told
How the vault of heaven rung
When Satan, blasted, fell with his host; —
While this, with reverence meet,
Ten thousand echoes greet,
From rock to rock repeat
Round our coast; —

While the manners, while the arts,
That mould a nation's soul,
Still cling around our hearts, —
Between let Ocean roll,
Our joint communion breaking with the Sun:
Yet still from either beach
The voice of blood shall reach,
More audible than speech,
"We are One."

[1] The poet probably meant that the "Fathers" were much at the mercy of the winds during their voyage.

JOHN CALDWELL CALHOUN

[THE greatest Southern expounder of the Constitution and the most important Southern statesman after the generation that carried through the Revolution was born in Abbeville District, South Carolina, March 18, 1782, and died at Washington, March 31, 1850. He came of excellent Scotch-Irish stock, was prepared for college by his brother-in-law, the noted Dr. Waddell (see p. 116), graduated at Yale, studied law and began its practice. He was soon sent to the legislature of South Carolina, and his fine mind and character having impressed his neighbors, he was in 1811 elected to Congress, where he joined with Clay and other leaders of the new generation in forcing President Madison into the War of 1812. After the war he took great interest in tariff and other legislation that tended to strengthen the general government, thus occupying a position from which he afterward retreated. From 1817 till 1825 he was a very efficient Secretary of War under Monroe. In 1824, in the scramble for the Presidency, he obtained the Vice-Presidency, to which he was again elected in 1828. A breach with Jackson, owing to social intrigues and to Calhoun's attitude toward "Old Hickory" during the Seminole campaign, ruined the Carolinian's chance of becoming President. As Vice-President, Calhoun gave great thought to constitutional questions and became the exponent of the strict constructionist or states'-rights school. He drew up the South Carolina "Exposition" and other documents connected with the Nullification movement, and, resigning his Vice-Presidency in December, 1832, took an important part as Senator in the debates of 1833, his chief antagonist being Daniel Webster. Calhoun's position with regard to the right of a state to nullify a law believed by it to be unconstitutional was not acceptable even to many Southerners; but few persons have ever denied that he defended his views with profound powers of reasoning and subtle grasp of political theory. For the next ten years Calhoun held with Clay and Webster the leadership of the Senate during its most brilliant period, delivering weighty speeches upon the chief topics of discussion, but scarcely ranking strictly as a party leader, since he was rather the head of a states'-rights group. His general policy may, however, be denominated Democratic, since he favored economy and unrestricted trade. In March, 1843, he retired from the Senate, but about a year later he was called by President Tyler to be Secretary of State. In this position he was able to help forward the annexation of Texas; afterward in the Senate he labored to effect a peaceful solution of the Oregon question and to avert war with Mexico. His latter years were chiefly occupied in resisting the endeavors of the North and West to close to slavery the newly acquired territory. On March 4, 1850, a fellow-

Senator read a great speech by Calhoun on the momentous Compromise of 1850. In less than a month he was dead, and by dying he was spared the painful spectacle of the next decade of civil strife. For Calhoun, though often accused of being a disunionist, dearly loved the Union, and advocated his strict constructionist views, not merely to secure the South what he believed to be her rights, but also to preserve the Union intact. He undertook to do more than was humanly possible; but his efforts were so herculean that they demand admiration. As a man he was above reproach; as a statesman full of courage and resources; as an orator dignified, impressive, and not lacking in deep passion; as a writer clear and cogent; as a political theorist weighty and acute. In his last years he wrote two political treatises, "A Disquisition on Government" and "A Discourse on the Constitution and Government of the United States," which, with some of his speeches, give him rank among the most subtle of political writers. No one has surpassed him as an expositor of the rights of minorities. His works were edited in six volumes by Richard K. Crallé (1853–1854). In 1900 Professor J. F. Jameson edited a large volume of his letters and of selected letters written to him. The interest of the correspondence is chiefly political; but some of the letters, especially those to his daughter Anna, throw light on the statesman's fine private character. See on this point "The Private Life of John C. Calhoun" by Miss Mary Bates (1852). There are biographies by J. S. Jenkins, H. von Holst ("American Statesmen" series), and, latest of all, by Gustavus M. Pinckney.]

"OURS IS A FEDERAL AND NOT A NATIONAL GOVERNMENT"

[From "A Discourse on the Constitution and Government of the United States." "The Works of John C. Calhoun," 1854. Vol. I.]

If we turn from the preamble and the ratifications, to the body of the constitution, we shall find that it furnishes most conclusive proof that the government is federal, and not national. I can discover nothing, in any portion of it, which gives the least countenance to the opposite conclusion. On the contrary, the instrument, in all its parts, repels it. It is, throughout, federal. It everywhere recognizes the existence of the States, and invokes their aid to carry its power into execution. In one of the two houses of Congress, the members are elected by the legislatures of their respective States; and in the other, by the people of the several States, not as composing mere districts of one great community, but as distinct and independent communities. General

Washington vetoed the first act apportioning the members of the House of Representatives among the several States, under the first census, expressly on the ground, that the act assumed as its basis, the former, and not the latter construction. The President and Vice-President are chosen by electors, appointed by their respective States; and, finally, the Judges are appointed by the President and the Senate; and, of course, as these are elected by the States, they are appointed through their agency.

But, however strong be the proofs of its federal character derived from this source, that portion which provides for the amendment of the constitution, furnishes, if possible, still stronger. It shows, conclusively, that the people of the several States still retain that supreme ultimate power, called sovereignty;—the power by which they ordained and established the constitution; and which can rightfully create, modify, amend, or abolish it, at its pleasure. Wherever this power resides, there the sovereignty is to be found. That it still continues to exist in the several States, in a modified form, is clearly shown by the fifth article of the constitution, which provides for its amendment. By its provisions, Congress may propose amendments, on its own authority, by the vote of two-thirds of both houses; or it may be compelled to call a convention to propose them, by two-thirds of the legislatures of the several States: but, in either case, they remain, when thus made, mere proposals of no validity, until adopted by three-fourths of the States, through their respective legislatures; or by conventions, called by them, for the purpose. Thus far, the several States, in ordaining and establishing the constitution, agreed, for their mutual convenience and advantage, to modify, by compact, their high sovereign power of creating and establishing constitutions, as far as it related to the constitution and government of the United States. I say, for their mutual convenience and advantage; for without the modification, it would have required the separate consent of all the States of the Union to alter or amend their constitutional compact; in like manner as it required the consent of all to establish it between them; and to obviate the most insuperable difficulty of making such amendments as time and experience might prove to be necessary, by the unani-

mous consent of all, they agreed to make the modification. But that they did not intend, by this, to divest themselves of the high sovereign right, (a right which they still retain, notwithstanding the modification,) to change or abolish the present constitution and government at their pleasure, cannot be doubted.

THE CONCLUSION OF CALHOUN'S LAST SPEECH[1]

[From the Same. Vol. IV.]

Having now shown what cannot save the Union, I return to the question with which I commenced, How can the Union be saved? There is but one way by which it can with any certainty; and that is, by a full and final settlement, on the principle of justice, of all the questions at issue between the two sections. The South asks for justice, simple justice, and less she ought not to take. She has no compromise to offer, but the constitution; and no concession or surrender to make. She has already surrendered so much that she has little left to surrender. Such a settlement would go to the root of the evil, and remove all cause of discontent, by satisfying the South, she could remain honorably and safely in the Union, and thereby restore the harmony and fraternal feelings between the sections, which existed anterior to the Missouri agitation. Nothing else can, with any certainty, finally and forever settle the questions at issue, terminate agitation, and save the Union.

But can this be done? Yes, easily; not by the weaker party, for it can of itself do nothing — not even protect itself — but by the stronger. The North has only to will it to accomplish it — to do justice by conceding to the South an equal right in the acquired territory, and to do her duty by causing the stipulations relative to fugitive slaves to be faithfully fulfilled — to cease the agitation of the slave question, and to provide for the insertion of a provision in the constitution, by an amendment, which will restore to the South, in substance, the power she possessed of protecting

[1] This speech on the slavery question in the debates on the Compromise of 1850 was read from proof-sheets by Senator James M. Mason of Virginia, Calhoun being too feeble to deliver it. The next day he made a few remarks in answer to Senator Foote, but not a set speech.

herself, before the equilibrium between the sections was destroyed by the action of this Government. There will be no difficulty in devising such a provision — one that will protect the South, and which, at the same time, will improve and strengthen the Government, instead of impairing and weakening it.

But will the North agree to this? It is for her to answer the question. But, I will say, she cannot refuse, if she has half the love of the Union which she professes to have, or without justly exposing herself to the charge that her love of power and aggrandizement is far greater than her love of the Union. At all events, the responsibility of saving the Union rests on the North, and not on the South. The South cannot save it by any act of hers, and the North may save it without any sacrifice whatever, unless to do justice, and to perform her duty under the constitution, should be regarded by her as a sacrifice.

It is time, Senators, that there should be an open and manly avowal on all sides, as to what is intended to be done. If the question is not now settled, it is uncertain whether it ever can hereafter be; and we, as the representatives of the States of this Union, regarded as governments, should come to a distinct understanding as to our respective views, in order to ascertain whether the great questions at issue can be settled or not. If you, who represent the stronger portion, cannot agree to settle them on the broad principle of justice and duty, say so; and let the States we both represent agree to separate and part in peace. If you are unwilling we should part in peace, tell us so, and we shall know what to do, when you reduce the question to submission or resistance. If you remain silent, you will compel us to infer by your acts what you intend. In that case, California will become the test question. If you admit her, under all the difficulties that oppose her admission, you compel us to infer that you intend to exclude us from the whole of the acquired territories, with the intention of destroying, irretrievably, the equilibrium between the two sections. We would be blind not to perceive in that case, that your real objects are power and aggrandizement, and infatuated not to act accordingly.

I have now, Senators, done my duty in expressing my opinions

fully, freely, and candidly, on this solemn occasion. In doing so, I have been governed by the motives which have governed me in all the stages of the agitation of the slavery question since its commencement. I have exerted myself, during the whole period, to arrest it, with the intention of saving the Union, if it could be done; and if it could not, to save the section where it has pleased Providence to cast my lot, and which I sincerely believe has justice and the constitution on its side. Having faithfully done my duty to the best of my ability, both to the Union and my section, throughout this agitation, I shall have the consolation, let what will come, that I am free from all responsibility.

DAVID CROCKETT

[David Crockett, the son of a Revolutionary soldier and a pioneer, was born in Limestone, Greene County, Tennessee, August 17, 1786, and died in the massacre of the survivors of the Alamo, March 6, 1836. He got but little schooling, early ran away from home, and served in several trades in Tennessee, Maryland, and Virginia. Then he settled down at home, working and learning his letters, and marrying young. He removed to a wild region in the mountains of Tennessee, became a noted hunter, fought in the Creek War of 1813, and later, on account of his character and rough, ready talents, was made a magistrate. In 1821 he won his way into the legislature, and, after one defeat, into Congress in 1826. He lost a congressional term by his unwillingness to submit to Jacksonian autocracy, but soon regained his seat. Then, seeing that politics afforded little chance for an independent, he went to Texas to fight against Mexico. After much display of bravery at the Alamo he surrendered with five companions, but all were massacred by the orders of Santa Anna. He was so celebrated for his exploits and his eccentricities that a book describing them was issued in 1833; the next year, in order to defend himself, he published an authentic autobiography, which is one of the most racy and amusing books of its time and kind. He also wrote a political diatribe purporting to be a sketch of Van Buren — or had it fathered on him [1] — and an account of a tour in the North and New England (1835). Crockett's motto — "Be sure you are right, then go ahead" — is a good summary of his own character. There are biographies of Crockett by J. S. C. Abbott (1874) and by Edward S. Ellis (1884).]

[1] Judge Augustine Smith Clayton (1783–1839) of Georgia is said to have been the real author.

CONCERNING HIS BOOK

[From "Narrative of the Life of David Crockett," etc. Philadelphia, 1834.]

But I don't know of any thing in my book to be criticised on by honourable men. Is it on my spelling? — that's not my trade. Is it on my grammar? — I hadn't time to learn it, and make no pretensions to it. Is it on the order and arrangement of my book? — I never wrote one before, and never read very many; and, of course, know mighty little about that. Will it be on the authorship of the book? — this I claim, and I'll hang on to it, like a wax plaster. The whole book is my own, and every sentiment and sentence in it. I would not be such a fool, or knave either, as to deny that I have had it hastily run over by a friend or so, and that some little alterations have been made in the spelling and grammar; and I am not so sure that it is not the worse of even that, for I despise this way of spelling contrary to nature. And as for grammar, it's pretty much a thing of nothing at last, after all the fuss that's made about it. In some places, I wouldn't suffer either the spelling, or grammar, or any thing else to be touch'd; and therefore it will be found in my own way.

But if any body complains that I have had it looked over, I can only say to him, her, or them — as the case may be — that while critics were learning grammar, and learning to spell, I, and "Doctor Jackson, L. L. D."[1] were fighting in the wars; and if our books, and messages, and proclamations, and cabinet writings, and so forth, and so on, should need a little looking over, and a little correcting of the spelling and the grammar to make them fit for use, it's just nobody's business. Big men have more important matters to attend to than crossing their *t*'s —, and dotting their *i*'s —, and such like small things. But the "Government's" name is to the proclamation, and my name's to the book; and if I didn't write the book, the "Government" didn't write the proclamation, which no man *dares to deny!*

[1] Harvard's giving this degree to "Old Hickory" caused much comment.

But just read for yourself, and my ears for a heel-tap, if before you get through you don't say, with many a good-natured smile and hearty laugh, "This is truly the very thing itself — the exact image of its author, David Crockett."

A BACKWOODS MAGISTRATE

[From the Same.]

I was appointed one of the magistrates; and when a man owed a debt, and wouldn't pay it, I and my constable ordered our warrant, and then he would take the man, and bring him before me for trial. I would give judgment against him, and then an order for an execution would easily scare the debt out of him. If any one was charged with marking his neighbor's hogs, or with stealing any thing, which happened pretty often in those days, — I would have him taken, and if there was tolerable grounds for the charge, I would have him well whip'd and cleared. We kept this up till our Legislature added us to the white settlements in Giles county; and appointed magistrates by law, to organize matters in the parts where I lived. They appointed nearly every man a magistrate who had belonged to our corporation. I was then, of course, made a squire, according to law; though now the honor rested more heavily on me than before. For, at first, whenever I told my constable, says I — "Catch that fellow, and bring him up for trial" — away he went, and the fellow must come, dead or alive; for we considered this a good warrant, though it was only in verbal writing. But after I was appointed by the assembly, they told me, my warrants must be in real writing, and signed; and that I must keep a book, and write my proceedings in it. This was a hard business on me, for I could just barely write my own name; but to do this, and write the warrants too, was at least a huckleberry over my persimmon. I had a pretty well informed constable, however; and he aided me very much in this business. Indeed I had so much confidence in him, that I told him, when we should happen to be out anywhere, and see that a warrant was necessary, and would have a

good effect, he needn't take the trouble to come all the way to me to get one, but he could just fill out one; and then on the trial I could correct the whole business if he had committed any error. In this way I got on pretty well, till by care and attention I improved my handwriting in such manner as to be able to prepare my warrants, and keep my record book, without much difficulty. My judgments were never appealed from, and if they had been, they would have stuck like wax, as I gave my decisions on the principles of common justice and honesty between man and man, and relied on natural born sense, and not on law learning to guide me; for I had never read a page in a law book in all my life.

KILLING A BEAR[1]

[From the Same.]

I could see the lump, but not plain enough to shoot with any certainty, as there was no moonlight; and so I set in to hunting for some dry brush to make me a light; but I could find none, though I could find that the ground was torn mightily to pieces by the cracks.[2]

At last I thought I could shoot by guess, and kill him; so I pointed as near the lump as I could, and fired away. But the bear didn't come; he only clomb up higher, and got out on a limb, which helped me to see him better. I now loaded up again and fired, but this time he didn't move at all. I commenced loading for a third fire, but the first thing I knowed, the bear was down among my dogs, and they were fighting all around me. I had my big butcher in my belt, and I had a pair of dressed buckskin breeches on. So I took out my knife, and stood, determined, if he should get hold of me, to defend myself in the best way I could. I stood there for some time, and could now and then see a white dog I had, but the rest of them, and the bear, which were dark coloured, I couldn't see

[1] His dogs had treed a bear "in a large forked poplar, and it was sitting in the fork."

[2] Made by earthquakes.

at all, it was so miserable dark. They still fought around me, and sometimes within three feet of me; but, at last, the bear got down into one of the cracks, that the earthquakes had made in the ground, about four feet deep, and I could tell the biting end of him by the hollering of my dogs. So I took my gun and pushed the muzzle of it about, till I thought I had it against the main part of his body, and fired; but it happened to be only the fleshy part of his foreleg. With this, he jumped out of the crack, and he and the dogs had another hard fight around me, as before. At last, however, they forced him back into the crack again, as he was when I had shot.

I had laid down my gun in the dark, and I now began to hunt for it; and, while hunting, I got hold of a pole, and I concluded I would punch him awhile with that. I did so, and when I would punch him, the dogs would jump in on him, when he would bite them badly, and they would jump out again. I concluded, as he would take punching so patiently, it might be that he would lie still enough for me to get down in the crack, and feel slowly along till I could find the right place to give him a dig with my butcher. So I got down, and my dogs got in before him and kept his head towards them, till I got along easily up to him; and placing my hand on his rump, felt for his shoulder, just behind which I intended to stick him. I made a lunge with my long knife, and fortunately stuck him right through the heart; at which he just sank down, and I crawled out in a hurry. In a little time my dogs all come out too, and seemed satisfied, which was the way they always had of telling me that they had finished him.

CROCKETT DEFEATED FOR CONGRESS

[From the Same.]

. . . I was re-elected to Congress, in 1829, by an overwhelming majority; and soon after the commencement of this second term, I saw, or thought I did, that it was expected of me that I would bow to the name of Andrew Jackson, and follow him in

all his motions, and mindings,[1] and turnings, even at the expense of my conscience and judgment. Such a thing was new to me, and a total stranger to my principles. I know'd well enough, though, that if I didn't "hurra" for his name, the hue and cry was to be raised against me, and I was to be sacrificed, if possible. His famous, or rather I should say his in-*famous*, Indian bill was brought forward,[2] and I opposed it from the purest motives in the world. Several of my colleagues got around me, and told me how well they loved me, and that I was ruining myself. They said this was a favorite measure of the president, and I ought to go for it. I told them I believed it was a wicked, unjust measure, and that I should go against it, let the cost to myself be what it might; that I was willing to go with General Jackson in every thing that I believed was honest and right; but, further than this, I wouldn't go for him, or any other man in the whole creation; that I would sooner be honestly and politically d—nd, than hypocritically immortalized. I had been elected by a majority of three thousand five hundred and eighty-five votes, and I believed they were honest men, and wouldn't want me to vote for any unjust motion, to please Jackson or any one else; at any rate, I was of age, and was determined to trust them. I voted against this Indian bill, and my conscience yet tells me that I gave a good honest vote, and one that I believe will not make me ashamed in the day of judgment. I served out my term, and though many amusing things happened, I am not disposed to swell my narrative by inserting them.

When it closed, and I returned home, I found the storm had raised against me sure enough; and it was echoed from side to side, and from end to end of my district, that I had turned against Jackson. This was considered the unpardonable sin. I was hunted down like a wild varment, and in this hunt every little newspaper in the district, and every little pin-hook lawyer was engaged. Indeed, they were ready to print any thing and

[1] This is the reading of the first edition, which has been followed except for the correction of two plain errors.

[2] Jackson's policy was to get the Indians out of Georgia and the Southwest and to remove them beyond the Mississippi to Indian Territory.

every thing that the ingenuity of man could invent against me. Each editor was furnished with the journals of Congress from headquarters; and hunted out every vote I had missed in four sessions, whether from sickness or not, no matter; and each one was charged against me at *eight* dollars. In all I had missed about *seventy* votes, which they made amount to five hundred and sixty dollars; and they contended I had swindled the government out of this sum, as I received my pay, as other members do. I was now again a candidate in 1830, while all the attempts were making against me; and every one of these little papers kept up a constant war on me, fighting with every scurrilous report they could catch.

Over all I should have been elected, if it hadn't been, that but a few weeks before the election, the little four-pence-ha'penny limbs of the law fell on a plan to defeat me, which had the desired effect. They agreed to spread out over the district, and make appointments for me to speak, almost everywhere, to clear up the Jackson question. They would give me no notice of these appointments, and the people would meet in great crowds to hear what excuse Crockett had to make for quitting Jackson.

But instead of Crockett's being there, this small-fry of lawyers would be there, with their saddle-bags full of the little newspapers and their journals of Congress; and would get up and speak, and read their scurrilous attacks on me, and would then tell the people that I was afraid to attend; and in this way would turn many against me. All this intrigue was kept a profound secret from me, till it was too late to counteract it; and when the election came, I had a majority in seventeen counties, putting all their votes together, but the eighteenth beat me; and so I was left out of Congress during those two years. The people of my district were induced, by these tricks, to take a stay on me for that time; but they have since found out that they were imposed on, and on re-considering my case, have reversed that decision; which, as the Dutchman said, "is as fair a ding as eber was." . . .

BEVERLEY TUCKER

[NATHANIEL BEVERLEY TUCKER, second son of St. George Tucker (*q.v.*), was born at Williamsburg, Virginia, September 6, 1784, and died at Winchester, Virginia, August 26, 1851. He graduated at William and Mary, and, following his father's footsteps, became a judge and, from 1834, professor of law in his alma mater. His judgeship was held in Missouri, where he resided from 1815 to 1830. He was a man of great ability and an intense upholder of Virginian and Southern political and social ideals. He was, however, more than a learned lawyer, political theorist, and sociologist; he was a writer of readable fiction, a man of wide culture, and an accomplished correspondent. His best-known work is "The Partisan Leader," a story purporting to deal with the events of a revolution which in 1849 took Virginia out of the United States and added her to the Southern Confederacy. This book was published in 1836, but it was dated 1856, so that it should seem to be a historical romance dealing with events that took place a few years before. It is said to have been printed secretly and suppressed. In the first year of the Civil War it was reissued in New York, in facsimile, with the added title "A Key to the Disunion Conspiracy," and was again suppressed. The following year, 1862, it was reprinted in Richmond under the editorship of the Rev. T. A. Ware. It has generally been considered a remarkable prophecy of the course the South actually took between 1836 and 1861, and, in the large, this view of the book is true enough. It is equally true, however, that in important particulars, such as the tyranny established by Van Buren over the North, Judge Tucker's prejudices misled him, and that in one important feature his book looked back to the past rather than on to the future. In all the military details of his story, as indeed its title implies, his imagination moves rather in the times of Marion and Sumter than in those of Lee and Jackson. The magnitude of the actual war in his beloved state seems not to have been foreseen by him. Still the romance is certainly a striking one in conception and worthy of fair praise for its execution, in spite of the fact that a large portion of its two volumes is occupied with explaining the events that led up to the situation described in the opening chapter. Judge Tucker's other novel, "George Balcombe," based on his experiences in Missouri (1836), was praised by Poe, with whom, when the young poet was editor of *The Southern Literary Messenger*, the older writer corresponded. Another Southern man of letters who received many letters from Judge Tucker was William Gilmore Simms, to whose *Southern Quarterly Review* the Virginian contributed. Some of this correspondence will be found in the present editor's biography of Simms in the "American Men of Letters." Judge Tucker's legal and other writings need not be enumer-

ated; but it should be mentioned that he began a biography of his famous half-brother, John Randolph of Roanoke, which unfortunately was never finished, and that he wrote for Simms's review (Vol. XX) a scathing article on H. A. Garland's biography of the eccentric statesman.]

PARTISANS ON THE ALERT

[From "The Partisan Leader: A Tale of the Future, by Edward William Sidney. 'Sic Semper Tyrannis,' the Motto of Virginia; 'Pars Fui,' . . . Virgil. In Two Volumes. Printed for the Publishers, by James Caxton, 1856." New York, 1861.]

Toward the latter end of the month of October, 1849, about the hour of noon, a horseman was seen ascending a narrow valley at the eastern foot of the Blue Ridge. His road nearly followed the course of a small stream, which, issuing from a deep gorge of the mountain, winds its way between lofty hills, and terminates its brief and brawling course in one of the larger tributaries of the Dan. A glance of the eye took in the whole of the little settlement that lined its banks, and measured the resources of its inhabitants. The different tenements were so near to each other as to allow but a small patch of arable land to each. Of manufactures there was no appearance, save only a rude shed at the entrance of the valley, on the door of which the oft repeated brand of the horse-shoe gave token of a smithy. There too the rivulet, increased by the innumerable springs which afforded to every habitation the unappreciated, but inappreciable luxury of water, cold, clear, and sparkling, had gathered strength enough to turn a tiny mill. Of trade there could be none. The bleak and rugged barrier, which closed the scene on the west, and the narrow road, fading to a foot-path, gave assurance to the traveller that he had here reached the *ne plus ultra* of social life in that direction.

Indeed, the appearance of discomfort and poverty in every dwelling well accorded with the scanty territory belonging to each. The walls and chimneys of unhewn logs, the roofs of loose boards laid on long rib-poles, that projected from the gables, and held down by similar poles placed above them, together with the

smoked and sooty appearance of the whole, betokened an abundance of timber, but a dearth of everything else. Contiguous to each was a sort of rude garden, denominated, in the ruder language of the country a "truck-patch." Beyond this lay a small field, a part of which had produced a crop of oats, while on the remainder the Indian corn still hung on the stalk, waiting to be gathered. Add to this a small meadow, and the reader will have an outline equally descriptive of each of the little farms which, for the distance of three miles, bordered the stream.

But, though the valley thus bore the marks of a crowded population, a deep stillness pervaded it. The visible signs of life were few. Of sounds there were none. A solitary youngster, male or female, alone was seen loitering about every door. These, as the traveller passed along, would skulk from observation, and then steal out, and, mounting a fence, indulge their curiosity, at safe distances, by looking after him.

At length he heard a sound of voices, and then a shrill whistle, and all was still. Immediately, some half a dozen men, leaping a fence, ranged themselves across the road and faced him. He observed that each, as he touched the ground, laid hold of a rifle that leaned against the enclosure, and this circumstance drew his attention to twenty or more of these formidable weapons, ranged along in the same position. The first impulse of the traveller was to draw a pistol; but seeing that the men, as they posted themselves, rested their guns upon the ground and leaned upon them, he quietly withdrew his hand from his holster. It was plain that no violence was intended, and that this movement was nothing but a measure of precaution, such as the unsettled condition of the country required. He therefore advanced steadily but slowly, and, on reaching the party, reined in his horse, and silently invited the intended parley.

The men, though somewhat variously attired, were all chiefly clad in half-dressed buck-skin. They seemed to have been engaged in gathering corn in the adjoining field. Their companions, who still continued the same occupation, seemed numerous enough (including women and boys, of both of which there was a full proportion,) to have secured the little crop in a few hours. Indeed,

it would seem that the whole working population of the neighborhood, both male and female, was assembled there.

As the traveller drew up his horse, one of the men, speaking in a low and quiet tone, said, "We want a word with you, stranger, before you go any farther."[1]

AN UNFLATTERING DESCRIPTION OF VAN BUREN

[From the Same.]

On the evening of the third day from that of which I have just been speaking, the President of the United States was sitting alone in a small room in his palace, which, in conformity to the nomenclature of foreign courts, it had become the fashion to call his closet. The furniture of this little apartment was characterized at once by neatness, taste, and convenience. Without being splendid, it was rich and costly; and, in its structure and arrangement, adapted to the use of a man, who, devoted to business, yet loved his ease.[2] The weariness of sedentary application was relieved by the most tasteful and commodious variety of chairs, couches, and sofas, while the utmost ingenuity was displayed in the construction of desks, tables, and other conveniences for reading and writing. In the appearance of the distinguished personage, to whose privacy I have introduced the reader, there was a mixture of thought and carelessness very much in character with the implements of business and the appliances for ease and comfort which surrounded him. He occasionally looked at his watch, and at the door, with the countenance of one who expects a visitor; and then throwing himself against the arm of his sofa, resumed his disengaged air. That something was on his mind was apparent. But, interesting as the subject might be, it did not seem to touch *him* nearly. His whole manner was that of a man who is somewhat at a loss to know what may be best for others, but finds full consolation in knowing precisely what is best for himself.

As the events of the last ten years make it probable that none

[1] This selection gives the opening pages of the story.

[2] Van Buren was represented by his opponents as a man greatly given to luxury.

of my younger readers have ever seen the august dignitary of whom I speak, and as few of us are like to have occasion to see him in future, a particular description of his person may not be unacceptable. Though far advanced in life, he was tastily and even daintily dressed, his whole costume being exactly adapted to a diminutive and dapper person, a fair complexion, a light and brilliant blue eye, and a head which might have formed a study for the phrenologist, whether we consider its ample developments or its egg-like baldness. The place of hair was supplied by powder, which his illustrious example had again made fashionable. The revolution in public sentiment which, commencing sixty years ago, had abolished all the privileges of rank and age; which trained up the young to mock at the infirmities of their fathers, and encouraged the unwashed artificer to elbow the duke from his place of precedence; this revolution had now completed its cycle. While the sovereignty of numbers was acknowledged, the convenience of the multitude had set the fashions. But the reign of an individual had been restored, and the taste of that individual gave law to the general taste. Had he worn a wig, wigs would have been the rage. But as phrenology had taught him to be justly proud of his high and polished forehead, and the intellectual developments of the whole cranium, he eschewed hair in all its forms, and barely screened his naked crown from the air with a light covering of powder. He seemed, too, not wholly unconscious of something worthy of admiration in a foot, the beauty of which was displayed to the best advantage by the tight fit and high finish of his delicate slipper. As he lay back on the sofa, his eye rested complacently on this member, which was stretched out before him, its position shifting, as if unconsciously, into every variety of grace. Returning from thence, his glance rested on his hand, fair, delicate, small, and richly jewelled. It hung carelessly on the arm of the sofa, and the fingers of this, too, as if rather from instinct than volition, performed sundry evolutions on which the eye of majesty dwelt with gentle complacency.

WILLIAM JOHN GRAYSON

[William John Grayson was born in Beaufort, South Carolina, November 10, 1788, and died in Newberry, South Carolina, October 4, 1863. After receiving a good classical education he devoted himself to the law. He practised in Beaufort, was a member of the state legislature, and from 1833 to 1837 served in Congress. He was also from 1841 to 1853 collector of the port of Charleston. In politics he was conservative and on the whole opposed to disunion, although he was far from adopting a position antagonistic to slavery. He was a man of culture and of some turn for verse, as is proved by "The Hireling and the Slave" (1854), a poem defending slavery in the style of the school of Pope, and by "Chicora," an Indian legend in the manner of Scott's narrative poetry, but showing a study of later models. He was also the author of another old-fashioned poem, "The Country" (1858), and a contributor to local magazines and newspapers. Although some of his verse has merit, his most significant work is a biographical sketch of James Louis Petigru, published posthumously (1866). Mr. Petigru (1789–1863) was one of the ablest members of the Charleston bar, a friend of Hugh S. Legaré, and a leading opponent of Calhoun and Hayne in the Nullification crisis. He was unpopular on account of his devotion to the Union, but was respected both for his ability and for his honesty and courage. In his old age he bitterly opposed the secession of South Carolina. His greatest achievement as a lawyer was his codification of the laws of his state. It is believed that Grayson's sketch was somewhat modified before it saw the light. A biography which Grayson wrote of William Lowndes and another manuscript seem to have disappeared.]

A FAMOUS CAROLINA SCHOOL

[From "James Louis Petigru: A Biographical Sketch." 1866.[1]]

The Willington school was a sort of Eton or Rugby of American manufacture, and the doctor[2] at its head the Carolina Dr. Arnold. He had talents for organization and government. His method

[1] Reprinted through the courtesy of Harper & Bros., who hold the copyright.

[2] Dr. Moses Waddell (1770–1840), a Presbyterian clergyman, born in North Carolina. He established his school in Edgefield District in 1804 and taught, among others, Hugh S. Legaré, George McDuffie, and Judge Longstreet. (See p. 122 note.) From 1819 to 1829 he was president of the University of Georgia.

appealed largely to the honor and moral sense of his pupils. They were not confined with their books unnecessarily in a narrow school-room. The forest was their place of study. They resorted to the old oaks and hickories, and at their feet or among their branches prepared their various lessons. The horn called them at intervals to change of occupation. The sound was repeated from point to point, and the woods echoed with these sonorous signals for recitation or retirement. When cold or wet weather drove the students from their sylvan resorts, log cabins in various quarters afforded the requisite accommodations. At night, with the same sound of the horn, they retired to their lodgings for sleep or farther study. Their food was Spartan in plainness — corn-bread and bacon; and for lights, torches of pine were more in fashion than candles. Monitors regulated the classes and subdivisions of classes, and preserved the order and discipline of the institution with the smallest possible reference to its head. It was a kind of rural republic, with a perpetual dictator. The scholars were enthusiastically attached to their school. After they had become grandfathers they talked of it in raptures.

A UNIQUE JAIL

[From the Same.[1]]

Coosawhatchie, at that time the judicial capital of Beaufort District, lies on the road that leads from Charleston to Savannah, and was always so well situated for catching bilious fever as never to miss it. It was hardly habitable during the summer. The evil increased as the woods were cut down, and the moist, fertile soil was exposed to the action of the sun. To live in the village two consecutive summers became almost impossible for white men. Few ever attempted it. There was one exception — just enough to prove the rule. The exception was Mr. Bassilue, who kept a shop, and furnished board and lodging for lawyers and clients in term-time. He was able to live with country fever in all its varieties, as conjurers in Bengal handle venomous serpents without harm

[1] Reprinted through the courtesy of Harper & Bros.

or danger. He must have been anointed in infancy with some patent drug of mysterious efficacy. The aligator in the neighboring creek was not safer than he. To every white man but himself a summer in Coosawhatchie was death. It was unnecessary to try a criminal there charged with a capital offense. All that was required was to put him in jail in May to wait his trial at the November court. The state paid for a coffin, and saved the expenses of trial and execution. At night the jailer thought it unnecessary to remain in the jail. He locked his doors and went away to some healthier place until morning, confident that his prisoners had neither strength nor spirit to escape. At last the lawyers became dissatisfied. They loved fair play as well as fees, and desired to see the rogues brought to justice in the regular way, with a chance for their lives such as the assistance of a lawyer always affords them. The general jail delivery brought about by fever prevented the thief from being duly hanged and the counsel from receiving his retainer. The culprit escaped the halter through the climate, not through the bar.

RICHARD HENRY WILDE

[Richard Henry Wilde was born in Dublin, Ireland, September 24, 1789, and died in New Orleans, September 10, 1847. His father and mother came to this country in 1797. The former soon died, and the mother and son settled in Augusta, Georgia. Wilde was admitted to the bar at the age of twenty, rose rapidly, was a member of Congress for several terms, and finally left politics, as the very different Davy Crockett had done, on account of his opposition to Andrew Jackson. From 1835 to 1840 he studied abroad, chiefly in Italian literature, devoting himself in especial to Dante and Tasso. He was instrumental in the discovery of the famous portrait of Dante by Giotto on the wall of the chapel of the Bargello. In 1843 he removed to New Orleans, where he became professor of constitutional law in the law department of the state university. Meanwhile he had made himself a reputation as a poet by fugitive poems, which were widely copied in the newspapers. Chief among these was "My Life is like the Summer Rose," which was at first intended to appear in a narrative poem dealing with events in Florida. The lines appeared about 1815, and having later been translated into Greek were palmed off on many persons as a translation from Alcæus. It is interesting to recall

that another famous lyric by an Irish-born poet, Wolfe's "Burial of Sir John Moore," has been often asserted to be a mere translation from the French or the German because "Father Prout" amused himself by translating it into those languages and declaring his versions to be originals. Other verses were contributed by Wilde to the magazines of the day, particularly translations from the Romance literatures. His only book was "Conjectures concerning the Love, Madness, and Imprisonment of Torquato Tasso" (1842). He left many manuscripts, and in 1867 his son edited a narrative poem, "Hesperia," which has attracted but little notice. For an account of his unpublished "Life and Times of Dante" and his "Italian Lyric Poets," see Theodore W. Koch's "Dante in America" (1896). See also Charles C. Jones's "Life, Labors, and Neglected Grave of Richard Henry Wilde"[1] (1885).]

STANZAS

My life is like the summer rose,
That opens to the morning sky,
But, ere the shades of evening close,
Is scattered on the ground — to die!
Yet on the rose's humble bed
The sweetest dews of night are shed,

[1] From this pamphlet the following additional facts have been gleaned. Young Wilde went to Augusta alone and worked in a dry-goods store. His mother and her other children followed him, and for seven years they kept a small store, Wilde studying hard at every opportunity. A kind lawyer loaned him books and gave him instruction in the law. After he was admitted to the bar, in March, 1809, his arguments against legislation impairing the obligation of contracts gave him a reputation throughout the state and led to his being elected attorney-general at a surprisingly early age. He was chosen to Congress when he was but two weeks over the constitutional age of twenty-five. He suffered two defeats, the last in 1834, on account of the reason given in the text. With regard to Wilde's most famous lyric, which won the praise of Byron, Mr. Jones wrote that the narrative poem in which it was embodied as "The Return of the Captive" was undertaken on the return of Wilde's brother from the Seminole war in Florida, and was suggested by the stories he told of his experiences. When this brother was shortly after killed in a duel, the long poem was broken off. The famous stanzas were obtained from Wilde surreptitiously and were widely printed in the newspapers in 1815 and 1816, their author, however, refraining from acknowledging them. It was not until Mr. Alexander Barclay, British consul at Savannah, translated them into Greek prose that Wilde made good his claims against those of pretenders (1835). Mr. Barclay published an account of the affair in 1871. According to Professor Weber ("Southern Poets," p. 208) Wilde's body lies in an unmarked grave near Augusta, Georgia, but a monument to his memory has been erected on one of the principal streets of the city."

As if she wept the waste to see —
But none shall weep a tear for me!

My life is like the autumn leaf
That trembles in the moon's pale ray:
Its hold is frail — its date is brief,
Restless — and soon to pass away!
Yet, ere that leaf shall fall and fade,
The parent tree will mourn its shade,
The winds bewail the leafless tree —
But none shall breathe a sigh for me!

My life is like the prints, which feet
Have left on Tampa's[1] desert strand;
Soon as the rising tide shall beat,
All trace will vanish from the sand;
Yet, as if grieving to efface
All vestige of the human race,
On that lone shore loud moans the sea —
But none, alas! shall mourn for me!

TO THE MOCKING-BIRD

Winged mimic of the woods! thou motley fool!
Who shall thy gay buffoonery describe?
Thine ever ready notes of ridicule
Pursue thy fellows still with jest and gibe.
Wit, sophist, songster, Yorick[2] of thy tribe,
Thou sportive satirist of Nature's school,
To thee the palm of scoffing we ascribe,
Arch-mocker and mad Abbot of Misrule![3]
For such thou art by day — but all night long

[1] "Tampa" in some versions was changed to "Tempe," probably on account of the ascription of the poem to Alcæus.

[2] Cf. "Hamlet," V, i.

[3] A term applied of old to the leader of the Christmas revels.

Thou pourest a soft, sweet, pensive, solemn strain,
As if thou didst in this thy moonlight song
Like to the melancholy Jacques[1] complain,
Musing on falsehood, folly, vice, and wrong,
And sighing for thy motley coat again.

AUGUSTUS BALDWIN LONGSTREET

[AUGUSTUS BALDWIN LONGSTREET was born in Augusta, Georgia, September 22, 1790, and died in Oxford, Mississippi, September 9, 1870. He was the son of William Longstreet, an inventor who announced his invention of a steamboat before Fulton did, and made a successful trial with his boat on the Savannah River a few days after Fulton had succeeded on the Hudson. Other inventions showed the elder Longstreet's genius, but fortune did not allow him to profit from them. His son was graduated from Yale, studied law, became a legislator and a judge in his native state, established the Augusta *Sentinel*, and then in 1838 became a minister in the Methodist church. Four years previously he had published in his newspaper various sketches, signed "Hall" and "Baldwin," dealing with phases of life among the simpler classes of the population. These were so popular that he was induced to gather them into a book — the famous "Georgia Scenes" — published in a cheap form at the *Sentinel* Press. The copy which reached Poe, then conducting *The Southern Literary Messenger* at Richmond, caused that sombre young editor, as he confessed, to laugh more heartily than he had done at any other recent book. Others enjoyed it as much as Poe; but when, in 1840, the Harpers issued a second edition,[2] they stated that they could not prevail upon the author to revise it. It is also said that he refused to have anything to do with an edition of 1867, and it seems certain that after he entered the ministry he felt that he would willingly disown stories dealing with fighting and dancing and horse-racing and other worldly employments. One respects his scruples, but must feel that his racy humor can do no harm now, and that, if we were without his book, we should be deprived of most entertaining and valuable descriptions of certain phases of life in the olden times. Besides, we should be much less able to account for such recent manifestations of Georgia humor as are found in the writings of Colonel Richard Malcolm Johnston and Mr. Joel Chandler Harris. Be this as it may, Judge Longstreet could not keep from writing, for he contributed to many magazines and delivered many

[1] Cf. "As You Like It," IV, i.

[2] There were several reprints during the fifties, an indication of the popularity of the book.

speeches and sermons.[1] As a clergyman he showed great devotion to duty when Augusta was visited by the yellow fever. Then he took up the cause of education, and became successively president of Emory College, Georgia, Centenary College, Louisiana, the University of Mississippi, South Carolina College, and finally of the University of Mississippi again. His was a strikingly full and useful life, and he would deserve to be remembered even if he had not bequeathed to us one of the most original books ever written by a Southerner. A careful account of his career and a selected edition of his writings are much to be desired. It may be remarked that one of the most humorous papers in "Georgia Scenes" is said to have been written by a friend of Judge Baldwin, Oliver Hillhouse Prince (1787–1837), who represented Georgia for a short period in the Senate of the United States. This is "The Militia Drill," much read abroad, which the distinguished English novelist, Mr. Thomas Hardy, has either directly imitated or else strikingly paralleled in an unconscious fashion in his charming novel, "The Trumpet Major." For a sketch of Longstreet, see Bishop Fitzgerald's "Eminent Methodists" (1898). The distinguished Confederate general, James Longstreet, was a nephew of Judge Longstreet, and in his memoirs he gives a slight account of his grandfather, the inventor.]

THE HORSE-SWAP

[From "Georgia Scenes, Characters, Incidents, etc., in the First Half Century of the Republic," Second Edition, 1840.]

During the session of the Supreme Court, in the village of ——, about three weeks ago, when a number of people were collected in the principal street of the village, I observed a young man riding up and down the street, as I supposed, in a violent passion. He galloped this way, then that, and then the other; spurred his horse to one group of citizens, then to another; then dashed off at half speed, as if fleeing from danger; and, suddenly checking his horse, returned first in a pace, then in a trot, and then in a canter. While he was performing these various evolutions, he cursed, swore, whooped, screamed, and tossed himself in every attitude which man could assume on horseback. In short,

[1] He actually tried fiction again, but fiction of a clearly moral kind, in "Master William Mitten," a wooden story of a brilliant youth ruined by bad luck. This was begun in 1849, resumed during the war, and published at Macon, Georgia, in 1864. It has a good account of Waddell's school, in the Edgefield District, where Longstreet studied from 1806 to 1809.

he *cavorted* most magnanimously (a term which, in our tongue, expresses all that I have described, and a little more), and seemed to be setting all creation at defiance. As I like to see all that is passing, I determined to take a position a little nearer to him, and to ascertain, if possible, what it was that affected him so sensibly. Accordingly, I approached a crowd before which he had stopped for a moment, and examined it with the strictest scrutiny. But I could see nothing in it that seemed to have anything to do with the cavorter. Every man appeared to be in good humor, and all minding their own business. Not one so much as noticed the principal figure. Still he went on. After a semicolon pause, which my appearance seemed to produce (for he eyed me closely as I approached), he fetched a whoop, and swore that he could outswap any live man, woman, or child that ever walked these hills, or that ever straddled horseflesh since the days of old daddy Adam. "Stranger," said he to me, "did you ever see the *Yallow* Blossom from Jasper?"

"No," said I, "but I have often heard of him."

"I'm the boy," continued he; "perhaps a *leetle*, jist a *leetle*, of the best man at a horse-swap that ever trod shoe-leather."

I began to feel my situation a little awkward, when I was relieved by a man somewhat advanced in years, who stepped up and began to survey the "*Yallow Blossom's*" horse with much apparent interest. This drew the rider's attention, and he turned the conversation from me to the stranger.

"Well, my old coon," said he, "do you want to swap *hosses?*"

"Why, I don't know," replied the stranger; "I believe I've got a beast I'd trade with you for that one, if you like him."

"Well, fetch up your nag, my old cock; you're jist the lark I wanted to get hold of. I am perhaps a *leetle*, jist a *leetle*, of the best man at a horse-swap that ever stole *cracklins* out of his mammy's fat gourd. Where's your *hoss?*"

"I'll bring him presently; but I want to examine your horse a little."

"Oh! look at him," said the Blossom, alighting and hitting him a cut; "look at him. He's the best piece of *hoss*flesh in the thirteen

united univarsal worlds. There's no sort o' mistake in little Bullet. He can pick up miles on his feet, and fling 'em behind him as fast as the next man's *hoss*, I don't care where he comes from. And he can keep at it as long as the sun can shine without resting."

During this harangue, little Bullet looked as if he understood it all, believed it, and was ready at any moment to verify it. He was a horse of goodly countenance, rather expressive of vigilance than fire; though an unnatural appearance of fierceness was thrown into it by the loss of his ears, which had been cropped pretty close to his head. Nature had done but little for Bullet's head and neck; but he managed, in a great measure, to hide their defects by bowing perpetually. He had obviously suffered severely for corn; but if his ribs and hip bones had not disclosed the fact, *he* never would have done it; for he was in all respects as cheerful and happy as if he commanded all the corn-cribs and fodder-stacks in Georgia. His height was about twelve hands; but as his shape partook somewhat of that of the giraffe, his haunches stood much lower. They were short, strait, peaked, and concave. Bullet's tail, however, made amends for all his defects. All that the artist could do to beautify it had been done; and all that horse could do to compliment the artist, Bullet did. His tail was nicked in superior style, and exhibited the line of beauty in so many directions, that it could not fail to hit the most fastidious taste in some of them. From the root it drooped into a graceful festoon; then rose in a handsome curve; then resumed its first direction; and then mounted suddenly upward like a cypress knee to a perpendicular of about two and a half inches. The whole had a careless and bewitching inclination to the right. Bullet obviously knew where his beauty lay, and took all occasions to display it to the best advantage. If a stick cracked, or if any one moved suddenly about him, or coughed, or hawked, or spoke a little louder than common, up went Bullet's tail like lightning; and if the *going up* did not please, the *coming down* must of necessity, for it was as different from the other movement as was its direction. The first was a bold and rapid flight upward, usually to an angle of forty-five degrees. In this position he kept his

interesting appendage until he satisfied himself that nothing in particular was to be done; when he commenced dropping it by half inches, in second beats, then in triple time, then faster and shorter, and faster and shorter still, until it finally died away imperceptibly into its natural position. If I might compare sights to sounds I should say its *settling* was more like the note of a locust than anything else in nature.

Either from native sprightliness of disposition, from uncontrollable activity, or from an unconquerable habit of removing flies by the stamping of the feet, Bullet never stood still; but always kept up a gentle fly-scaring movement of his limbs, which was peculiarly interesting.

"I tell you, man," proceeded the Yellow Blossom, "he's the best live hoss that ever trod the grit of Georgia. Bob Smart knows the hoss. Come here, Bob, and mount this hoss, and show Bullet's motions." Here Bullet bristled up, and looked as if he had been hunting for Bob all day long, and had just found him. Bob sprang on his back. "Boo-oo-oo!" said Bob, with a fluttering noise of the lips; and away went Bullet, as if in a quarter race, with all his beauties spread in handsome style.

"Now fetch him back," said Blossom. Bullet turned and came in pretty much as he went out.

"Now trot him by." Bullet reduced his tail to "*customary*"; sidled to the right and left airily, and exhibited at least three varieties of trot in the short space of fifty yards.

"Make him pace!" Bob commenced twitching the bridle and kicking at the same time. These inconsistent movements obviously (and most naturally) disconcerted Bullet; for it was impossible for him to learn, from them, whether he was to proceed or stand still. He started to trot, and was told that wouldn't do. He attempted a canter, and was checked again. He stopped, and was urged to go on. Bullet now rushed into the wild field of experiment, and struck out a gait of his own, that completely turned the tables upon his rider, and certainly deserved a patent. It seemed to have derived its elements from the jig, the minuet, and the cotillon. If it was not a pace, it certainly had *pace* in it, and no man could venture to

call it anything else; so it passed off to the satisfaction of the owner.

"Walk him!" Bullet was now at home again; and he walked as if money was staked on him.

The stranger, whose name, I afterwards learned, was Peter Ketch, having examined Bullet to his heart's content, ordered his son Neddy to go and bring up Kit. Neddy soon appeared upon Kit, a well-formed sorrel of the middle size, and in good order. His *tout ensemble* threw Bullet entirely in the shade, though a glance was sufficient to satisfy any one that Bullet had decided advantage of him in point of intellect.

"Why, man," said Blossom, "do you bring such a hoss as that to trade for Bullet? Oh, I see you're no notion of trading."

"Ride him off, Neddy!" said Peter. Kit put off at a handsome lope.

"Trot him back!" Kit came in at a long sweeping trot, and stopped suddenly at the crowd.

"Well," said Blossom, "let me look at him; maybe he'll do to plough."

"Examine him!" said Peter, taking hold of the bridle close to the mouth, "he's nothing but a tacky. He ain't as *pretty* a horse as Bullet, I know, but he'll do. Start 'em together for a hundred and fifty *mile;* and if Kit an't twenty mile ahead of him at the coming out, any man may take Kit for nothing. But he's a monstrous mean horse, gentlemen, any man may see that. He's the scariest horse, too, you ever saw. He won't do to hunt on, no how. Stranger, will you let Neddy have your rifle to shoot off him? Lay the rifle between his ears, Neddy, and shoot at the blaze in that stump. Tell me when his head is high enough."

Ned fired, and hit the blaze; and Kit did not move a hair's breadth.

"Neddy, take a couple of sticks, and beat on that hogshead at Kit's tail."

Ned made a tremendous rattling, at which Bullet took fright, broke his bridle, and dashed off in grand style; and would have stopped all farther negotiations by going home in disgust, had not a traveller arrested him and brought him back; but Kit did not move.

"I tell you, gentlemen," continued Peter, "he's the scariest horse you ever saw. He an't as gentle as Bullet, but he won't do any harm if you watch him. Shall I put him in a cart, gig, or wagon for you, stranger? He'll cut the same capers there he does here. He's a monstrous mean horse."

During all this time Blossom was examining him with the nicest scrutiny. Having examined his frame and limbs, he now looked at his eyes.

"He's got a curious look out of his eyes," said Blossom.

"Oh yes, sir," said Peter, "just as blind as a bat. Blind horses always have clear eyes. Make a motion at his eyes, if you please, sir."

Blossom did so, and Kit threw up his head rather as if something pricked him under the chin than as if fearing a blow. Blossom repeated the experiment, and Kit jerked back in considerable astonishment.

"Stone blind, you see, gentlemen," proceeded Peter; "but he's just as good to travel of a dark night as if he had eyes."

"Blame my buttons," said Blossom, "if I like them eyes."

"No," said Peter, "nor I neither. I'd rather have 'em made of diamonds; but they'll do, if they don't show as much white as Bullet's."

"Well," said Blossom, "make a pass at me."

"No," said Peter; "you made the banter, now make your pass."

"Well, I'm never afraid to price my hosses. You must give me twenty-five dollars boot."

"Oh, certainly; say fifty, and my saddle and bridle in. Here, Neddy, my son, take away daddy's horse."

"Well," said Blossom, "I've made my pass, now you make yours."

"I'm for short talk in a horse-swap, and therefore always tell a gentleman at once what I mean to do. You must give me ten dollars."

Blossom swore absolutely, roundly, and profanely, that he never would give boot.

"Well," said Peter, "I didn't care about trading; but you cut

such high shines, that I thought I'd like to back you out, and I've done it. Gentlemen, you see I've brought him to a hack."

"Come, old man," said Blossom, "I've been joking with you. I begin to think you do want to trade; therefore, give me five dollars and take Bullet. I'd rather lose ten dollars any time than not make a trade, though I hate to fling away a good hoss."

"Well," said Peter, "I'll be as clever as you are, just put the five dollars on Bullet's back, and hand him over, it's a trade."

Blossom swore again, as roundly as before, that he would not give boot; and, said he, "Bullet wouldn't hold five dollars on his back, no how. But as I bantered you, if you say an even swap, here's at you."

"I told you," said Peter, "I'd be as clever as you, therefore, here goes two dollars more, just for trade sake. Give me three dollars, and it's a bargain."

Blossom repeated his former assertion; and here the parties stood for a long time, and the by-standers (for many were now collected) began to taunt both parties. After some time, however, it was pretty unanimously decided that the old man had backed Blossom out.

At length Blossom swore he "never would be backed out for three dollars after bantering a man;" and, accordingly, they closed the trade.

"Now," said Blossom, as he handed Peter the three dollars, "I'm a man that when he makes a bad trade, makes the most of it until he can make a better. I'm for no rues and after-claps."

"That's just my way," said Peter; "I never goes to law to mend my bargains."

"Ah, you're the kind of boy I love to trade with. Here's your hoss, old man. Take the saddle and bridle off him, and I'll strip yours; but lift up the blanket easy from Bullet's back, for he's a mighty tender-backed hoss."

The old man removed the saddle, but the blanket stuck fast. He attempted to raise it, and Bullet bowed himself, switched his tail, danced a little, and gave signs of biting.

"Don't hurt him, old man," said Blossom, archly; "take it off

easy. I am, perhaps, a leetle of the best man at a horse-swap that ever catched a coon."

Peter continued to pull at the blanket more and more roughly, and Bullet became more and more *cavortish:* insomuch that, when the blanket came off, he had reached the *kicking* point in good earnest.

The removal of the blanket disclosed a sore on Bullet's backbone that seemed to have defied all medical skill. It measured six full inches in length and four in breadth, and had as many features as Bullet had motions. My heart sickened at the sight; and I felt that the brute who had been riding him in that situation deserved the halter.

The prevailing feeling, however, was that of mirth. The laugh became loud and general at the old man's expense, and rustic witticisms were liberally bestowed upon him and his late purchase. These Blossom continued to provoke by various remarks. He asked the old man "if he thought Bullet would let five dollars lie on his back." He declared most seriously that he had owned that horse three months, and had never discovered before that he had a sore back, "or he never should have thought of trading him," etc.

The old man bore it all with the most philosophic composure. He evinced no astonishment at his late discovery, and made no replies. But his son Neddy had not disciplined his feelings quite so well. His eyes opened wider and wider from the first to the last pull of the blanket; and, when the whole sore burst upon his view, astonishment and fright seemed to contend for the mastery of his countenance. As the blanket disappeared, he stuck his hands in his breeches pockets, heaved a deep sigh, and lapsed into a profound revery, from which he was only roused by the cuts at his father. He bore them as long as he could; and, when he could contain himself no longer, he began, with a certain wildness of expression which gave a peculiar interest to what he uttered: "His back's mighty bad off; but . . . old Kit's both blind and *deef*.[1] . . .

"You walk him, and see if he *eint*. His eyes don't look like it; but he'd *jist as leve go agin* the house with you, or in a ditch, as

[1] Only a few phrases have been omitted, harmless enough, but possibly unpleasant to some modern readers.

any how. Now you go try him." The laugh was now turned on Blossom; and many rushed to test the fidelity of the little boy's report. A few experiments established its truth beyond controversy.

"Neddy," said the old man, "you oughtn't to try and make people discontented with their things. Stranger, don't mind what the little boy says. If you can only get Kit rid of them little failings, you'll find him all sorts of a horse. You are a *leetle* the best man at a horse-swap that ever I got hold of; but don't fool away Kit. Come, Neddy, my son, let's be moving; the stranger seems to be getting snappish."

HALL.

ROBERT YOUNG HAYNE

[ROBERT YOUNG HAYNE came of distinguished stock, being a great-nephew of Isaac Hayne, the Revolutionary patriot executed by the British. He was born in St. Paul's Parish, Colleton District, South Carolina, November 10, 1791, and died at Asheville, North Carolina, September 24, 1839. He was educated in Charleston and practised law there. He served in the War of 1812, was a member of the legislature and attorney-general of the state, and in 1823 was elected to the Senate of the United States. There he became noted for his eloquent opposition to the policy of protection and for his brilliant exposition of the theory of nullification. His most famous speech was that of January 21, 1830, which gave Webster the opportunity to deliver his celebrated "Reply to Hayne." Subsequent events showed that Webster's was the more effective speech, and for this and for other reasons more strictly literary in their nature, it has outranked Hayne's contribution to the debate as a piece of oratory. But the South Carolinian's performance was surely remarkable from the point of view of logical exposition, and it had and still possesses much merit of style. The debaters were worthy foemen. Hayne took a prominent part in the movement for Nullification, and in December, 1832, was chosen governor of South Carolina, giving up his seat in the Senate to Calhoun. Then Hayne became mayor of Charleston and president of the Cincinnati and Charleston Railroad. Into the management of the company, which seemed at first to have a great future, he threw himself with much energy; and his death, which occurred while he was attending a convention connected with the enterprise, was a loss to the industrial interests of the state which throughout his life he had served as a devoted and able son. His "Life and Speeches" appeared in 1845, and his speech against Webster has been several times separately edited for school use. See his nephew the poet Paul H. Hayne's "Lives of Robert Young Hayne and Hugh Swinton Legaré" (1878).]

WEBSTER *vs.* BENTON

[From the Speech in the Debate with Webster, on Foot's Resolution, delivered in the U. S. Senate, January 21, 1830.[1]]

Little did I expect to be called upon to meet such an argument as was yesterday urged by the gentleman from Massachusetts. Sir, I question no man's opinions; I impeach no man's motives; I charged no party, or State, or section of country with hostility to any other, but ventured, as I thought, in a becoming spirit, to put forth my own sentiments in relation to a great national question of public policy. Such was my course. The gentleman from Missouri (Mr. Benton), it is true, had charged upon the Eastern States an early and continued hostility towards the West, and referred to a number of historical facts and documents in support of that charge. Now, sir, how have these different arguments been met? The honorable gentleman from Massachusetts, after deliberating a whole night upon his course, comes into this chamber to vindicate New England; and instead of making up his issue with the gentleman from Missouri, on the charges which *he had preferred*, chooses to consider me as the author of those charges, and losing sight entirely of that gentleman, selects me as his adversary, and pours out all the phials of his mighty wrath upon my devoted head. Nor is he willing to stop there. He goes on to assail the institutions and policy of the South, and calls in question the principles and conduct of the State which I have the honor to represent. When I find a gentleman of mature age and experience, of acknowledged talents and profound sagacity, pursuing a course like this, declining the contest offered from the West, and making war upon the unoffending South, I must believe, I am bound to believe, he has some object in view which he has not ventured to disclose. Mr. President, why is this? Has the gentleman discovered in former controversies with the gentleman from Missouri, that he is overmatched by

[1] The text follows in the main a pamphlet entitled "Speeches of Messrs. Hayne and Webster, etc.," Hartford, 1850.

that senator? And does he hope for an easy victory over a more feeble adversary? Has the gentleman's distempered fancy been disturbed by gloomy forebodings of "new alliances to be formed," at which he hinted? Has the ghost of the murdered Coalition come back, like the ghost of Banquo, to "sear the eyeballs" of the gentleman, and will it not down at his bidding? Are dark visions of broken hopes, and honors lost forever, still floating before his heated imagination? Sir, if it be his object to thrust me between the gentleman from Missouri and himself, in order to rescue the East from the contest it has provoked with the West, he shall not be gratified. Sir, I will not be dragged into the defence of my friend from Missouri. The South shall not be forced into a conflict not its own. The gentleman from Missouri is able to fight his own battles. The gallant West needs no aid from the South to repel any attack which may be made on them from any quarter. Let the gentleman from Massachusetts controvert the facts and arguments of the gentleman from Missouri, if he can — and if he win the victory, let him wear the honors; I shall not deprive him of his laurels. . . .

THE FRIENDS AND THE ENEMIES OF THE UNION

[From the Same.]

Who, then, Mr. President, are the true friends of the Union? Those who would confine the Federal Government strictly within the limits prescribed by the Constitution; who would preserve to the States and the People all powers not expressly delegated; who would make this a Federal and not a National Union, and who, administering the government in a spirit of equal justice, would make it a blessing, and not a curse. And who are its enemies? Those who are in favor of consolidation; who are constantly stealing power from the States, and adding strength to the Federal Government; who, assuming an unwarrantable jurisdiction over the States and the People, undertake to regulate the whole industry and capital of the country. But, sir, of all descriptions of men, I consider those as the worst enemies of the Union,

who sacrifice the equal rights which belong to every member of the Confederacy to combinations of interested majorities for personal or political objects. But the gentleman apprehends no evil from the dependence of the States on the Federal Government; he can see no danger of corruption from the influence of money or of patronage. Sir, I know that it is supposed to be a wise saying that "patronage is a source of weakness;" and in support of that maxim it has been said that "every ten appointments makes a hundred enemies." But I am rather inclined to think, with the eloquent and sagacious orator now reposing on his laurels on the banks of the Roanoke,[1] that "the power of conferring favors creates a crowd of dependents;" he gave a forcible illustration of the truth of the remark, when he told us of the effect of holding up the savory morsel to the eager eyes of the hungry hounds gathered around his door. It mattered not whether the gift was bestowed on "Towzer" or "Sweetlips," "Tray," "Blanche," or "Sweetheart";[2] while held in suspense, they were all governed by a nod, and when the morsel was bestowed, the expectation of the favors of to-morrow kept up the subjection of to-day. . . .

THE SOUTH CAROLINA DOCTRINE

[From the Same.]

Thus it will be seen, Mr. President, that the South Carolina doctrine is the Republican doctrine of '98, — that it was promulgated by the fathers of the faith, — that it was maintained by Virginia and Kentucky in the worst of times, — that it constituted the very pivot on which the political revolution of that day turned, — that it embraces the very principles, the triumph of which, at that time, saved the Constitution at its last gasp, and which New England statesmen were not unwilling to adopt when they believed themselves to be the victims of unconstitutional legislation. Sir, as to the doctrine that the Federal Government is the exclusive judge of the extent as well as the limitations of its powers, it seems

[1] John Randolph. [2] See "King Lear," III, vi, 66.

to me to be utterly subversive of the sovereignty and independence of the States. It makes but little difference, in my estimation, whether Congress or the Supreme Court are invested with this power. If the Federal Government, in all, or any, of its departments, is to prescribe the limits of its own authority, and the States are bound to submit to the decision, and are not to be allowed to examine and decide for themselves when the barriers of the Constitution shall be overleaped, this is practically "a Government without limitation of powers." The States are at once reduced to mere petty corporations, and the people are entirely at your mercy. I have but one word more to add. In all the efforts that have been made by South Carolina to resist the unconstitutional laws which Congress has extended over them, she has kept steadily in view the preservation of the Union, by the only means by which she believes it can be long preserved — a firm, manly, and steady resistance against usurpation. The measures of the Federal Government have, it is true, prostrated her interests, and will soon involve the whole South in irretrievable ruin. But even this evil, great as it is, is not the chief ground for our complaints. It is the principle involved in the contest — a principle which, substituting the discretion of Congress for the limitations of the Constitution, brings the States and the people to the feet of the Federal Government, and leaves them nothing they can call their own. Sir, if the measures of the Federal Government were less oppressive, we should still strive against this usurpation. The South is acting on a principle she has always held sacred — resistance to unauthorized taxation. These, sir, are the principles which induced the immortal Hampden to resist the payment of a tax of twenty shillings. Would twenty shillings have ruined his fortune? No! but the payment of half twenty shillings, on the principle on which it was demanded, would have made him a slave. Sir, if acting on these high motives — if animated by that ardent love of liberty which has always been the most prominent trait in the Southern character, we should be hurried beyond the bounds of a cold and calculating prudence; who is there, with one noble and generous sentiment in his bosom, that would not be disposed, in the language of Burke, to exclaim, "You must pardon something to the spirit of liberty"?

SAM HOUSTON.[1]

[SAM HOUSTON was born of Scotch-Irish stock in Rockbridge County, Virginia, March 2, 1793, and died in Huntsville, Walker County, Texas, July 26, 1863. His people early moved to Tennessee, and there the boy mainly associated with the Cherokee Indians, by one of whom he was adopted. At twenty he enlisted in the army and served against the Creek Indians, winning by his bravery the commendations of Andrew Jackson. His connection with the army was honorably terminated after some trouble with the War Department about the smuggling of slaves into Florida. Then in 1818 he began to study law at Nashville, rose rapidly in his profession, and served two terms in Congress, during the latter of which he fought a duel. In 1827 he was elected governor of Tennessee and seemed a great favorite with the people. In 1829 he married, but soon separated from his wife for some mysterious reason. The public criticised him severely and he left the state, going to his Cherokee father and living with the Indians about three years. While he was on a visit to Washington connected with Indian affairs his integrity was assailed by a member of Congress whom Houston chastised severely. For this he was reprimanded and fined by the House of Representatives, but President Jackson remitted the fine. Then like other adventurous spirits he went to Texas, where in 1833 he was elected a member of the constitutional convention, as well as a general. Two years later he was made commander-in-chief of the Texan forces, and after the full declaration of independence by Texas, he met Santa Anna and the Mexicans — who were fresh from the capture of the Alamo and from the massacre at Goliad — on the banks of the San Jacinto, and inflicted on them the remarkable defeat described in the extract (April 21, 1836). Some troubles with the Texan authorities followed, and Houston went to New Orleans; but in October, 1836, after only twelve days' candidacy, he was elected President of Texas by a large majority. His term of two years was a successful one, as was also a second marriage made soon after. From December, 1841, to December, 1844, he was again President of Texas, having meanwhile served in the Texan Congress. He was fortunately strong enough to carry the new republic through many dangers, and finally, after some intrigues, annexation with the United States was secured at the end of 1845. From 1846 to 1859 he represented Texas in the Senate, being distinguished for his interest in Indian legislation, for his opposition to extreme Southern views, and for his general picturesqueness. He was even talked of for the Presidency. In 1859, after an unsuccessful candidacy, he was elected governor of

[1] Houston insisted upon being known as Sam, not Samuel.

Texas as an independent. As governor he opposed secession, and, when the state seceded, he refused to take a new oath of allegiance, with the result that he was deposed. But he would not accept the offer of troops to make war on Texas and, while regretting the action of the South, he stood by his section for the few years that were left him. As time has gone by, the importance of his career and the fine elements of his character have been more and more recognized, and he has been made the subject of several biographies. One, by the Rev. William C. Crane, late president of Baylor University (2 vols., 1884), gives, besides a fairly full account of Houston's life, his "Literary Remains," consisting of State Papers, Talks to Indian Chiefs, Letters and Documents, and Speeches, chiefly those delivered in the Senate. A careful biography by A. M. Williams (1893) should also be used by the student, as well as such books as the lawyer and soldier Colonel Henderson K. Yoakum's (1810–1856) "History of Texas" (1855–1856), and the recent "Texas," by Professor George P. Garrison in the "American Commonwealths" series (1903). Briefer biographies of Houston are those by Henry Bruce in the "Makers of America" series (1891), and by the novelist Miss Sarah Barnwell Elliott in the "Beacon Biographies" (1900).]

THE VICTOR'S DESCRIPTION OF THE BATTLE OF SAN JACINTO[1]

[From Houston's Report to David G. Burnet, (Provisional) President of the Republic of Texas, made from San Jacinto (April 25, 1836).]

At daylight we resumed the line of march, and in a short distance our scouts encountered those of the enemy, and we received information that General Santa Anna was at New Washington, and would that day take up the line of march for Anahuac, crossing at Lynch's Ferry. The Texan army halted within half a mile of the ferry, in some timber, and were engaged in slaughtering beeves, when the army of Santa Anna was discovered to be approaching in battle array, having been encamped at Clopper's Point, eight miles below. Disposition was immediately made of our forces, and preparation for his reception. He took a position with his infantry, and artillery in the centre, occupying an island of timber, his cavalry covering the left flank. The artillery, consisting of one double fortified medium brass twelve-pounder, then opened on

[1] The text is taken from the appendix to Yoakum's "History of Texas," Vol. II.

our encampment. The infantry, in column, advanced with the design of charging our lines, but were repulsed by a discharge of grape and canister from our artillery, consisting of two six-pounders. The enemy had occupied a piece of timber within rifle-shot of the left wing of our army, from which an occasional interchange of small arms took place between the troops, until the enemy withdrew to a position on the bank of the San Jacinto, about three-quarters of a mile from our encampment, and commenced fortification.

A short time before sunset, our mounted men, about eighty-five in number, under the special command of Colonel Sherman, marched out for the purpose of reconnoitring the enemy. While advancing, they received a volley from the left of the enemy's infantry, and, after a sharp rencounter with the cavalry, in which ours acted extremely well, and performed some feats of daring chivalry, they retired in good order, having had two men severely wounded, and several horses killed. In the meantime, the infantry under the command of Lieutenant-Colonel Millard, and Colonel Burleson's regiment, with the artillery, had marched out for the purpose of covering the retreat of the cavalry, if necessary. All then fell back in good order to our encampment about sunset, and remained without ostensible action until the 21st, at half-past three o'clock, taking the first refreshment which they had enjoyed for two days. The enemy in the meantime extended the right flank of their infantry, so as to occupy the extreme point of a skirt of timber on the bank of the San Jacinto, and secured their left by a fortification about five feet high, constructed of packs and baggage, leaving an opening in the centre of the breastwork, in which their artillery was placed, their cavalry upon their left wing.

About nine o'clock on the morning of the 21st, the enemy were reinforced by five hundred choice troops, under the command of General Cos, increasing their effective force to upwards of fifteen hundred men, while our aggregate force for the field numbered seven hundred and eighty-three. At half-past three o'clock in the evening, I ordered the officers of the Texan army to parade their respective commands, having in the meantime ordered the bridge on the only road communicating with the Brazos, distant eight

miles from our encampment, to be destroyed — thus cutting off all possibility of escape. Our troops paraded with alacrity and spirit, and were anxious for the contest. Their conscious disparity in numbers seemed only to increase their enthusiasm and confidence, and heightened their anxiety for the conflict. Our situation afforded me an opportunity of making the arrangements preparatory to the attack without exposing our designs to the enemy. The *first* regiment, commanded by Colonel Burleson, was assigned to the centre. The *second* regiment, under the command of Colonel Sherman, formed the left wing of the army. The artillery, under the special command of Colonel George W. Hockley, inspector-general, was placed on the right of the first regiment; and four companies of infantry, under the command of Lieutenant-Colonel Henry Millard, sustained the artillery upon the right. Our cavalry, sixty-one in number, commanded by Colonel Mirabeau B. Lamar[1] (whose gallant and daring conduct on the previous day had attracted the admiration of his comrades, and called him to that station), placed on our extreme right, completed our line. Our cavalry was first dispatched to the front of the enemy's left, for the purpose of attracting their notice, while an extensive island of timber afforded us an opportunity of concentrating our forces, and deploying from that point, agreeably to the previous design of the troops. Every evolution was performed with alacrity, the whole advancing rapidly in line, through an open prairie, without any protection whatever for our men. The artillery advanced and took station within two hundred yards of the enemy's breastwork, and commenced an effective fire with grape and canister.

Col. Sherman, with his regiment, having commenced the action upon our left wing, the whole line, at the centre and on the right, advancing in double-quick time, raised the war-cry, "*Remember the Alamo!*" received the enemy's fire, and advanced within point-blank shot, before a piece was discharged from our lines. Our line advanced without a halt, until they were in possession of the woodland and the enemy's breastwork — the right wing of Burleson's and the left wing of Millard's taking possession

[1] See p. 158.

of the breastwork ; our artillery having gallantly charged up within seventy yards of the enemy's cannon, when it was taken by our troops.

The conflict lasted about eighteen minutes from the time of close action until we were in possession of the enemy's encampment, taking one piece of cannon (loaded), four stand of colors, all their camp equipage, stores, and baggage. Our cavalry had charged and routed that of the enemy upon the right, and given pursuit to the fugitives, which did not cease until they arrived at the bridge which I have mentioned before — Captain Karnes, always among the foremost in danger, commanding the pursuers. The conflict in the breastwork lasted but a few moments ; many of the troops encountered hand to hand, and, not having the advantage of bayonets on our side, our riflemen used their pieces as war-clubs, breaking many of them off at the breech. The rout commenced at half-past four, and the pursuit by the main army continued until twilight. A guard was then left in charge of the enemy's encampment, and our army returned with their killed and wounded. In the battle, our loss was two killed and twenty-three wounded, six of them mortally. The enemy's loss was six hundred and thirty killed, among whom was one general officer, four colonels, two lieutenant-colonels, five captains, twelve lieutenants ; wounded two hundred and eight, of which were five colonels, three lieutenant-colonels, two second lieutenant-colonels, seven captains, one cadet ; prisoners seven hundred and thirty — President-General Santa Anna, General Cos, four colonels, aides to General Santa Anna, and the colonel of the Guerrero battalion, are included in the number. General Santa Anna was not taken until the 22d, and General Cos yesterday, very few having escaped. About six hundred muskets, three hundred sabres, and two hundred pistols, have been collected since the action. Several hundred mules and horses were taken, and nearly twelve thousand dollars in specie.

For several days previous to the action, our troops were engaged in forced marches, exposed to excessive rains, and the additional inconvenience of extremely bad roads, badly supplied with rations and clothing ; yet, amid every difficulty, they bore up with cheer-

fulness and fortitude, and performed their marches with spirit and alacrity — there was no murmuring.

* * * * * * * * * * *

I have the honor of transmitting herewith a list of all the officers and men who were engaged in the action, which I respectfully request may be published, as an act of justice to the individuals. For the commanding general to attempt discrimination as to the conduct of those who commanded in the action, or those who were commanded, would be impossible. Our success in the action is conclusive proof of their daring intrepidity and courage; every officer and man proved himself worthy of the cause in which he battled, while the triumph received a lustre from the humanity which characterized their conduct after victory, and richly entitles them to the admiration and gratitude of their general. Nor should we withhold the tribute of our grateful thanks from that Being who rules the destinies of nations, and has, in the time of greatest need, enabled us to arrest a powerful invader while devastating our country.

I have the honor, &c.,

SAM HOUSTON, *Commander-in-Chief.*

JOHN PENDLETON KENNEDY

[THE author of "Horse-Shoe Robinson" was born in Baltimore, October 25, 1795, and died in Newport, Rhode Island, August 18, 1870. Shortly after graduating at a local college, he fought against the British invaders of 1814 and then studied law. He was soon sent to the legislature and continued for the rest of his life to take interest in politics as well as in law and in literature, attaining greater success in the first and the last than is usual when energies are not concentrated on a single object. He was an earnest Whig, an advocate of protection, and in 1838, and for two terms thereafter, was elected to Congress. In 1852 he was made Secretary of the Navy under Fillmore, distinguishing himself by his encouragement of the expeditions of Commodore Perry and Dr. Kane. Meanwhile he had done his best work in literature with his story of Virginia life, "Swallow Barn" (1832), and his popular romance of the Revolution in the South, "Horse-Shoe Robinson" (1835). "Rob of

the Bowl," a romance of colonial Maryland, appeared in 1838, and a not very effective political satire, "Annals of Quodlibet" in 1840. Much better than these was his "Memoirs of the Life of William Wirt," in two volumes, 1849, revised in 1850 — one of the best of the older biographies. Later writings such as "Mr. Ambrose's Letters on the Rebellion" — Kennedy was a stanch upholder of the Union during the Civil War — and an account of his travels in Europe did not add to his reputation. He was a public-spirited citizen, and was specially interested in the Peabody Institute of Baltimore. His "Swallow Barn" and "Horse-Shoe Robinson," though owing not a little to the work of Irving and Cooper, deserve to be remembered as good in themselves, especially as giving faithful pictures of the scenes they describe. "Horse-Shoe Robinson," the hero of which was known by Kennedy in the flesh, is, indeed, one of the best romances of the Revolution, and is fully equal to any single one of Simms's series in the same field. It is likely, however, that the kindness Kennedy showed Poe, when the latter was a struggling author in Baltimore, will preserve his name better than many of the nine volumes into which his works were collected in 1870. His name is also associated with that of a great British writer on account of the story that Thackeray is said to have asked him to furnish a chapter for "The Virginians," and that Kennedy, in compliance, wrote the fourth chapter of the second volume, which describes scenery with which the Marylander was familiar. That Thackeray made some such proposal is clear, but that we actually read Kennedy's handiwork in "The Virginians" is at least very doubtful. A biography of Kennedy was added to the collected works of that writer by the critic Henry T. Tuckerman in 1871.]

AN OLD VIRGINIA ESTATE AND ITS MASTER

[From "Swallow Barn, or a Sojourn in the Old Dominion." Revised Edition, 1852.]

Swallow Barn is an aristocratical old edifice which sits, like a brooding hen, on the southern bank of the James River. It looks down upon a shady pocket or nook, formed by an indentation of the shore, from a gentle acclivity thinly sprinkled with oaks whose magnificent branches afford habitation to sundry friendly colonies of squirrels and woodpeckers.

This time-honored mansion was the residence of the family of Hazards. But in the present generation, the spells of love and mortgage have translated the possession to Frank Meriwether, who having married Lucretia, the eldest daughter of my late Uncle

Walter Hazard, and lifted some gentlemen-like incumbrances which had been sleeping for years upon the domain, was thus inducted into the proprietary rights. The adjacency of his own estate gave a territorial feature to this alliance, of which the fruits were no less discernible in the multiplication of negroes, cattle, and poultry, than in a flourishing clan of Meriwethers.

The main building is more than a century old. It is built with thick brick walls, but one story in height, and surmounted by a double-faced or hipped roof, which gives the idea of a ship bottom upwards. Later buildings have been added to this, as the wants or ambition of the family have expanded. These are all constructed of wood, and seem to have been built in defiance of all laws of congruity, just as convenience required. But they form altogether an agreeable picture of habitation, suggesting the idea of comfort in the ample space they fill, and in their conspicuous adaptation to domestic uses.

The hall door is an ancient piece of walnut, which has grown too heavy for its hinges, and by its daily travel has furrowed the floor in a quadrant, over which it has an uneasy journey. It is shaded by a narrow porch, with a carved pediment upheld by massive columns of wood, somewhat split by the sun. An ample court-yard, inclosed by a semi-circular paling, extends in front of the whole pile, and is traversed by a gravel road leading from a rather ostentatious iron gate, which is swung between two pillars of brick surmounted by globes of cut stone. Between the gate and the house a large willow spreads its arched and pendent drapery over the grass. A bridal rack stands within the inclosure, and near it a ragged horse-nibbled plum-tree — the current belief being that a plum-tree thrives on ill usage — casts its skeleton shadow on the dust.

Some Lombardy poplars, springing above a mass of shrubbery, partially screen various supernumerary buildings at a short distance in the rear of the mansion. Amongst these is to be seen the gable end of a stable, with the date of its erection stiffly emblazoned in black bricks near the upper angle, in figures set in after the fashion of the work on a girl's sampler. In the same quarter a pigeon-box, reared on a post and resembling a huge tee-totum, is visible,

and about its several doors and windows a family of pragmatical pigeons are generally strutting, bridling, and bragging at each other from sunrise until dark.

Appendant to this homestead is an extensive tract of land which stretches some three or four miles along the river, presenting alternately abrupt promontories mantled with pine and dwarf oak, and small inlets terminating in swamps. Some sparse portions of forest vary the landscape, which, for the most part, exhibits a succession of fields clothed with Indian corn, some small patches of cotton or tobacco plants, with the usual varieties of stubble and fallow grounds. These are inclosed by worm fences of shrunken chestnut, where lizards and ground-squirrels are perpetually running races along the rails.

A few hundred steps from the mansion, a brook glides at a snail's pace towards the river, holding its course through a wilderness of laurel and alder, and creeping around islets covered with green mosses. Across this stream is thrown a rough bridge, which it would delight a painter to see; and not far below it an aged sycamore twists its roots into a grotesque framework to the pure mirror of a spring, which wells up its cool waters from a bed of gravel and runs gurgling to the brook. There it aids in furnishing a cruising ground to a squadron of ducks who, in defiance of all nautical propriety, are incessantly turning up their sterns to the skies. On the grass which skirts the margin of the spring, I observe the family linen is usually spread out by some three or four negro women, who chant shrill music over their wash-tubs, and seem to live in ceaseless warfare with sundry little besmirched and bow-legged blacks, who are never tired of making somersets, and mischievously pushing each other on the clothes laid down to dry.

Beyond the bridge, at some distance, stands a prominent object in the perspective of this picture, — the most venerable appendage to the establishment — a huge barn with an immense roof hanging almost to the ground, and thatched a foot thick with sun-burnt straw, which reaches below the eaves in ragged flakes. It has a singularly drowsy and decrepit aspect. The yard around it is strewed knee-deep with litter, from the midst of which arises a

long rack resembling a *chevaux de frise*,[1] which is ordinarily filled with fodder. This is the customary lounge of half a score of oxen and as many cows, who sustain an imperturbable companionship with a sickly wagon, whose parched tongue and drooping swingletrees, as it stands in the sun, give it a most forlorn and invalid character; whilst some sociable carts under the sheds, with their shafts perched against the walls, suggest the idea of a set of gossiping cronies taking their ease in a tavern porch. Now and then a clownish hobble-de-hoy colt, with long fetlocks and disordered mane, and a thousand burs in his tail, stalks through this company. But as it is forbidden ground to all his tribe, he is likely very soon to encounter a shower of corn-cobs from some of the negro men; upon which contingency he makes a rapid retreat across the bars which imperfectly guard the entrance to the yard, and with an uncouth display of his heels bounds away towards the brook, where he stops and looks back with a saucy defiance; and after affecting to drink for a moment, gallops away with a braggart whinny to the fields.

* * * * * * * * * * *

The master of this lordly domain is Frank Meriwether. He is now in the meridian of life — somewhere about forty-five. Good cheer and an easy temper tell well upon him. The first has given him a comfortable, portly figure, and the latter a contemplative turn of mind, which inclines him to be lazy and philosophical.

He has some right to pride himself on his personal appearance, for he has a handsome face, with a dark blue eye and a fine intellectual brow. His head is growing scant of hair on the crown, which induces him to be somewhat particular in the management of his locks in that locality, and these are assuming a decided silvery hue.

It is pleasant to see him when he is going to ride to the Court House on business occasions. He is then apt to make his appearance in a coat of blue broadcloth, astonishingly glossy, and with an

[1] "Pieces of timber traversed with spikes of iron, or of wood pointed with iron five or six feet long, used to defend a passage, stop a breach, form an obstacle to the advance of cavalry, etc. A similar contrivance is placed on the top of a wall to prevent persons from climbing over it." — *Century Dictionary*.

unusual amount of plaited ruffle strutting through the folds of a Marseilles waistcoat. A worshipful finish is given to this costume by a large straw hat, lined with green silk. There is a magisterial fulness in his garments which betokens condition in the world, and a heavy bunch of seals, suspended by a chain of gold, jingles as he moves, pronouncing him a man of superfluities.

[He is too lazy to try to go into politics, but did once make a pretence of studying law in Richmond, and is a somewhat autocratic justice of the peace.]

. . . Having in this way qualified himself to assert and maintain his rights, he came to his estate, upon his arrival at age, a very model of landed gentlemen. Since that time his avocations have had a certain literary tincture; for having settled himself down as a married man, and got rid of his superfluous foppery, he rambled with wonderful assiduity through a wilderness of romances, poems, and dissertations, which are now collected in his library, and, with their battered blue covers, present a lively type of an army of continentals at the close of the war, or a hospital of invalids. These have all, at last, given way to the newspapers — a miscellaneous study very attractive and engrossing to country gentlemen. This line of study has rendered Meriwether a most perilous antagonist in the matter of legislative proceedings.

A landed proprietor, with a good house and a host of servants, is naturally a hospitable man. A guest is one of his daily wants. A friendly face is a necessary of life, without which the heart is apt to starve, or a luxury without which it grows parsimonious. Men who are isolated from society by distance, feel these wants by an instinct, and are grateful for the opportunity to relieve them. In Meriwether the sentiment goes beyond this. It has, besides, something dialectic in it. His house is open to everybody, as freely almost as an inn. But to see him when he has had the good fortune to pick up an intelligent, educated gentleman, — and particularly one who listens well! — a respectable, assentatious stranger! — All the better if he has been in the Legislature, and better still, if in Congress. Such a person caught within the purlieus of Swallow Barn, may set down one week's entertainment as certain — inevitable, and as many more as he likes — the more

the merrier. He will know something of the quality of Meriwether's rhetoric before he is gone.

Then again, it is very pleasant to see Frank's kind and considerate bearing towards his servants and dependents. His slaves appreciate this, and hold him in most affectionate reverence, and, therefore, are not only contented, but happy under his dominion.

* * * * * * * * * * *

He is somewhat distinguished as a breeder of blooded horses; and, ever since the celebrated race between Eclipse and Henry, has taken to this occupation with a renewed zeal, as a matter affecting the reputation of the state. It is delightful to hear him expatiate upon the value, importance, and patriotic bearing of this employment, and to listen to all his technical lore touching the mystery of horse-craft. He has some fine colts in training, which are committed to the care of a pragmatical old negro, named Carey, who, in his reverence for the occupation, is the perfect shadow of his master. He and Frank hold grave and momentous consultations upon the affairs of the stable, in such a sagacious strain of equal debate, that it would puzzle a spectator to tell which was the leading member of the council. Carey thinks he knows a great deal more upon the subject than his master, and their frequent intercourse has begot a familiarity in the old negro which is almost fatal to Meriwether's supremacy. The old man feels himself authorized to maintain his positions according to the freest parliamentary form, and sometimes with a violence of asseveration that compels his master to abandon his ground, purely out of faint-heartedness. Meriwether gets a little nettled by Carey's doggedness, but generally turns it off in a laugh. I was in the stable with him, a few mornings after my arrival, when he ventured to expostulate with the venerable groom upon a professional point, but the controversy terminated in its customary way. "Who sot you up, Master Frank, to tell me how to fodder that 'ere cretur, when I as good as nursed you on my knee?"

"Well, tie up your tongue, you old mastiff," replied Frank, as he walked out of the stable, "and cease growling, since you will have it your own way," — and then, as we left the old man's

presence, he added, with an affectionate chuckle — "a faithful old cur, too, that snaps at me out of pure honesty; he has not many years left, and it does no harm to humor him!"

* * * * * * * * * * *

A COMBINATION OF VULCAN AND MARS

[From "Horse-Shoe Robinson: A Tale of the Tory Ascendency." Revised Edition, 1852.]

Galbraith Robinson was a man of altogether rougher mould. Nature had carved out, in his person, an athlete whom the sculptors might have studied to improve the Hercules. Every lineament of his body indicated strength. His stature was rather above six feet; his chest broad; his limbs sinewy, and remarkable for their symmetry. There seemed to be no useless flesh upon his frame to soften the prominent surface of his muscles; and his ample thigh, as he sat upon horseback, showed the working of its texture at each step, as if part of the animal on which he rode. His was one of those iron forms that might be imagined almost bullet proof. With all these advantages of person, there was a radiant, broad, good nature upon his face; and the glance of a large, clear, blue eye told of arch thoughts, and of shrewd, homely wisdom. A ruddy complexion accorded well with his sprightly, but massive features, of which the prevailing expression was such as silently invited friendship and trust. If to these traits be added an abundant shock of yellow, curly hair, terminating in a luxuriant queue, confined by a narrow strand of leather cord, my reader will have a tolerably correct idea of the person I wish to describe.

Robinson had been a blacksmith at the breaking out of the Revolution, and, in truth, could hardly be said to have yet abandoned the craft; although of late, he had been engaged in a course of life which had but little to do with the anvil, except in that metaphorical sense of hammering out and shaping the rough, iron independence of his country. He was the owner of a little farm in the Waxhaw settlement, on the Catawba, and having pitched his habitation upon a promontory, around whose base the

Waxhaw creek swept with a regular but narrow circuit, this locality, taken in connection with his calling, gave rise to a common prefix to his name throughout the neighborhood, and he was therefore almost exclusively distinguished by the sobriquet of Horse-Shoe Robinson. This familiar appellative had followed him into the army.

The age of Horse-Shoe was some seven or eight years in advance of that of Butler[1] — a circumstance which the worthy senior did not fail to use with some authority in their personal intercourse, holding himself, on that account, to be like Cassius, an elder, if not a better soldier. On the present occasion, his dress was of the plainest and most rustic description: a spherical crowned hat with a broad brim, a coarse grey coatee of mixed cotton and wool, dark linsey-woolsey trowsers adhering closely to his legs, hob-nailed shoes, and a red cotton handkerchief tied carelessly round his neck with a knot upon his bosom. This costume, and a long rifle thrown into the angle of the right arm, with the breech resting on his pommel, and a pouch of deer-skin, with a powder horn attached to it, suspended on his right side, might have warranted a spectator in taking Robinson for a woodsman, or hunter from the neighboring mountains.

HUGH SWINTON LEGARÉ

[HUGH SWINTON LEGARÉ (pronounced *Leh-greé*) was born of mingled French Huguenot and Scotch stock at Charleston, South Carolina, January 2, 1797, and died at Boston, June 20, 1843. When he was a small boy he was inoculated with the small-pox, and as a result became desperately ill. His limbs were affected and, after he attained his growth, he presented the spectacle of a man with a fine, large head and chest and very short legs. He was unable to take physical exercise, and from his youth became a lover of books. He also nursed the ambition of making himself an orator. He studied hard both in Charleston and at Dr. Waddell's school at Willington in the Abbeville District (see p. 116). He entered South Carolina College at fourteen,

[1] Captain Arthur Butler, who holds a brevet of major in the Continental army, is the technical hero of the romance, that is, he is the lover of the attractive heroine, Mildred Lindsay.

and showed himself to be a remarkable student, especially of the classics, of French and Italian, and of the masters of English prose and verse. It is easy to perceive from his writings that his knowledge of literature and history was so broad and deep as fairly to be called astonishing, and that few if any other American public men of his day or since can be said to have had such a foundation of culture on which to build. He graduated in 1814 and returned to Charleston, where he studied law. Then he spent two years in Europe, studying for some time both in Paris and in Edinburgh, gradually specializing upon the civil law in which he later became very learned. At Edinburgh he formed a friendship with George Ticknor of Massachusetts, who, with Legaré and a Virginian friend of both, Francis Walker Gilmer (see pp. 68, 79), may be taken to represent at their best the aspirations and attainments of the scholarly Americans who came to manhood about the time of the second war with England. It was the fortune of Ticknor to accomplish in his great "History of Spanish Literature" a scholarly task of permanent value. His Southern friends were cut off early and did not concentrate their efforts; hence they do not live by their works, but they deserve remembrance for their abilities and their ideals. In 1820 Legaré returned to Charleston with his friend, William C. Preston (1794–1860), afterward the distinguished orator and senator and the president of South Carolina College. For the next ten years he was in the legislature with but a slight intermission, and then in 1830 he was made attorney-general of the state. His advance was perhaps checked by the fact that he was overeducated for the work he had to do and for the field of his labors. At the beginning of 1828, however, he established *The Southern Review* in collaboration with the botanist, Stephen Elliott, and in that able quarterly he found an outlet for his scholarly activities. Legaré contributed long and solid reviews, such as that on Moore's "Byron," from which an extract is given, and that on the Charleston *littérateur*, William Crafts. He served as editor for a period and secured good contributors, but the times were not propitious, and four years saw the end of a brilliant enterprise. In 1832 he was given by Edward Livingston, then Secretary of State, an opportunity to continue his studies in the civil law. Legaré accepted the offer of the position of *chargé d'affaires* at Brussels, both because study was a passion with him, and because his opposition to the Nullification movement had interfered with his political advancement in South Carolina. He remained abroad four years, and his Diary, his Journal, and his Letters show that he not only added greatly to his stores of knowledge, especially in German, but mingled freely with interesting people and utilized his opportunities for travel. He returned to America at the end of 1836 and was persuaded to run for Congress. After securing his seat with little effort, he made a reputation for himself as a debater; but on account of his opposition to the subtreasury scheme he was defeated at the next election, the influence of Calhoun being against him. Then he distinguished himself in several important law cases in Charleston, made a series of speeches throughout the country in favor

of the election of Harrison (1840), and did his most mature writing in three articles contributed to *The New York Review* on Demosthenes, the Athenian Democracy, and the Roman Law. In 1841 President Tyler made him Attorney-General, and, after the withdrawal of Webster from the Cabinet, Legaré discharged for some months the duties of Secretary of State, winning additional reputation at a juncture of our politics in which it was very difficult to avoid censure. Domestic bereavements and his own ill health clouded his life, however, and it was not his fortune to be able to throw the weight of his matured character and learning on the side of conservatism in the South and in the nation. While attending with the President the Bunker Hill celebration in Boston he was taken ill and died in the house of his friend Ticknor. In 1846 two volumes of his "Writings," edited by his sister, were published in Charleston. This work contained a memoir which doubtless exaggerated in a pardonable fashion his learning and his oratorical gifts, but it also gave, along with his writings, proof of his fine character and remarkable attainments. The poet Hayne, in 1878, published a sketch of him together with one of Robert Y. Hayne, and two articles dealing with his career were contributed by Dr. Burr J. Ramage to *The Sewanee Review* for January and April, 1902; but on the whole surprisingly little has been written about him, in view of the fact that he represents a combination of scholar and public man exceedingly rare in the annals of America.]

BYRON AND SCOTT

[From "Writings of Hugh Swinton Legaré," etc., 1846, Vol. II. "Lord Byron's Character and Writings."]

On the other hand, there was, amidst all its irregularities, something strangely interesting, something, occasionally, even grand and imposing in Lord Byron's character and mode of life. His whole being was, indeed, to a remarkable degree, extraordinary, fanciful and fascinating. All that drew upon him the eyes of men, whether for good or evil — his passions and his genius, his enthusiasm and his woe, his triumphs and his downfall — sprang from the same source, a feverish temperament, a burning, distempered, insatiable imagination; and these, in their turn, acted most powerfully upon the imagination and the sensibility of others. We well remember a time — it is not more than two lustres[1] ago — when we could never think of him ourselves but as an ideal being — a creature, to use his own words, "of loneliness and mystery"

[1] Ten years.

— moving about the earth like a troubled spirit, and even when in the midst of men, not *of* them. The enchanter's robe which he wore seemed to disguise his person, and, like another famous sorcerer and sensualist —

> . . . he hurled
> His dazzling spells into the spungy air,
> Of pow'r to cheat the eye with blear illusion
> And give it false presentments.[1]

It has often occurred to us, as we have seen Sir Walter Scott diligently hobbling up to his daily task in the Parliament House at Edinburgh, and still more when we have gazed upon him for hours seated down at his clerk's desk, with a countenance of most demure and business-like formality, to contrast him, in that situation, with the only man, who had not been, at the time, totally overshadowed and eclipsed by his genius. It was, indeed, a wonderful contrast! Never did two such men — competitors in the highest walks of creative imagination and deep pathos — present such a strange antithesis of moral character, and domestic habits and pursuits, as Walter Scott at home, and Lord Byron abroad.

A COURT DINNER

[From the Same. Vol. I. From a Letter to Legaré's Sisters, dated Brussels, March 24, 1833.]

At table, the fashion in Europe is not like yours, for the master of the house to sit at one *end*, and the mistress at the other. The place of honor is at the side and at the middle of the board. When I dined at Neuilly,[2] the queen sat on one side, and the king opposite to her on the other, but Leopold[3] and Louise are inseparable, at least at dinner, — and, judging from their most amiable characters and affectionate dispositions, I should suppose every where else. The Grand Marshal of the palace, here, always takes

[1] See "Comus," 153–156.

[2] The Château de Neuilly, just outside Paris, was the favorite residence of Louis Philippe.

[3] Leopold I (1790–1865), elected king of the Belgians in 1831. The next year he married the Princess Louise, daughter of Louis Philippe, king of the French.

his place opposite to their Majesties. And so it was on the occasion in question. On the right of the King sat the Queen of the French, on her right the Queen of the Belgians, next to her the Duke of Orleans, next the Duchess d'Arenberg, next Count de Latour Maubourg, etc., etc. On the *left* of the King was the Princess Marie, next the English ambassador, etc. The Grand Marshal had on his right the Lady of Honor handed in by the Duke d'Arenberg, on whose right sat the Duke himself; on the left was Madame d'Hoogvorst, and next to her your humble servant, — so that I sat immediately opposite the Queen of the Belgians, whose sweet, modest face I am never tired of looking upon. The dinner was served with the highest magnificence of the Court, — the crowd of servants in waiting being decked out in their most showy liveries, (scarlet and gold for some, while others wore a more modest uniform, with swords at their sides,) — and the table itself covered with gold and silver, and, at the dessert, with *Sèvres* china. — This last, which is the most beautiful painted china, manufactured near Paris, at a cost of 300 francs (sixty dollars) a *plate*, was a bridal present to the queen from her father. A grand band of music played the most fashionable and admired pieces of the great German and Italian masters, at intervals during the dinner, — which, in all other respects, went off just as Court dinners always do, with the gravest decorum, — a conversation confined to two, — with no variety except an occasional change from right to left, when one or the other of your neighbors, as it happens, is *run out* of small talk, and carried on, of course, in a sort of whisper. Certainly, however, it must be confessed that a vast table, covered with so much magnificence, and surrounded by ladies and gentlemen, — the former sparkling with diamonds, the latter all in Court embroidery, — presents a very brilliant *coup d'œil*.[1] I was never before so much struck with the effect of precious stones in a lady's toilette, as with the richly-coloured beams of light that glittered about the neck and head of the Duchess d'Arenberg, — a very fine woman, about thirty-five, who was arrayed in more than the glory of Solomon. The *worst* of a dinner at Court is that, after having got through the tedious formalities of the reception and

[1] Spectacle — covered by a "sweep of the eye."

the *execution*, (they endure a couple of hours or so,) the whole company is marched back into the *salle de reception*, where coffee is served with *liqueurs*, and *there* are sometimes kept *standing* (for none but the ladies who take their places at the queen's round table after dinner, in the middle of the room, are allowed to sit) sometimes for another hour, or hour and a half. For me, whose habit is and always has been, if possible, to stretch myself off at full length upon a sofa, or, at least, recline quite at my ease after dinner, this part of my diplomatic duties — aggravated, as it is, by being buttoned up close in a uniform coat made last summer, when I was by no means in such good case as I am now — is quite a serious task.

EXPENSIVE LIVING

[From the Same. Vol. I. From "Diary of Brussels," Entry of June 25, 1833.]

. . . See Lady Wm. Paget, who comes up to me and expresses her regrets that she was not in when I called yesterday to give her an *airing;* begs I will advertise her in the morning, whenever I have such intentions. Hear Mrs. Northey has been excessively ill of the *grippe;*[1] leave my card and condolence. At dinner, in a very ill humor at the whole economy of my house. Excess immeasurable when I am alone, — stinted and bad fare when I have company; and that, when the most costly things are in the *garde-manger*,[2] they are reserved for the *gouter*[3] of my servants and their friends. Confound the whole race, — they torment me to death. Call for my butcher's book, which I have not seen for three weeks, during which time I have dined out at least twelve days, find what has been supplied this month already amounts to 185 or 190 lbs. of meat! and that for four *mouths* in twenty-five days, and some *bouillon* the night of my party. Can't stand this.

[1] One of the earliest instances of the use of this word in English.
[2] Larder.
[3] A lunch or light repast.

FRANCIS LISTER HAWKS

[Francis Lister Hawks was born at Newbern, North Carolina, June 10, 1798, and died in New York City, September 26, 1866. He graduated at the University of North Carolina in 1815, and then studied law and practised with great success. He also took a hand in politics and was a popular speaker. But feeling that a secular life was not for him, he turned to the Episcopal Church, and, after studying theology, he was ordained deacon and priest and took a charge in New Haven, Connecticut (1827). From this time, with the exception of two short periods, he was a resident of the North; but his love for his native state is fully illustrated in his labors on the colonial history of North Carolina. His life was a very busy one, and only a few of his charges and his literary undertakings can be enumerated here. In 1831 he was called to New York, where, as rector of St. Thomas's Church, he was noted for his eloquent sermons. He remained in this charge until 1843, when he removed to Mississippi on account of debts incurred through the failure of a school in which he was interested. Meanwhile he had refused a bishopric, had been made historiographer[1] of his church, in which capacity he had issued two volumes of ecclesiastical history dealing with Virginia and Maryland,[2] and had founded[3] *The New York Review*, a solid quarterly which ran for six years (1837–1843). Among its contributors, besides Dr. Hawks, were two distinguished Southerners, Hugh S. Legaré (*q.v.*) and Edgar Allan Poe (*q.v.*). In 1844 Dr. Hawks was elected bishop of Mississippi, but in view of unjustified criticism of his financial troubles he declined the position. The same year he took charge of Christ Church, New Orleans, where he remained until 1849,[4] when he returned to New York and began another and a successful pastorate. In 1852 he declined to be bishop of Rhode Island and, in 1859, to be professor of history in his alma mater. Sympathizing with the South, he served a parish in Baltimore from 1862 to 1865, then returned to New York to a new congregation, and died shortly afterward. He was the editor of many works of a historical and biographical character, as well as the author of numerous

[1] This post involved many months of research in England in 1836.

[2] On page 72 the names of several writers on the ecclesiastical history of the South are given. To these should be added that of Dr. Frederick Dalcho (1770–1836), who left medicine for the ministry and in 1820 published an important "Historical Account of the Protestant Episcopal Church in South Carolina."

[3] In connection with the Rev. Dr. C. S. Henry. Dr. Hawks's most important article was a hostile and widely criticised one on Jefferson.

[4] He also served as first president of the University of Louisiana.

articles; and while his original historical works have not escaped censure, he deserves an honorable place among the scholars of the ante-bellum period, without whose labors the task of modern historians would have been far more onerous. A "Memorial Volume" containing a sketch of Dr. Hawks by the Rev. Dr. N. S. Richardson was published in 1867.]

COLONIAL PIRACY

[From "History of North Carolina." 1858.]

Nor was that day, any more than later times, free from the depredations of piracy. Indeed, the state of affairs in the early history of the colonies seems rather to have favored the operations of the sea-robber. The sparse population of the country afforded but few, and often no spectators of the secluded coves and hiding-places in the West Indies, and on the extended coast of the continent; while the laxity of supervision and indifference of the mother country in the protection of her colonies, left the freebooters all the opportunity they could desire for successfully pursuing their lawless calling. We read of pirates in the early history alike of New York, Pennsylvania, Delaware, Virginia, Carolina, and the West Indies.

This nefarious business appears to have commenced early on the Atlantic coast of America. A privateer, or rather pirate, called the Royal Jamaica manned by forty seamen, arrived off the coast of South Carolina some time in the year 1691–2. This vessel had been engaged in robbery with great success, and brought into the country a large amount of Spanish gold and silver. By their money and freedom of intercourse with the inhabitants, the freebooters made themselves popular; and though the proprietors directed Ludwell, their governor, rigidly to enforce the English laws against piracy, yet such was the feeling of the people that a trial even was difficult, and a conviction almost impossible. Most of the pirates escaped punishment, purchased lands from the colonists, and became permanent inhabitants of the country.

Such a paradise for villains was sure to invite them. In 1699, a motley gang of English, French, Portuguese, and

Indians, to the number of forty-five, manned a ship at Havana, and commenced their piratical career. They came upon the coast of South Carolina and began their murders and robberies. It so chanced that at that time the southern colony was exporting large quantities of rice, and several vessels from Charleston were seized by these thieves, and retained as prizes, after sending their crews on shore. However agreeable it might have been, at an earlier day, to countenance these villains when they stole from others and shared the plunder with the inhabitants of South Carolina, these latter took a very different view of piracy when they were made its victims. Accordingly, when, on a quarrel among the freebooters, the English were turned adrift in a boat, and landing on the coast, travelled over land to Charleston, they were recognized by three ship-masters out of that port who had been robbed by them, and on their testimony seven out of nine were hanged.

During the administration of Gov. Craven in South Carolina, which commenced in 1710, the trade of that colony had very much increased, and was carried on chiefly in British ships. The lords proprietors had leased their property in the Bahama Islands to a company of merchants who found it unprofitable, and consequently gave it but little attention. This combination of circumstances was too favorable to be overlooked by the pirates.

European wars prevented the English government from suppressing piracy on our coast; the lords proprietors were unwilling or unable to encounter the expense; the colonists could but partially put down the evil; the island of Providence in the Bahamas was looked after by neither owners nor lessees, and formed a most convenient place for head-quarters. These circumstances were too propitious to be left unimproved. Making the Bahamas their chief rendezvous, a body of desperate villains were accustomed to push out on the ocean, or cruise in the Gulf of Mexico, and commit their depredations on commerce. For five years they held their robber reign, and plundered and took the vessels of every nation without distinction, *hostes humani generis*.[1] They had their hiding-places all along the coast

[1] Enemies of the human race.

of both Carolinas. On our coast, they took their prizes into the mouth of Cape Fear River, which was a rendezvous second only in importance to Providence, and sometimes into Ocracoke and our harbor of Beaufort. Their success naturally allured companions, and they became an organized body of buccaneers, too strong to be handled by any inconsiderable power. They were ultimately dislodged from Providence by Capt. Wood[e]s Rogers,[1] commanding a squadron of the British navy.

But after the suppression of those on the island of Providence, the pirates of Carolina still remained. The king, on the application of the merchants and ship-masters, had issued a proclamation offering pardon to all who, within twelve months, would surrender themselves. When Rogers appeared at Providence with a force for their suppression, all the pirates, with the exception of some ninety, headed by one Vane, took advantage of the proclamation. Of these, thirty made the Cape Fear their head-quarters (the plantations in that region, made by Yeaman's colony long before, having been for some years abandoned), and committed large depredations, especially on the commerce of Charleston. There was a private sloop of ten guns, commanded by Steed Bonnet, and another of six, commanded by Richard Worley. The colonists despairing of, or at least not receiving any aid to put them down, resolved to take the matter into their own hands. Accordingly, Governor Robert Johnson of South Carolina fitted out two sloops, and gave the command of them to Col. William Rhett, with orders to cruise off the coast for the protection of trade. Rhett had scarcely crossed the bar, when he spied Bonnet's vessel, which he chased into the mouth of the Cape Fear and captured, and returned to Charleston with his prize, bringing as prisoners the commander and about thirty of

[1] There seems to be little need to annotate all the proper names in this and similar extracts, but Captain Woodes Rogers (1665–1732) ought not to be passed over, since it was he who commanded the ships that rescued Alexander Selkirk in 1709. He gave an account of this rescue and his voyage in a "Narrative of a Cruise around the World" (1712) which Defoe probably used as the basis for "Robinson Crusoe," unless the story that Selkirk gave Defoe documents can be substantiated. The mention of Defoe reminds us that no one has given a better idea of the life led by the sailors and buccaneers of the time than that great novelist in several of his books.

his crew. Soon after, the governor himself embarked in pursuit of Worley, and, after a desperate engagement off the bar of Charleston, in which all the pirates were killed, except Worley and one of his crew (who would not surrender until they were dangerously wounded), came into the harbor with his prize, and these two desperadoes as prisoners. For fear they might die before they could be hanged, they were instantly tried and executed. Bonnet and his crew were also tried, and, with the exception of one man, paid the penalty of their crimes on the gallows.[1]

MIRABEAU BUONAPARTE LAMAR

[MIRABEAU BUONAPARTE LAMAR was a member of a Huguenot family well known in Georgia and Mississippi, especially in the latter state through the public services of the late Senator Lucius Quintus Cincinnatus Lamar (*q.v.*), a nephew of the man of action and poet with whom we have to deal. Mirabeau Lamar — whose Christian name, as well as that of his nephew, would seem to throw light on the political ideals of the family — was born in Louisville, Georgia, August 16, 1798, and died in Richmond, Texas, December 19, 1859. He was a farmer and merchant until he was thirty, when he became an editor and politician, achieving local distinction by his political writings. In 1835 he emigrated to Texas, joined the revolutionists, and fought at San Jacinto.[2] He was made a member of the cabinet, later first vice-president, and from 1838 to 1841 president of the Texan republic. He was specially interested in public education and in the suppression of political corruption, and was noted for his eloquence, his courage, and his outspoken honesty. When the Mexican War broke out, he joined Taylor's army, and later commanded a company of Texan rangers and kept the Indians in check. His next public services were diplomatic and were rendered a decade later, when he was minister to Argentina (1857), Costa Rica, and Nicaragua (1858). Just before he accepted his first post, he published a volume of "Verse Memorials"[3] (1857), and while

[1] See in connection with this whole subject, Shirley C. Hughson's "Carolina Pirates and Colonial Commerce" in the "Johns Hopkins University Studies in Historical and Political Science" (1894).

[2] See p. 138.

[3] This volume is probably the most extraordinary repository of extempore effusions addressed by a gallant gentleman to lovely ladies to be found in the whole range of our literature. The belles of nearly every important Georgia town and of the chief cities of the other Southern states are celebrated in easy stanzas, and Mexican beauties and Northern poetesses are not neglected. Byron is obviously

his name is naturally familiar to all interested in the history of Texas, it is as the genuine, if minor, poet, who wrote the lilting and sparkling stanzas entitled, "The Daughter of Mendoza," that he most appeals to readers of the present day.]

THE DAUGHTER OF MENDOZA[1]

[From Mayes's "Lucius Q. C. Lamar: His Times and Speeches." 1896.]

O lend to me, sweet nightingale,
Your music by the fountains,
And lend to me your cadences,
O river of the mountains!
That I may sing my gay brunette,
A diamond spark in coral set,
Gem for a prince's coronet—
The daughter of Mendoza.

How brilliant is the morning star!
The evening star, how tender!
The light of both is in her eye,
Their softness and their splendor.
But for the lash that shades their light
They were too dazzling for the sight;
And when she shuts them, all is night—
The daughter of Mendoza.

O! ever bright and beauteous one,
Bewildering and beguiling,
The lute is in thy silvery tones,
The rainbow in thy smiling.

our poet's model — he actually wrote a somewhat Don-Juanish "Sally Riley" in two cantos — but in his encomiastic ebulliency Lamar owed little to any one but his genial Southern self. Not infrequently his verses suggest those of Edward Coate Pinckney (*q.v.*), and they certainly prove, especially those addressed to "Isabella" and "Carmelita," that "The Daughter of Mendoza" was no merely accidental success.

[1] Said to be the last poem Lamar wrote and inspired by a beautiful woman he met in Central America. See Mayes's "Lucius Q. C. Lamar," p. 17. Thanks are due to ex-Chancellor Mayes for permission to reprint the poem from his book.

And thine is, too, o'er hill and dell,
The bounding of the young gazelle,
The arrow's flight and ocean's swell —
Sweet daughter of Mendoza!

What though, perchance, we meet no more? —
What though too soon we sever?
Thy form will float like emerald light,
Before my vision ever.
For who can see and then forget
The glories of my gay brunette?
Thou art too bright a star to set —
Sweet daughter of Mendoza!

EDWARD COATE PINKNEY

[EDWARD COATE (or COOTE) PINKNEY was born October 1, 1802, in London, where his father, William Pinkney (1764–1822), the distinguished Maryland orator, lawyer, and diplomatist, was acting as Commissioner for the United States. The early years of the son were passed in England, but in 1811 his father brought him home to Baltimore, where he received at St. Mary's College an education which was cut short by his admission to the navy. He saw much of Europe and served for six years, resigning in 1822 on account of a quarrel with his commodore, with whom he wished to fight a duel.[1] Then he studied law and was admitted to the bar in 1824. This was the year of his marriage to Miss Georgiana McCausland, the lady to whom he is said to have addressed his charming lyric, "The Serenade."[2] His poetry was not attractive to clients, but the thin volume of 1825, "Rodolph, and Other Poems,"[3] though it showed plainly his indebtedness to Wordsworth and Byron, contained a few pieces, such as "A Health" and "A Picture-Song," which won him considerable praise throughout the country. He could not live on this, however, so he tried to join the Mexican navy, then engaged in the war of independence; but killing a Mexican in a duel, he was compelled to escape before he had an opportunity to enlist. After his return

[1] It is also said that he resigned on account of his father's death.

[2] It is sometimes stated that this poem and Pinkney's other love verses were inspired by a Baltimore belle, Miss Mary Hawkins, who did not return the poet's devotion.

[3] The title poem had been published anonymously in Baltimore in 1823.

to Baltimore, in a sad plight of poverty and sickness, he was given the unsalaried position of professor of rhetoric and belles-lettres in the University of Maryland. A few months before his death he was made editor of *The Marylander*, a paper established in the interests of John Quincy Adams. But his strength was worn out and he died in Baltimore on April 11, 1828. He had inherited in no small degree the talents of the family, — his uncle Ninian wrote a very popular book of travels descriptive of southern France, and his own brother Frederick was something of a poet, — and perhaps if he had lived longer and cultivated his art, he would have taken a very fair rank among American writers of verse. Even as it is, few American lyrists are surer of immortality than this author of two or three happily inspired songs. His poems were reissued in 1838; in 1844 they appeared in "The Mirror Library," with a notice by N. P. Willis, and in 1850, in Morris and Willis's "Prose and Poetry of Europe and America." See an article in *The Sewanee Review* for May, 1898, by the late Professor Charles Hunter Ross of Auburn, Alabama, himself a promising Southern scholar and writer prematurely cut off.]

ITALY

[From the Reprint of "Pinkney's Poems" in "The Mirror Library, The Rococo, No. 2." 1844.]

I

Know'st thou the land[1] which lovers ought to choose?
Like blessings there descend the sparkling dews;
In gleaming streams the crystal rivers run,
The purple vintage clusters in the sun;
Odours of flowers haunt the balmy breeze,
Rich fruits hang high upon the vernant[2] trees;
And vivid blossoms gem the shady groves,
Where bright-plumed birds discourse their careless loves.
Beloved! — speed we from this sullen strand
Until thy light feet press that green shore's yellow sand.

Look seaward thence, and naught shall meet thine eye
But fairy isles, like paintings on the sky;

1 Cf. Goethe's "Kennst du das Land," Mignon's song in "Wilhelm Meister," also Coleridge's fragmentary version, and the opening of Byron's "Bride of Abydos."

2 So in "The Mirror Library" edition, and in Duyckinck's "Cyclopædia of American Literature."

And, flying fast and free before the gale,
The gaudy vessel with its glancing sail;
And waters glittering in the glare of noon,
Or touched with silver by the stars and moon,
Or flecked with broken lines of crimson light
When the far fisher's fire affronts the night.
Lovely as loved! towards that smiling shore
Bear we our household gods, to fix for evermore.

It looks a dimple on the face of earth,
The seal of beauty, and the shrine of mirth;
Nature is delicate and graceful there,
The place's genius, feminine and fair:
The winds are awed, nor dare to breathe aloud;
The air seems never to have borne a cloud,
Save where volcanoes send to heaven their curled
And solemn smokes, like altars of the world.
Thrice beautiful! — to that delightful spot
Carry our married hearts, and be all pain forgot.

There Art too shows, when Nature's beauty palls,
Her sculptured marbles, and her pictured walls;
And there are forms in which they both conspire
To whisper themes that know not how to tire:
The speaking ruins in that gentle clime
Have but been hallowed by the hand of time,
And each can mutely prompt some thought of flame —
The meanest stone is not without a name.
Then come, beloved! — hasten o'er the sea
To build our happy hearth in blooming Italy.

A PICTURE-SONG

[From the Same.]

How may this little tablet feign the features of a face,
Which o'er-informs with loveliness its proper share of space;

Or human hands on ivory enable us to see
The charms, that all must wonder at, thou work of gods, in thee!

But yet, methinks, that sunny smile familiar stories tells,
And I should know those placid eyes, two shaded crystal wells;
Nor can my soul, the limner's art attesting with a sigh,
Forget the blood that deck'd thy cheek, as rosy clouds the sky.

They could not semble what thou art, more excellent than fair,
As soft as sleep or pity is, and pure as mountain-air;
But here are common, earthly hues, to such an aspect wrought,
That none, save thine, can seem so like the beautiful of thought.

The song I sing, thy likeness like, is painful mimicry
Of something better, which is now a memory to me,
Who have upon life's frozen sea arrived the icy spot
Where men's magnetic feelings show their guiding task forgot.

The sportive hopes, that used to chase their shifting shadows on,
Like children playing in the sun, are gone — forever gone;
And on a careless, sullen peace, my double-fronted mind,
Like Janus when his gates were shut, looks forward and behind.

Apollo placed his harp, of old, a while upon a stone,
Which has resounded since, when struck, a breaking harp-string's tone;[1]
And thus my heart, though wholly now, from early softness free,
If touch'd, will yield the music yet, it first received of thee.

SONG

[From the Same.]

We break the glass, whose sacred wine
To some beloved health we drain,
Lest future pledges, less divine,
Should e'er the hallowed toy profane;

[1] Cf. Ovid, *Metamorphoses*, VIII, 13 (Weber).

And thus I broke a heart, that poured
  Its tide of feeling out for thee,
In draughts, by after-times deplored,
  Yet dear to memory.

But still the old impassioned ways
  And habits of my mind remain,
And still unhappy light displays
  Thine image chambered in my brain,
And still it looks as when the hours
  Went by like flights of singing birds,
Or that soft chain of spoken flowers,
  And airy gems, thy words.

A SERENADE

[From the Same.]

Look out upon the stars, my love,
  And shame them with thine eyes,
On which, than on the lights above,
  There hang more destinies.
Night's beauty is the harmony
  Of blending shades and light;
Then, Lady, up, — look out, and be
  A sister to the night! —

Sleep not! — thine image wakes for aye,
  Within my watching breast:
Sleep not! — from her soft sleep should fly,
  Who robs all hearts of rest.
Nay, Lady, from thy slumbers break,
  And make this darkness gay,
With looks, whose brightness well might make
  Of darker nights a day.

A HEALTH[1]

[FROM THE SAME.]

I FILL this cup to one made up
  Of loveliness alone,
A woman, of her gentle sex
  The seeming paragon;
To whom the better elements
  And kindly stars have given
A form so fair, that, like the air,
  'Tis less of earth than heaven.[2]

Her every tone is music's own,
  Like those of morning birds,
And something more than melody
  Dwells ever in her words;
The coinage of her heart are they,
  And from her lips each flows
As one may see the burthened bee
  Forth issue from the rose.

Affections are as thoughts to her,
  The measures of her hours;
Her feelings have the fragrancy,
  The freshness, of young flowers;
And lovely passions, changing oft,
  So fill her, she appears
The image of themselves by turns,—
  The idol of past years!

[1] "Written in honor of Mrs. Rebecca Somerville, of Baltimore" (Weber).

[2] These lines recall the beautiful verses to be found in one of Pinkney's best poems, "The Indian Bride," which may be read in Duyckinck's "Cyclopædia":—

Exchanging lustre with the sun,
  A part of day she strays—
A glancing, living, human smile,
  On nature's face that plays.

Of her bright face one glance will trace
A picture on the brain,
And of her voice in echoing hearts
A sound must long remain;
But memory such as mine of her
So very much endears,
When death is nigh, my latest sigh
Will not be life's, but hers.

I fill this cup to one made up
Of loveliness alone,
A woman, of her gentle sex
The seeming paragon —
Her health! and would on earth there stood
Some more of such a frame,
That life might be all poetry,
And weariness a name.

SONG

Those starry eyes, those starry eyes,
Those eyes that used to be
Unto my heart as beacon-lights
To pilgrims of the sea! —

I see them yet, I see them yet,
Though long since quenched and gone —
I could not live enlumined by
The common sun alone.

Could they seem thus, could they seem thus,
If but a memory? —
Ah, yes! upon this wintry earth,
They burn no more for me.

CHARLES ÉTIENNE ARTHUR GAYARRÉ

[CHARLES ÉTIENNE ARTHUR GAYARRÉ, the well-known historian of Louisiana, was born in New Orleans, January 9, 1805, and died there February 11, 1895. He was educated in the city, early became conspicuous for his interest in law and in public affairs, studied law and was admitted to the bar in Philadelphia, and in 1830 began to practise in New Orleans. He rose rapidly both in his profession and in politics, and in 1835 was elected to the Senate of the United States. His health, however, prevented his taking his seat and forced him to spend several years in Europe. Returning in 1844, he became prominent again in state politics and devoted himself also to the history of colonial Louisiana. His first historical work was in French, "Histoire de la Louisiane" (1847). Then followed "Romance of the History of Louisiana" (1848); "Louisiana: its Colonial History and Romance" (1851); "Louisiana, its History as a French Colony" (1851–1852); and "History of the Spanish Domination in Louisana" (1854). In 1866 he gathered his work into a complete "History of Louisiana," in three volumes, bringing the narrative down to 1861, and in 1885 a final edition of this complete work appeared in four volumes. Meanwhile Judge Gayarré — for he had early been raised to the bench — had been secretary of state for the commonwealth, had sided heartily with the Confederate cause, and after the war had served as reporter to the state supreme court. He had also attempted lighter forms of literature, in addition to a biography of Philip II of Spain (1866). "Fernando de Lemos, Truth and Fiction" (1872), was a novel which, while not altogether successful as a whole, contained some interesting episodes and good descriptions of New Orleans. Ten years later he published a sequel, "Aubert Dubayet." He also tried his hand at satirizing politics in dramatic form, and delivered addresses and wrote articles. It is as the scholarly, authoritative, and interesting historian of Louisiana that he is, however, best remembered. The romantic character of much of his material and his literary skill raise him above the average local historian, and give him an honorable place among American writers.

See the biographical sketch by Miss Grace King (*q.v.*) prefixed to the recent edition of Gayarré's "History" (1903). Also Davidson's "Living Writers of the South" (1869) and Duyckinck's "Cyclopædia of American Literature" (revised edition), Vol. II, pp. 226–231. The poet Paul Hayne contributed two articles on Gayarré to the fifth volume of *The Southern Bivouac*. Professor Alcée Fortier of Tulane University, in a letter to the editor, says that he used to see every day the "Tree of the Dead" described in the extracts, but that it died many years ago.]

CHARACTERISTICS OF THE NATCHEZ AND OTHER SOUTHERN INDIANS

[From "Louisiana: its Colonial History and Romance," 1851. Third Lecture.]

The Indians were not free from some of those vices which are so prevalent among us, and which a high state of moral and intellectual cultivation has failed so far to eradicate. For instance, gamesters, although held in bad repute, were common among them; and there was one particular game which they preferred above all others. It could be played by two only; one darted a long pole, in the shape of a bishop's cross, and at the same time, before the pole fell to the ground, hurled down on its edge, in the same direction, a heavy circular stone in the shape of a wheel, while the other player also flung his pole. He whose pole was nearest to the stone when it stopped rolling, won a point, and had the throwing of both pole and stone, which was a great advantage, as he could measure their velocity so as to make them meet. As it is with us, the Indians generally began with playing for trifles, but when excited, they raised their stakes, and ended often by losing all their worldly possessions. Human nature is always the same at bottom, however modified it may be at the surface, whether it remains in the original nakedness of barbarism, or conceals itself under the varied garments of civilization.

The women also had their game, but it was a very innocent one, because they never staked anything for fear of offending their husbands. They played three by three, with three pieces of differently painted reeds, nine inches long, with one side flat and the other convex. One of the players held the three pieces in her open palm; one of the other players struck them with a small rod. They fell to the ground, and if two of the reeds had their convex sides up, it constituted the winning of a point. This certainly was a very sinless way for the Indian ladies of fashion to while away a wearisome hour.

The French, so famous for their politeness, were struck with the

innate courtesy of the Indians, and have expressed their admiration in pages which are now lying before us. If an Indian met a Frenchman, he went up to him, took and squeezed his hand, and with a gentle inclination of the head, exclaimed "*Is it thou, my friend?*" and if he had nothing to say worthy of utterance, he passed on without indulging in idle conversation — a proof of infinite good sense, and a thing well deserving of imitation.

Should an Indian overtake a Frenchman in walking, he never would pass before him, and would patiently follow behind at some distance. But if in a hurry, he would deviate from the path, take a long circuit so as to keep out of the stranger's sight, and come back to his direct way at a considerable distance ahead.

On their receiving a visit, they shook the visitor's hand, and after a few words of greeting, they invited him to sit down, generally on a bed used for this purpose. Then a profound silence was observed, until the visitor, after a few minutes of rest, thought proper to speak. After he had spoken, the wife of the person who was visited brought what victuals she might have ready, and her husband said to the visitor, "*eat.*" It was necessary to taste of every thing that was presented, otherwise it would have been looked upon as a demonstration of contempt or fastidiousness.

However numerous the Indians might be when they met to converse, there was but one who spoke at a time, and he was never interrupted. In their public councils, the greatest decorum prevailed, and each one in his turn, if he chose, addressed the meeting, which was composed of as good listeners as any orator might wish for. When a question had been discussed, and had to be put to the vote, a quarter of an hour was allowed for silent meditation, and then the sense of the assembly was taken. The impetuous volubility of the French was to them a matter of surprise; and they could not help smiling when they saw the French talk together with such vehement gesticulations, all of them speaking at the same time, and none of them listening. Le Page du Pratz relates with great simplicity of heart, that he had remarked the smile which flitted on the lips of the Indians on such occasions, and that for more than two years he had inquired of the Indians for the cause of it, without obtaining any other answer than this

one — "*What is it to thee? It does not concern thee.*" At last, one of them yielding to his solicitations, said, "My friend, do not be angry then, if I tell thee the truth, which by thy importunity is forced out of me. If we smile when we see the French talk together, it is because we are exceedingly amused, and because they put us in mind of a cackling flock of frightened geese."

THE TREE OF THE DEAD

[From the Same. Fourth Lecture.]

In a lot situated at the corner of Orleans and Dauphine streets, in the city of New Orleans, there is a tree which nobody looks at without curiosity and without wondering how it came there. For a long time, it was the only one of its kind known in the state, and from its isolated position, it has always been cursed with sterility. It reminds one of the warm climes of Africa or Asia, and wears the aspect of a stranger of distinction driven from his native country. Indeed, with its sharp and thin foliage, sighing mournfully under the blast of one of our November northern winds, it looks as sorrowful as an exile. Its enormous trunk is nothing but an agglomeration of knots and bumps, which each passing year seems to have deposited there as a mark of age, and as a protection against the blows of time and of the world. Inquire for its origin, and every one will tell you that it has stood there from time immemorial. A sort of vague but impressive mystery is attached to it, and it is as superstitiously respected as one of the old oaks of Dodona. Bold would be the axe that should strike the first blow at that foreign patriarch; and if it were prostrated to the ground by a profane hand, what native of the city would not mourn over its fall, and brand the act as an unnatural and criminal deed? So, long live the *date-tree* of Orleans-street — that time-honored descendant of Asiatic ancestors!

In the beginning of 1727, a French vessel of war landed at New Orleans a man of haughty mien, who wore the Turkish dress, and whose whole attendance was a single servant. He was received by the governor with the highest distinction, and was conducted

by him to a small but comfortable house with a pretty garden, then existing at the corner of Orleans and Dauphine streets, and which, from the circumstance of its being so distant from other dwellings, might have been called a rural retreat, although situated in the limits of the city. There the stranger, who was understood to be a prisoner of state, lived in the greatest seclusion; and although neither he nor his attendant could be guilty of indiscretion, because none understood their language, and although Governor Périer severely rebuked the slightest inquiry, yet it seemed to be the settled conviction in Louisiana, that the mysterious stranger was a brother of the Sultan, or some great personage of the Ottoman empire, who had fled from the anger of the vicegerent of Mohammed, and who had taken refuge in France. The Sultan had peremptorily demanded the fugitive, and the French government, thinking it derogatory to its dignity to comply with that request, but at the same time not wishing to expose its friendly relations with the Moslem monarch, and perhaps desiring, for political purposes, to keep in hostage the important guest it had in its hands, had recourse to the expedient of answering that he had fled to Louisiana, which was so distant a country that it might be looked upon as the grave, where, as it was suggested, the fugitive might be suffered to wait in peace for actual death, without danger or offence to the Sultan. Whether this story be true or not is now a matter of so little consequence that it would not repay the trouble of a strict historical investigation.

The year 1727 was drawing to its close, when on a dark, stormy night, the howling and barking of the numerous dogs in the streets of New Orleans were observed to be fiercer than usual, and some of that class of individuals who pretend to know everything, declared that, by the vivid flashes of the lightning, they had seen swiftly and stealthily gliding toward the residence of the *unknown* a body of men who wore the scowling appearance of malefactors and ministers of blood. There afterward came also a report that a piratical-looking Turkish vessel had been hovering a few days previous in the bay of Barataria. Be it as it may, on the next morning the house of the stranger was deserted. There were no traces of mortal struggle to be seen; but in the garden the earth

had been dug, and *there* was the unmistakable indication of a recent grave. Soon, however, all doubts were removed by an inscription in Arabic characters, which was affixed to a post, and which was sent to France to be deciphered.[1] It ran thus: "The justice of heaven is satisfied, and the date-tree shall grow on the traitor's tomb. The sublime Emperor of the faithful, the supporter of the faith, the omnipotent master and Sultan of the world, has redeemed his vow. God is great, and Mohammed is his prophet. Allah!" Some time after this event, a foreign-looking tree was seen to peep out of the spot where a corpse must have been deposited in that stormy night, when the rage of the elements yielded to the pitiless fury of man, and it thus explained in some degree this part of the inscription, "the date-tree shall grow on the traitor's grave."

Who was *he*, or what had *he* done, who had provoked such relentless and far-seeking revenge? Ask Nemesis, or — at that hour when evil spirits are allowed to roam over the earth, and magical invocations are made — go, and interrogate the tree of the dead.

MATTHEW FONTAINE MAURY

[MATTHEW FONTAINE MAURY was born of Huguenot stock in Spottsylvania County, Virginia, January 24, 1806, and died in Lexington, Virginia, February 1, 1873. He became a midshipman in 1825, took a cruise of the world, and was gradually promoted. In 1834 he published "Maury's Navigation," which was used as a naval text-book. In 1837 he became lieutenant and declined to be astronomer to the Wilkes expedition to the South Seas. Two years later he became lame through an accident, and was thus forced to confine himself to the theoretical side of his profession. He wrote many essays and papers,[2] which led both to naval reforms and to the founding of the Naval Academy at Annapolis. He took interest in canal and river navigation, particularly in connection with the Mississippi, as a highway of inland commerce. In 1842 he was made superintendent of the hydrographical work of the government and shortly after was given charge of the national observatory. This

[1] Later Gayarré substituted "a marble tablet" for the "post."

[2] Especially "Scraps from the Lucky-Bag" by "Harry Bluff," which appeared in *The Southern Literary Messenger*, and other articles in the same periodical.

gave him the opportunity he had long desired to prosecute his study of winds and currents, and of achieving results highly creditable to him, though scarcely, it appears, of permanent validity. His labors culminated, the year after he was made commander,[1] in the publication of his "Physical Geography of the Sea" (1856), which was widely translated. He was honored by many foreign governments, and was declared by Humboldt to be the founder of a new science. His varied and remarkable suggestions for the advancement of commerce culminated in his indication of how the Atlantic cable should be and finally was laid. When the Civil War came on, he gave his services to Virginia, refusing advantageous offers from foreign governments. He did go abroad, however, to conduct submarine experiments in the interest of the Confederacy. After the war he went to Mexico, for it was expected that many Confederates would flock thither, and there he entered the cabinet of the ill-fated Maximilian. Turned adrift by the fall of the emperor, Maury went to England, where he resided until 1868, when, after refusing Louis Napoleon's offer to place him at the head of the imperial observatory at Paris, he accepted the chair of physics in the Virginia Military Institute at Lexington. Here, patriotic to the last, he devoted himself to a study of the physical resources and needs of his native state. He is plainly the best known scientist produced by the Old South, and as his pen was constantly in use he deserves a place among important Southern writers.[2] Besides his "Physical Geography of

[1] Strictly speaking he was not advanced until 1858, but the appointment dated from 1855. For an account of his much resented treatment by the Naval Retiring Board see Mrs. Corbin's biography, Chapter VIII.

[2] It should not be thought that Maury was the only scientific student of eminence of whom the Old South can boast. The great ornithologist, John James Audubon (1780–1851), was born in New Orleans, and the wife who aided him so much in his labors on the famous "Birds of America" taught school, with his help, in Mississippi and Louisiana. He was assisted in his "Quadrupeds of America" by the Rev. John Bachman (1790–1874), who although not a native was long a resident of Charleston, South Carolina. The Charleston botanist, Stephen Elliott, has been already mentioned (see p. 69). The Le Contes were a family of scientists, two of the most famous of them, John and Joseph (1823–1901), having been born in Georgia and having respectively taught physics and geology there before they transferred their services before the war to South Carolina College at Columbia, and in 1869 to the University of California. Other names might easily be added; but those given, when considered in connection with the work of Maury and with that of many distinguished Southern born physicians and surgeons like Dr. James Marion Sims should suffice to show that, while the South for many reasons has not been a propitious field for scientific work, the reproach of sterility does not lie so heavily against the section as is often thought. These names, and especially that of Maury, also suggest how much the South and America at large owe to the admirable Huguenot stock which was forced by religious persecution to seek a home in the new world. In this connection see the interesting volume by Maury's cousin, Ann Maury (1805–1876), "Memoirs of a Huguenot Family" (1853), which gives, among other things, a translation of the autobiography of an ancestor, the Rev.

the Sea," Maury wrote a series of Geographies widely used in schools and a number of technical articles and books. The selection from his "Letters on the Amazon" illustrates well his interest in a branch of American commerce which half a century later was much in the public mind on account of the choice of the Panama route for an interoceanic canal. See the life by his daughter, Mrs. Corbin (London, 1888).]

FREE NAVIGATION OF THE AMAZON

[From "The Amazon and the Atlantic Slopes of South America." Washington, 1853.]

The policy of the United States is the "policy of commerce," and we do not wish to be on any terms with Brazil but those of peace and good-will. We buy now half of all her coffee, and coffee is her great staple. She is a good customer of ours too, and we value highly our present friendly relations with her; but as highly as we value them, we value still more the everlasting principles of right.

We want nothing exclusive up the Amazon; but we are nearer to the Amazon, or rather to the mouth of it, than any other nation, not even excepting Brazil herself, if we count the distance in *time*, and measure from Rio de Janeiro, and from New York or New Orleans as the centres of the two countries. And, therefore, it may well be imagined that this miserable policy by which Brazil has kept shut up, and is continuing to keep shut up, from man's — from Christian, civilized, enlightened man's — use the fairest portion of God's earth, will be considered by the American people as a nuisance, not to say an outrage.

China wants to trade with us, but Japan stands by the wayside, and shuts herself up and out of the world. She is not in the fellowship of nations, and we send a fleet[1] there to remind her that she cannot be in the world and live out of it at one and

James Fontaine, and the "Journal of John Fontaine," in the latter of which the reader will find interesting glimpses of Robert Beverley (*q.v.*), and an account of Governor Spotswood's expedition across the Blue Ridge. The "Letters of the Rev. James Maury," contained in the same book, give glimpses of Patrick Henry.

[1] Perry's expedition.

the same time. God has put the land she occupies on this earth, and she cannot take it away by her policy.

The five Spanish-American republics[1] want to trade up and down the Amazon; but Brazil, worse than Japan on the wayside, stands right in *the doorway*, and says, "Nay, I will neither use the Amazon myself, nor permit others to use it. That great up-country shall remain a social and a commercial blank to blot the face of the earth."

Is it the policy of the great commercial nations to permit that? No, it is no more their policy than a state of war, and not of peace, is their policy.

In fine, the people of this country cannot look with indifference at the policy Brazil has pursued, and seems disposed to continue to pursue, with regard to the Amazon.

She and her rulers have had it for 300 years, and the first practical step towards subduing it and developing its resources has yet to be taken.

Under these circumstances, it appears to me that Brazil, if she persist in her dog-in-the-manger policy with regard to the Amazon and the countries drained by it, runs some risk of getting up a discussion among the enlightened and commercial nations as to what her rights to the Amazon are, and whether they are not in danger of being forfeited by non-usage.

This certainly is the question of the day. The problem of the age is that of the free navigation of the Amazon and the settlement of the Atlantic slopes of South America. It is to draw after it consequences of the greatest importance, results of the greatest magnitude.

It is to stand out in after times, and among all the great things which this generation has already accomplished as *the* achievement, in its way, of the nineteenth century. The time will come when the free navigation of the Amazon will be considered by the people of this country as second in importance, by reason of its conservative effects, to the acquisition of Louisiana, if it be *second* at all; for I believe it is to prove the safety-valve of this

[1] Peru, Bolivia, Ecuador, New Granada (United States of Colombia), and Guiana.

Union. I will not press this view, or its bearings any further at this time; though I think statesmen will agree with me that this Amazonian question presents a bright streak to the far-seeing eye of the patriot. But while the free navigation, the settlement, and the cultivation, and the civilization of the Amazon is pregnant with such great things, it is an achievement which is not to be worked out by the hand of violence, nor is it to be accomplished by the strong arm of power. It is for science, with its lights; for diplomacy, with its skill; for commerce, with its influence; and peace, with its blessings, to bring about such a great result as would be the free navigation of the Amazon — the settlement and cultivation of the great Atlantic slopes of South America.[1]

WILLIAM GILMORE SIMMS

[William Gilmore Simms was born in Charleston, South Carolina, April 17, 1806, and died there, June 11, 1870. He came of Scotch-Irish stock, received but little education, and, although it was obvious from the first that he had literary ambitions, was early apprenticed to a druggist. When he was eighteen, he studied law, then took a journey to the Southwest to see his father, and on his return to Charleston published some juvenile poetry and married. When he was twenty-one, he was admitted to the bar, but in little over a year he abandoned this profession and helped to found a new magazine. This failing, he invested his small inheritance in a newspaper, which he edited in support of the Union during the Nullification crisis. In consequence he became unpopular, his office came near being mobbed, and his newspaper was transferred to other hands. Simms, whose young wife had died, now went North to try his fortunes, and at Hingham, Massachusetts, he wrote his elaborate poem "Atalantis, a Story of the Sea," which was published by the Harpers in 1832 and was an advance

[1] The Amazon was thrown open to navigation in 1867. The letters from which the extract is taken first appeared over the signature "Inca" in Washington newspapers. In 1850, in his "Inca Papers" in *The Southern Literary Messenger*, Maury suggested that "the valley of the Amazon should be used as an outlet and safety-valve for the surplus black and other population of the South" (Corbin's "Maury," p. 130). In 1851, largely because of Maury's advice, the Navy Department authorized an exploration of the Amazon and its tributaries by Maury's friend, Lieutenant William Lewis Herndon, who afterwards went down with his ship in a storm off Cape Hatteras in 1857. Herndon, who was a native of Virginia, wrote an account of his explorations (1853).

on his previous volumes of verse. Still remaining in the North, where he made such friends as Bryant, the young man in 1833 began what was destined to be his real vocation, that of the novelist. His first piece of fiction was the crude but strong "Martin Faber, the Story of a Criminal." In 1834 he made a sensation with "Guy Rivers," a romance of the Georgia gold fields, the first of a series of exciting "Border Romances," dealing with life in the far South and the Southwest. The next year he published "The Yemassee," a romance of colonial South Carolina and the Southern Indians, his most popular book; a few months later he began an important series of "Revolutionary Romances" with "The Partisan," in which he described with considerable power the turmoils of South Carolina during the days of Marion and Sumter. In 1836 he married again and then at his plantation Woodlands, near Barnwell, South Carolina, he settled down to a literary life, writing romances in the cooler months and visiting the North in the summer so as to be near his publishers. He had many visitors himself and delighted to play the part of a country gentleman. It would be tedious to enumerate all the volumes of poetry and fiction he produced between 1836 and 1860, or to give a list of the magazines he wrote for. No such prolific writer had been before produced by the South, and although his work was naturally uneven, it gave him a reputation throughout the country greater than that of any other Southern writer save Poe. In 1853 he gathered his poems into two volumes, and in 1854 a revised edition of his chief romances was issued, including the best of those already mentioned, and such subsequent stories as "Mellichampe" (1837), "The Kinsmen" (1841), afterward known as "The Scout," and "Katherine Walton" (1851). He also collected his short stories into two volumes entitled "The Wigwam and Cabin" (1845), and a little later gathered his critical essays and reviews, besides publishing biographies of Marion, Captain John Smith, the Chevalier Bayard, and General Nathanael Greene, as well as historical and geographical works and political pamphlets. He continued to produce books after the war, in fact, was never idle at any time; but only three romances of any consequence appeared after the publication of the uniform edition. These were "The Forayers" (1855) and "Eutaw" (1856), completing the Revolutionary series, and "The Cassique of Kiawah" (1859), an interesting tale of early Charleston and the pirates. Meanwhile he had expended not a little of his energy in the task of giving the South a good magazine. After some failures he undertook the editorship of *The Southern Quarterly Review*, a solid periodical which was not prospering (1849). He succeeded in putting some life into it, secured good contributors like Beverley Tucker, (*q.v.*), and kept it going for about six years. As an editor he was compelled to pay considerable attention to politics, and he was soon known as an ardent supporter of extreme Southern views. He had little practical influence on affairs, however, and was more in his element, in the years immediately preceding the war, as the head of a literary coterie in Charleston which included such promising young men as Henry Timrod (*q.v.*) and Paul Hamilton

Hayne (*q.v.*). This coterie had for its organ *Russell's Magazine* (1857–1860), one of the best periodicals ever published in the South. But the war scattered the little band of writers and brought great misery to some of them, particularly to Simms, whose house at Woodlands was burned, first by accident and then by the enemy. He lost his library and was cut off from his usual avenues of publication. Worst of all, old friends, some of his children, and his wife died during the years in which his proud hopes for the Confederacy were being crushed. He bore up bravely under it all, and labored with his pen for five years longer; but the public had lost its relish for the type of fiction he offered, and his latest stories were in themselves of little merit. When all is said, his was a remarkable and a very creditable career. With little or no assistance, in a community not very propitious to his profession, he made himself a writer of national importance, and a striking figure among the leading citizens of his state. He was a friend to almost every struggling literary man in the South. He showed great versatility, writing poetry, and dramas, and criticism, and biography, and history, and fiction. He was an indefatigable editor and letter writer, and something of a lecturer and orator. And although he left little that is permanent, he did write half a dozen or more romances of colonial and Revolutionary Carolina that are interesting and valuable for the light they throw upon an important period of Southern history. The best of his fiction may still be obtained in cheap editions. For his life see the biography by the present editor in the "American Men of Letters" (1892).]

THE LOST PLEIAD[1]

[From "Poetical Works," 1853.]

I

Not in the sky,
Where it was seen
So long in eminence of light serene, —
Nor on the white tops of the glistering wave,
Nor down, in mansions of the hidden deep,
Though beautiful in green
And crystal, its great caves of mystery, —
Shall the bright watcher have
Her place, and, as of old, high station keep![2]

[1] The poem in its first form dates from about 1829.

[2] The legend is that the seven daughters of Atlas were placed in the heavens after their deaths. All save one, Merope, the wife of Sisyphus, King of Corinth, had loved gods; her lustre was dimmed because she had loved a mortal.

II

Gone ! gone !
Oh ! never more, to cheer
The mariner, who holds his course alone
On the Atlantic, through the weary night,
When the stars turn to watchers, and do sleep,
Shall it again appear,
With the sweet-loving certainty of light,
Down shining on the shut eyes of the deep !

III

The upward-looking shepherd on the hills
Of Chaldea, night-returning, with his flocks,
He wonders why his beauty doth not blaze,
Gladding his gaze, —
And, from his dreary watch along the rocks,
Guiding him homeward o'er the perilous ways !
How stands he waiting still, in a sad maze,
Much wondering, while the drowsy silence fills
The sorrowful vault ! — how lingers, in the hope that night
May yet renew the expected and sweet light,
So natural to his sight !

IV

And lone,
Where, at the first, in smiling love she shone,
Brood the once happy circle of bright stars :
How should they dream, until her fate was known,
That they were ever confiscate to death ?
That dark oblivion the pure beauty mars,
And, like the earth, its common bloom and breath,
That they should fall from high ;
Their lights grow blasted by a touch, and die, —
All their concerted springs of harmony
Snapt rudely, and the generous music gone !

V

Ah! still the strain
Of wailing sweetness fills the saddening sky;
The sister stars, lamenting in their pain
That one of the selectest ones must die, —
Must vanish, when most lovely, from the rest!
Alas! 'tis ever thus the destiny.
Even Rapture's song hath evermore a tone
Of wailing, as for bliss too quickly gone.
The hope most precious is the soonest lost,
The flower most sweet is first to feel the frost.
Are not all short-lived things the loveliest?
And, like the pale star, shooting down the sky,
Look they not ever brightest, as they fly
From the lone sphere they blest!

A SEA-KING'S STATE[1]

[From "Atalantis, a Story of the Sea" (1832) in "Poetical Works," 1853.]

Become my bride, — nay — patiently! — smile not —
My queen, if better lists thee. On my throne, —
Thou hast beheld its state, — of emeralds made,
Each one a crowning and a marvelous gem,
Set round the spacious bosom of a shell
Torn from a fierce sea-monster — one who bore
The miracled wonder on his glittering back,
And battled for it as became its worth,
Nor lost it ere his life; — thy hand shall wield, —
Fit hand for such a rule! — a sceptred wand,
Pluck'd from an ocean cave of farthest Ind,
By ancient giants held, — a pillar'd spire,
Of holiest sapphire, which at evening burns
Deeper than even sunlight, and around

[1] Onesemarchus, a king of sea-demons, is wooing Atalantis, a princess of the Nereids.

Lights up the sable waters many a league,
From sea to shore, till the scared 'habitants
Fly to their cover in the wood, nor dream
How sportive is the sway of that Sea-queen,
Who rides the waves and makes them smile by night.

FASCINATED BY A RATTLESNAKE[1]

[From "The Yemassee" (1835). Revised Edition, 1853.]

"He does not come — he does not come," she murmured, as she stood contemplating the thick copse spreading before her, and forming the barrier which terminated the beautiful range of oaks which constituted the grove. How beautiful was the green and garniture of that little copse of wood. The leaves were thick, and the grass around lay folded over and over in bunches, with here and there a wild flower, gleaming from its green, and making of it a beautiful carpet of the richest and most various texture. A small tree rose from the centre of a clump around which a wild grape gadded luxuriantly; and, with an incoherent sense of what she saw, she lingered before the little cluster, seeming to survey that which, though it seemed to fix her eye, yet failed to fill her thought. Her mind wandered — her soul was far away; and the objects in her vision were far other than those which occupied her imagination. Things grew indistinct beneath her eye. The eye rather slept than saw. The musing spirit had given holiday to the ordinary senses, and took no heed of the forms that rose, and floated, or glided away, before them. In this way, the leaf detached made no impression upon the sight that was yet bent upon it; she saw not the bird, though it whirled, untroubled by a fear, in wanton circles around her head — and the black-snake, with the rapidity of an arrow, darted over her path without arousing a single terror in the form that otherwise would have shivered at its mere appearance. And yet, though thus indistinct were all

[1] Bess Matthews goes to meet her lover and is fascinated by the snake. Her rescuer, the Yemassee Occonestoga, is one of Simms's best characters and almost worthy of Cooper.

things around her to the musing mind of the maiden, her eye was yet singularly fixed — fastened, as it were, to a single spot — gathered and controlled by a single object, and glazed, apparently, beneath a curious fascination. Before the maiden rose a little clump of bushes, — bright tangled leaves flaunting wide in glossiest green, with vines trailing over them, thickly decked with blue and crimson flowers. Her eye communed vacantly with these; fastened by a star-like shining glance — a subtle ray, that shot out from the circle of green leaves — seeming to be their very eye — and sending out a fluid lustre that seemed to stream across the space between, and find its way into her own eyes. Very piercing and beautiful was that subtle brightness, of the sweetest, strangest power. And now the leaves quivered and seemed to float away, only to return, and the vines waved and swung around in fantastic mazes, unfolding ever-changing varieties of form and colour to her gaze; but the star-like eye was ever steadfast, bright and gorgeous gleaming in their midst, and still fastened, with strange fondness, upon her own. How beautiful, with wondrous intensity, did it gleam, and dilate, growing large and more lustrous with every ray which it sent forth. And her own glance became intense, fixed also; but with a dreaming sense that conjured up the wildest fancies, terribly beautiful, that took her soul away from her, and wrapt it about as with a spell. She would have fled, she would have flown; but she had not power to move. The will was wanting to her flight. She felt that she could have bent forward to pluck the gem-like thing from the bosom of the leaf in which it seemed to grow, and which it irradiated with its bright white gleam; but ever as she aimed to stretch forth her hand, and bent forward, she heard a rush of wings, and a shrill scream from the tree above her — such a scream as the mock-bird makes, when, angrily, it raises its dusky crest, and flaps its wings furiously against its slender sides. Such a scream seemed like a warning, and though yet unawakened to full consciousness, it startled her and forbade her effort. More than once, in her survey of this strange object, had she heard that shrill note, and still had it carried to her ear the same note of warning, and to her mind the same vague consciousness of an evil presence. But the star-like eye was yet upon her

own — a small, bright eye, quick like that of a bird, now steady in its place and observant seemingly only of her, now darting forward with all the clustering leaves about it, and shooting up towards her, as if wooing her to seize. At another moment, riveted to the vine which lay around it, it would whirl round and round, dazzlingly bright and beautiful, even as a torch, waving hurriedly by night in the hands of some playful boy; — but, in all this time, the glance was never taken from her own — there it grew, fixed — a very principle of light, — and such a light — a subtle, burning, piercing, fascinating gleam, such as gathers in vapour above the old grave, and binds us as we look — shooting, darting directly into her eye, dazzling her gaze, defeating its sense of discrimination, and confusing strangely that of perception. She felt dizzy, for, as she looked, a cloud of colours, bright, gay, various colours, floated and hung like so much drapery around the single object that had so secured her attention and spell-bound her feet. Her limbs felt momently more and more insecure — her blood grew cold, and she seemed to feel the gradual freeze of vein by vein, throughout her person. At that moment a rustling was heard in the branches of the tree beside her, and the bird, which had repeatedly uttered a single cry above her, as it were of warning, flew away from his station with a scream more piercing than ever. This movement had the effect, for which it really seemed intended, of bringing back to her a portion of the consciousness she seemed so totally to have been deprived of before. She strove to move from before the beautiful but terrible presence, but for a while she strove in vain. The rich star-like glance still riveted her own, and the subtle fascination kept her bound. The mental energies, however, with the movement of their greatest trial, now gathered suddenly to her aid; and, with a desperate effort, but with a feeling still of most annoying uncertainty and dread, she succeeded partially in the attempt, and threw her arms backward, her hands grasping the neighbouring tree, feeble, tottering, and depending upon it for that support which her own limbs almost entirely denied her. With her movement, however, came the full development of the powerful spell and dreadful mystery before her. As her feet receded, though but a single pace, to the tree against

which she now rested, the audible articulated ring, like that of a watch when wound up with the verge[1] broken, announced the nature of that splendid yet dangerous presence, in the form of the monstrous rattlesnake, now but a few feet before her, lying coiled, at the bottom of a beautiful shrub with which, to her dreaming eye, many of its own glorious hues had become associated. She was, at length, conscious enough to perceive and to feel all her danger; but terror had denied her the strength necessary to fly from her dreadful enemy. There still the eye glared beautifully bright and piercing upon her own; and, seemingly in a spirit of sport, the insidious reptile slowly unwound himself from his coil, but only to gather himself up again into his muscular rings, his great flat head rising in the midst, and slowly nodding, as it were, towards her, the eye still piercing deeply into her own; — the rattle still slightly ringing at intervals, and giving forth that paralyzing sound, which, once heard, is remembered for ever. The reptile all this while appeared to be conscious of, and to sport with, while seeking to excite her terrors. Now, with its flat head, distended mouth, and curving neck, would it dart forward its long form towards her, — its fatal teeth, unfolding on either side of its upper jaws, seeming to threaten her with instantaneous death, while its powerful eye shot forth glances of that fatal power of fascination, malignantly bright, which, by paralyzing, with a novel form of terror and of beauty, may readily account for the spell it possesses of binding the feet of the timid, and denying to fear even the privilege of flight. Could she have fled! She felt the necessity; but the power of her limbs was gone! and there still it lay, coiling and uncoiling, its arching neck glittering like a ring of brazed copper, bright and lurid; and the dreadful beauty of its eye still fastened, eagerly contemplating the victim, while the pendulous rattle still rang the death note, as if to prepare the conscious mind for the fate which is momently approaching to the blow. Meanwhile the stillness became death-like with all surrounding objects. The bird had gone with its scream and rush. The breeze was silent. The vines ceased to wave. The leaves faintly quivered on their stems. The ser-

[1] The spindle of the balance wheel.

pent once more lay still; but the eye was never once turned away from the victim. Its corded muscles are all in coil. They have but to unclasp suddenly, and the dreadful folds will be upon her, its full length, and the fatal teeth will strike, and the deadly venom which they secrete will mingle with the life blood in her veins.

The terrified damsel, her full consciousness restored, but not her strength, feels all the danger. She sees that the sport of the terrible reptile is at an end. She cannot now mistake the horrid expression of its eye. She strives to scream, but the voice dies away, a feeble gurgling in her throat. Her tongue is paralyzed; her lips are sealed — once more she strives for flight, but her limbs refuse their office. She has nothing left of life but its fearful consciousness. It is in her despair, that, a last effort, she succeeds to scream, a single wild cry, forced from her by the accumulated agony; she sinks down upon the grass before her enemy — her eyes, however, still open, and still looking upon those which he directs for ever upon them. She sees him approach — now advancing, now receding — now swelling in every part with something of anger, while his neck is arched beautifully like that of a wild horse under the curb; until, at length, tired as it were of play, like the cat with its victim, she sees the neck growing larger and becoming completely bronzed as about to strike — the huge jaws unclosing almost directly above her, the long tubulated fang, charged with venom, protruding from the cavernous mouth — and she sees no more! Insensibility came to her aid, and she lay almost lifeless under the very folds of the monster.

In that moment the copse parted — and an arrow, piercing the monster through and through the neck, bore his head forward to the ground, alongside of the maiden, while his spiral extremities, now unfolding in his own agony, were actually, in part, writhing upon her person. The arrow came from the fugitive Occonestoga, who had fortunately reached the spot, in season, on his way to the Block House. He rushed from the copse, as the snake fell, and, with a stick, fearlessly approached him where he lay tossing in agony upon the grass. Seeing him advance, the courageous reptile made an effort to regain his coil, shaking the fearful rattle

violently at every evolution which he took for that purpose; but the arrow completely passing through his neck, opposed an unyielding obstacle to the endeavour; and finding it hopeless, and seeing the new enemy about to assault him, with something of the spirit of the white man under like circumstances, he turned desperately round, and striking his charged fangs, so that they were riveted in the wound they made, into a susceptible part of his own body, he threw himself over with a single convulsion, and, a moment after, lay dead beside the utterly unconscious maiden.[1]

A SOUTHERN STORM[2]

[From "The Partisan" (1835). Revised Edition, 1853.]

They had now reached the spot to which Humphries had directed his course — a thick undergrowth of small timber — of field pine, the stunted oak, blackjack, and hickory — few of sufficient size to feel the force of the tempest, or prove very conspicuous conductors of the lightning. Obeying the suggestion and following the example of his companion, Singleton dismounted, and the two placed themselves and their horses as much upon the sheltered side of the clump as possible, yet sufficiently far to escape any danger from its overthrow. Here they awaited the coming of the tempest. The experienced woodman alone could have spoken for its approach. A moment's pause had intervened, when the suddenly aroused elements seemed as suddenly to have

[1] The power of the rattlesnake to fascinate is a frequent faith among the superstitious of the Southern country people. Of this capacity in reference to birds and insects, frogs, and the smaller reptiles, there is indeed little question. Its power over persons is not so well authenticated, although numberless instances of this sort are given by persons of very excellent veracity. The above is almost literally worded after a verbal narrative furnished the author by an old lady, who never dreamed, herself, of doubting the narration. It is more than probable, indeed, that the mind of a timid person, coming suddenly upon a reptile so highly venomous, would for a time be paralyzed by its consciousness of danger, sufficiently so to defeat exertion for a while and deny escape. The authorities for this superstition are, however, quite sufficient for the romancer, and in a work like the present we need no other. [Simms's note.]

[2] Major Singleton is the hero; Humphries, a brave woodsman and partisan soldier.

sunk into grim repose. A slight sighing of the wind only, as it wound sluggishly along the distant wood, had its warning, and the dense blackness of the embodied storm was only evident at moments when the occasional rush of the lightning made visible its gloomy terrors.

"It's making ready for a charge, major; it's just like a good captain, sir, that calls in his scouts and sentries, and orders all things to keep quiet, and without beat of drum gets all fixed to spring out from the bush upon them that's coming. It won't be long now, sir, before we get it; but just now it's still as the grave. It's waiting for its outriders — them long streaky white clouds it sent out an hour ago, like so many scouts. They're a-coming up now, and when they all get up together — then look out for the squall. Quiet now, Mossfoot — quiet now, creature — don't be frightened — it's not a-going to hurt you, old fellow — not a bit."

Humphries patted his favorite while speaking, and strove to soothe and quiet the impatience which both horses exhibited. This was in that strange pause of the storm which is its most remarkable feature in the South — that singular interregnum of the winds, when, after giving repeated notice of their most terrific action, they seem almost to forget their purpose, and, for a few moments appear to slumber in their inactivity.

But the pause was only momentary, and was now at an end. In another instant, they heard the rush and the roar, as of a thousand wild steeds of the desert ploughing the sands; then followed the mournful howling of the trees — the shrieking of the lashed winds, as if, under the influence of some fierce demon who enjoyed his triumph, they plunged through the forest, wailing at their own destructive progress, yet compelled unswervingly to hurry forward. They twisted the pine from its place, snapping it as a reed, while its heavy fall to the ground which it had so long sheltered, called up, even amid the roar of the tempest, a thousand echoes from the forest. The branches of the wood were prostrated like so much heather, wrested and swept from the trees which yielded them without a struggle to the blast; and the crouching horses and riders below were in an instant covered with a cloud of fragments. These were the precursors merely; then

came the arrowy flight and form of the hurricane itself — its actual bulk — its embodied power, pressing along through the forest in a gyratory progress, not fifty yards wide, never distending in width, yet capriciously winding from right to left and from left to right, in a zigzag direction, as if a playful spirit thus strove to mix with all the terrors of destruction the sportive mood of the most idle fancy. In this progress the whole wood in its path underwent prostration — the tall, proud pine, the deep-rooted and unbending oak, the small cedar and the pliant shrub, torn, dismembered in fine proportions; some, only by a timely yielding to the pressure, passed over with little injury, as if too much scorned by the assailant for his wrath. The larger trees in the neighbourhood of the spot where our partisans had taken shelter, shared the harsher fortune generally, for they were in the very track of the tempest. Too sturdy and massive to yield, they withheld their homage, and were either snapped off relentlessly and short, or were torn and twisted up from their very roots. The poor horses, with eyes staring in the direction of the storm, with ears erect, and manes flying in the wind, stood trembling in every joint, too much terrified, or too conscious of their helplessness, to attempt to fly. All around the crouching party the woods seemed for several seconds absolutely flattened. Huge trees were prostrated, and their branches were clustering thickly, and almost forming a prison around them; leaving it doubtful, as the huge terror rolled over their heads, whether they could ever make their escape from the enclosure. Rush after rush of the trooping winds went over them, keeping them immovable in their crowded shelter and position — each succeeding troop wilder and weightier than the last, until at length a sullen, bellowing murmur, which before they had not heard, announced the greater weight of the hurricane to be overthrowing the forests in the distance.

The chief danger had overblown. Gradually the warm, oppressive breath passed off; the air again grew suddenly cool, and a gush of heavy drops came falling from the heavens, as if they too had been just released from the intolerable pressure which had burdened earth. Moaning pitifully, the prostrated trees and shrubs, those which had survived the storm, though shorn by its

scythes, gradually, and seemingly with painful effort, once more elevated themselves to their old position. Their sighings, as they did so, were almost human to the ears of our crouching warriors, whom their movement in part released. Far and near, the moaning of the forest around them was strangely, but not unpleasantly, heightened in its effect upon their senses, by the distant and declining roar of the past and far travelling hurricane, as, ploughing the deep woods and laying waste all in its progress, it rushed on to a meeting with the kindred storms that gather about the gloomy Cape Hatteras, and stir and foam along the waters of the Atlantic.

"Well, I'm glad it's no worse, major," cried Humphries, rising and shaking himself from the brush with which he was covered. "The danger is now over, though it was mighty close to our haunches. Look, now, at this pine, split all to shivers, and the top not five feet from Mossfoot's quarters. The poor beast would ha' been in a sad fix a little to the left there."

Extricating themselves, they helped their steeds out of the brush, though with some difficulty — soothing them all the while with words of encouragement. As Humphries had already remarked in his rude fashion, the horse, at such moments, feels and acknowledges his dependence upon man, looks to him for the bridle, and flies to him for protection. They were almost passive in the hands of their masters, and under the unsubsided fear would have followed them, like tame dogs, in any direction.

The storm, though diminished of its terrors, still continued; but this did not discourage the troopers. They were soon mounted, and once more upon their way. The darkness, in part, had been dissipated by the hurricane. It had swept on to other regions, leaving behind it only detached masses of wind and rain-clouds sluggishly hanging, or fitfully flying along the sky. These, though still sufficient to defeat the light of the moon, could not altogether prevent a straggling ray which peeped out timidly at pauses in the storm; and which, though it could not illumine still contrived to diminish somewhat the gloomy and forbidding character of the scene. Such gleams in the natural, are like assurances of hope in the moral world — they speak of to-morrow — they promise us that the clouds must pass away — they cheer, when there is little left to charm.

THE BURDEN OF THE DESERT[1]

A PARAPHRASE, — ISAIAH XXI

[FROM "POETICAL WORKS," 1853.]

I

THE burden of the Desert,
The Desert like the deep,
That from the south in whirl-winds
Comes rushing up the steep; —
I see the spoiler spoiling,
I hear the strife of blows;
Up, watchman, to thy heights, and say
How the dread conflict goes!

II

What hear'st thou from the desert? —
"A sound, as if a world
Were from its axle lifted up
And to an ocean hurled;
The roaring as of waters,
The rushing as of hills,
And lo! the tempest-smoke and cloud,
That all the desert fills."

III

What seest thou on the desert? —
"A chariot comes," he cried,
"With camels and with horsemen,
That travel by its side;
And now a lion darteth
From out the cloud, and he
Looks backward ever as he flies,
As fearing still to see!"

[1] The poem dates from about 1848.

IV

What, watchman, of the horsemen? —
"They come, and as they ride,
Their horses crouch and tremble,
Nor toss their manes in pride;
The camels wander scattered,
The horsemen heed them naught,
But speed, as if they dreaded still
The foe with whom they fought."

V

What foe is this, thou watchman? —
"Hark! Hark! the horsemen come;
Still looking on the backward path,
As if they feared a doom;
Their locks are white with terror,
Their very shouts a groan;
'Babylon,' they cry, 'has fallen,
And all her gods are gone!'"

GENERAL ROBERT E. LEE

[ROBERT EDWARD LEE was born at Stratford, Westmoreland County, Virginia, January 19, 1807, and died in Lexington, Virginia, October 12, 1870. He was the third son of the famous "Light-Horse Harry" Lee (see p. 74, note), who died when his still more famous son was a boy of eleven. The youth was the mainstay of his widowed and invalid mother, and was noted for his exemplary conduct both in and out of school. In 1825 he entered the military academy at West Point, where four years later he graduated second in his class. He was appointed second lieutenant of engineers, and his mother lived just long enough to see him wear his honors. He was assigned to duty at Hampton Roads, Virginia. In 1831 he married the beautiful heiress, Mary Randolph Custis of Arlington. He remained in the army, and from 1834 to 1837 was in Washington, assistant to the chief engineer. Among his friends at this time were Hugh S. Legaré (*q.v.*) and Joseph E. Johnston, afterward the distinguished Southern general. In 1837 he went to St. Louis and superintended most efficiently the improvement of the upper Mississippi for the

purposes of navigation. The next year he was made captain of engineers. In 1841 he was put in charge of the defences of New York Harbor at Fort Hamilton, and there he remained until the outbreak of the Mexican War. He spent most of his private time studying the art of war, and enjoyed the opportunity of being constantly with his wife and his numerous children. In the contest with Mexico he first gave proof of his great military skill and of his fine personal courage. His services in arranging batteries, in reconnoitring, and in conducting troops to their stations under fire won from General Winfield Scott the statement that his favorite staff-officer was "the greatest military genius in America." After the capture of the City of Mexico, Lee was busy for months taking surveys of the place. Then for three years he was in charge of the defences of Baltimore, and for three years more (1852–1855) superintendent of the academy at West Point. Then he was promoted to be lieutenant-colonel of the Second Cavalry and ordered to Texas, where he served three years against the Indians. In the autumn of 1859, while on leave of absence, he was ordered to Harper's Ferry to put down the John Brown insurrection, a duty which he discharged with discretion. Then during 1860 he took command of the department of Texas. In February, 1861, in the midst of the disturbances preceding Lincoln's inauguration, he was recalled to Washington. On March 16, he was appointed colonel of the First Cavalry, and a month later was offered the command of the armies of the United States. This offer he refused because, although opposed to secession, he felt that he could not take part in an invasion of the Southern states — that is, in what he regarded as a war upon his people. Then on April 20 he resigned his colonelcy in the army of the United States, and three days after accepted the command of the Virginia forces. For a few months he helped President Davis to organize troops; then in the summer and fall he conducted, under immense difficulties, an ineffectual campaign in what is now West Virginia. From November, 1861, to March, 1862, he took charge of the coast defences in South Carolina and Georgia, doing his work admirably, but longing for more active and hazardous employment. In March, 1862, he became military adviser to President Davis, and on June 1, after the wounding of General Joseph E. Johnston, he was put at the head of the Army of Northern Virginia. He now began to display his genius as a commander. The Seven Days' fighting about Richmond, the defeat of Pope at Second Manassas, the invasion of Maryland, the hard-fought battle of Sharpsburg, or Antietam, the great victory of Fredericksburg — these achievements of 1862 placed him among the chief soldiers of the world. Then came the victory of Chancellorsville, with the death of "Stonewall" Jackson, the defeat at Gettysburg, the masterly retreat across the Potomac. In 1864 the long-continued resistance against Grant's great army — from the Wilderness to Petersburg — showed that the end was approaching so far as concerned the strength of the South, but saw no diminution of Lee's magnificent bravery and skill, or of those lovable qualities that made him the idol of his soldiers and the hero of

his fellow-Southerners. In February, 1865, he was appointed commander-in-chief of the Confederate armies, but it was too late. On April 2 he retreated from Petersburg, and on the 9th he surrendered to General Grant at Appomattox Court-House, both victor and vanquished conducting themselves most nobly in their interview. In the trying months that followed General Lee did all that he could to cheer up his despondent fellow-citizens and to induce them to yield an honest allegiance to the Union. In August, 1865, he was elected President of Washington College (now Washington and Lee University) at Lexington, Virginia. He discharged the duties of his office most successfully until his death, declining to enter politics, and setting an example of fortitude and charity to young and old. His memory is, if possible, more and more warmly cherished in the South as the years go by, and his noble character as a man and his brilliant genius as a soldier are being more and more acknowledged both throughout the rest of America and throughout the world. As a writer he may be legitimately included in a volume like the present for the reason that prompts one to admit Washington. His character was so lofty that it made whatever he did and wrote worthy of admiration. For his life see biographies by John Esten Cooke (*q.v.*, 1871), General A. L. Long (1887), General Fitzhugh Lee, his nephew ("Great Commanders," 1894), Professor Henry A. White ("Heroes of the Nations," 1897), and W. P. Trent ("Beacon Biographies," 1899). An important, delightful volume, entitled, "Recollections and Letters of General Robert E. Lee," has been edited by his son, Captain Robert E. Lee (1904).]

SPEECH OF APRIL 23, 1861, BEFORE THE VIRGINIA CONVENTION [1]

[From "Recollections and Letters of General Robert E. Lee," by Captain Robert E. Lee. 1904.]

[General Lee had been introduced to the Convention and welcomed by its president, John Janney. He had been made major-general and commander of the Virginia forces, and in this short speech, worthy of Washington in its dignity, he accepted the charge.]

"*Mr. President and Gentlemen of the Convention:* Deeply impressed with the solemnity of the occasion on which I appear before you, and profoundly grateful for the honor conferred upon me, I accept the position your partiality has assigned me,

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though I would greatly have preferred that your choice should have fallen on one more capable.

"Trusting to Almighty God, an approving conscience, and the aid of my fellow-citizens, I will devote myself to the defense and service of my native State, in whose behalf alone would I have ever drawn my sword."

TO MRS. LEE, AFTER THE FIRST BATTLE OF MANASSAS [1]

[From the Same. Letter of July 27, 1861.]

". . . That indeed was a glorious victory and has lightened the pressure upon our front amazingly. Do not grieve for the brave dead. Sorrow for those they left behind — friends, relatives, and families. The former are at rest. The latter must suffer. The battle will be repeated there in great force. I hope God will again smile on us and strengthen our hearts and arms. I wished to partake in the former struggle, and am mortified at my absence, but the President thought it more important I should be here. I could not have done as well as has been done, but I could have helped, and taken part in the struggle for my home and neighbourhood. So the work is done I care not by whom it is done. I leave to-morrow for the Northwest Army. I wished to go before, as I wrote you, and was all prepared, but the indications were so evident of the coming battle, and in the uncertainty of the result, the President forbade my departure. Now it is necessary and he consents. I cannot say for how long, but will write you." . . .

TRAVELLER, AS DESCRIBED BY HIS MASTER [2]

[From the Same. Dictated by General Lee to his Daughter, Miss Agnes Lee, at Lexington, shortly after the War.]

"If I were an artist like you I would draw a true picture of Traveller — representing his fine proportions, muscular figure,

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[2] Copyright, etc.

deep chest and short back, strong haunches, flat legs, small head, broad forehead, delicate ears, quick eye, small feet, and black mane and tail. Such a picture would inspire a poet, whose genius could then depict his worth and describe his endurance of toil, hunger, thirst, heat, cold, and the dangers and sufferings through which he passed. He could dilate upon his sagacity and affection, and his invariable response to every wish of his rider. He might even imagine his thoughts, through the long night marches and days of battle through which he has passed. But I am no artist; I can only say he is a Confederate gray. I purchased him in the mountains of Virginia in the autumn of 1861, and he has been my patient follower ever since — to Georgia, the Carolinas, and back to Virginia. He carried me through the Seven Days battle around Richmond, the second Manassas, at Sharpsburg, Fredericksburg, the last day at Chancellorsville, to Pennsylvania, at Gettysburg, and back to the Rappahannock. From the commencement of the campaign in 1864 at Orange, till its close around Petersburg, the saddle was scarcely off his back, as he passed through the fire of the Wilderness, Spottsylvania, Cold Harbour, and across the James River. He was almost in daily requisition in the winter of 1864–65 on the long line of defenses from Chickahominy, north of Richmond, to Hatcher's Run, south of the Appomattox. In the campaign of 1865, he bore me from Petersburg to the final days at Appomattox Court House. You must know the comfort he is to me in my present retirement. He is well supplied with equipments. Two sets have been sent to him from England, one from the ladies of Baltimore, and one was made for him in Richmond; but I think his favorite is the American saddle from St. Louis. Of all his companions in toil, 'Richmond,' 'Brown Roan,' 'Ajax,' and quiet 'Lucy Long,' he is the only one that retained his vigour. The first two expired under their onerous burden, and the last two failed. You can, I am sure, from what I have said, paint his portrait."

TO MRS. LEE, CHRISTMAS DAY, 1862[1]

[From the Same.]

". . . I will commence this holy day by writing to you. My heart is filled with gratitude to Almighty God for His unspeakable mercies with which He has blessed in this day, for those He has granted us from the beginning of life, and particularly for those He has vouchsafed us during the past year. What should have become of us without His crowning help and protection? Oh, if our people would only recognise it and cease from vain self-boasting and adulation, how strong would be my belief in final success and happiness to our country! But what a cruel thing is war; to separate and destroy families and friends, and mar the purest joys and happiness God has granted us in this world; to fill our hearts with hatred instead of love for our neighbours, and to devastate the fair face of this beautiful world! I pray that, on this day when only peace and goodwill are preached to mankind, better thoughts may fill the hearts of our enemies and turn them to peace. Our army was never in such good health and condition since I have been attached to it. I believe they share with me my disappointment that the enemy did not renew the combat on the 13th. I was holding back all day and husbanding our strength and ammunition for the great struggle, for which I thought I was preparing. Had I divined that was to have been his only effort, he would have had more of it. My heart bleeds at the death of every one of our gallant men."

ORDER FOR A DAY OF FASTING[2]

[From the Same.]

"Headquarters, Army Northern Virginia,
"August 13, 1863.

"The President of the Confederate States has, in the name of the people, appointed August 21st as a day of fasting, humilia-

[1] Copyright, etc. [2] Copyright, etc.

tion, and prayer. A strict observance of the day is enjoined upon the officers and soldiers of this army. All military duties, except such as are absolutely necessary, will be suspended. The commanding officers of brigades and regiments are requested to cause divine services, suitable to the occasion, to be performed in their respective commands. Soldiers! we have sinned against Almighty God. We have forgotten His signal mercies, and have cultivated a revengeful, haughty, and boastful spirit. We have not remembered that the defenders of a just cause should be pure in His eyes; that 'our times are in His hands,' and we have relied too much on our own arms for the achievement of our independence. God is our only refuge and our strength. Let us humble ourselves before Him. Let us confess our many sins, and beseech Him to give us a higher courage, and a purer patriotism, and more determined will; that He will convert the hearts of our enemies; that He will hasten the time when war, with its sorrows and sufferings, shall cease, and that He will give us a name and place among the nations of the earth.

"R. E. LEE, *General.*"

TO THE PRESIDENT OF THE CITY COUNCIL OF RICHMOND, DECLINING THE GIFT OF A HOUSE, 1863 [1]

[FROM THE SAME.]

". . . I ASSURE you, sir, that no want of appreciation of the honor conferred upon me by this resolution — or insensibility to the kind feelings which prompted it — induces me to ask, as I most respectfully do, that no further proceedings be taken with reference to the subject. The house is not necessary for the use of my family, and my own duties will prevent my residence in Richmond. I should therefore be compelled to decline the generous offer, and I trust that whatever means the City Council may have to spare for this purpose may be devoted to the relief of the families of our soldiers in the field, who are more in want of assistance, and more deserving it, than myself."

[1] Copyright, etc.

LEES WANTED IN BATTLES, NOT AT BALLS [1]

[From the Same. Taken from a Letter to Captain R. E. Lee, written early in 1864.]

". . . I enclose a letter for you, which has been sent to my care. I hope you are well and all around you are so. Tell Fitz,[2] I grieve over the hardships and sufferings of his men, in their late expedition. I should have preferred his waiting for more favorable weather. He accomplished much under the circumstances, but would have done more in better weather. I am afraid he was anxious to get back to the ball. This is a bad time for such things. We have too grave subjects on hand to engage in such trivial amusements. I would rather his officers should entertain themselves in fattening their horses, healing their men, and recruiting their regiments. There are too many Lees on the committee. I like all to be present at battles, but can excuse them at balls. But the saying is, 'Children will be children.' I think he had better move his camp farther from Charlottesville, and perhaps he will get more work and less play. He and I are too old for such assemblies. I want him to write me how his men are, his horses, and what I can do to fill up the ranks." . . .

ORDER ANNOUNCING THE DEATH OF GENERAL J. E. B. STUART [3]

[From the Same.]

". . . Among the gallant soldiers who have fallen in this war, General Stuart was second to none in valour, in zeal, and in unflinching devotion to his country. His achievements form a conspicuous part of the history of this army, with which his name and service will be forever associated. To military capacity of a high order and to the noble virtues of the soldier he added the brighter graces of a pure life, guided and sustained

[1] Copyright, etc. [2] General Fitzhugh Lee. [3] Copyright, etc.

by the Christian's faith and hope. The mysterious hand of an all-wise God has removed him from the scene of his usefulness and fame. His grateful countrymen will mourn his loss and cherish his memory. To his comrades in arms he has left the proud recollections of his deeds and the inspiring influence of his example." [1]

LEE'S FINAL ADDRESS TO HIS SOLDIERS [2]

[From the Same. Dated April 10, 1865, the Day after the Surrender at Appomattox.]

"After four years of arduous service, marked by unsurpassed courage and fortitude, the Army of Northern Virginia has been compelled to yield to overwhelming numbers and resources. I need not tell the survivors of so many hard-fought battles, who have remained steadfast to the last, that I have consented to this result from no distrust of them; but, feeling that valour and devotion could accomplish nothing that could compensate for the loss that would have attended the continuation of the contest, I have determined to avoid the useless sacrifice of those whose past services have endeared them to their countrymen. By the terms of the agreement, officers and men can return to their homes and remain there until exchanged. You will take with you the satisfaction that proceeds from the consciousness of duty faithfully performed; and I earnestly pray that a merciful God will extend to you His blessing and protection. With an increasing admiration of your constancy and devotion to your country, and a grateful remembrance of your kind and generous consideration of myself, I bid you an affectionate farewell.

"R. E. Lee, *General.*"

[1] General Stuart was mortally wounded at Yellow Tavern, and died in Richmond, June 12, 1864.

[2] Copyright, etc.

GENERAL LEE'S LETTER ACCEPTING THE PRESIDENCY OF WASHINGTON COLLEGE[1]

[From the Same.]

"Powhatan County, August 24, 1865.

"*Gentlemen:* I have delayed for some days replying to your letter of the 5th inst. informing me of my election, by the board of trustees, to the presidency of Washington College, from a desire to give the subject due consideration. Fully impressed with the responsibilities of the office, I have feared that I should be unable to discharge its duties to the satisfaction of the trustees, or to the benefit of the country. The proper education of youth requires not only great ability, but I fear more strength than I now possess, for I do not feel able to undergo the labor of conducting classes in regular courses of instruction. I could not, therefore, undertake more than the general administration and supervision of the institution. There is another subject which has caused me serious reflection, and is, I think, worthy of the consideration of the board. Being excluded from the terms of amnesty in the proclamation of the President of the United States of the 29th of May last, and an object of censure to a portion of the country, I have thought it probable that my occupation of the position of president might draw upon the college a feeling of hostility; and I should therefore cause injury to an institution which it would be my highest object to advance. I think it the duty of every citizen, in the present condition of the country, to do all in his power to aid in the restoration of peace and harmony, and in no way to oppose the policy of the State or general government directed to that object. It is particularly incumbent on those charged with the instruction of the young to set them an example of submission to authority, and I could not consent to be the cause of animadversion upon the college. Should you, however, take a different view, and think that my services, in

[1] Copyright.

the position tendered me by the board, will be advantageous to the college and the country, I will yield to your judgment and accept it; otherwise I must most respectfully decline the offer. Begging you to express to the trustees of the college my heartfelt gratitude for the honor conferred upon me, and requesting you to accept my cordial thanks for the kind manner in which you have communicated their decision, I am, gentlemen, with great respect, your most obedient servant,

"R. E. LEE."

JEFFERSON DAVIS

[JEFFERSON DAVIS, the President of the Confederate States, was born in Christian County, Kentucky, — his place of birth being in what is now Todd County, — June 3, 1808, and died at New Orleans, December 6, 1889. When he was an infant his family removed to Mississippi, but he returned to Kentucky for part of his schooling and went to the well-known Kentucky institution, Transylvania University, to complete his education. He left college, however, at sixteen to enter West Point, where he graduated in 1828. He saw service in the Black Hawk War of 1831–1832, was promoted to be first lieutenant, and again served against the Indians. He resigned from the army in 1835, and made something of a romantic marriage with a daughter of Zachary Taylor, afterward President of the United States. The young wife — with whom Mr. Davis did not elope, as is often stated, although there was a misunderstanding with her father — soon died, and after some travelling for his health the disconsolate widower settled with an elder brother as a planter near Vicksburg, Mississippi. With this brother he studied and discussed politics, and during the years from 1837 to 1843 he became a conscientious and able supporter of the states'-rights theory of government. In 1843 he emerged from what was an almost hermit-like retirement and took some practical interest in politics; two years later he was elected to Congress. In 1846 he was elected colonel of a Mississippi regiment and, resigning his seat, hastened with his command to Mexico. Both at Monterey and at Buena Vista he showed great bravery, and at the latter battle he gave evidence of marked skill as a leader by the effective formation of his troops. Although severely wounded he remained in the saddle until the fight was over. In August, 1847, he was appointed Senator to fill a vacancy, and was later regularly elected. In 1851 he resigned his seat in order to oppose the Unionist candidate for governor of Mississippi, and, although he was not elected, he greatly reduced his opponent's expected majority. He was not long out of politics, for his friend, Franklin Pierce, was elected President in 1852 and offered him the Secretaryship of War. This post he filled with great

ability so far as its technical duties were concerned; he was also one of the President's chief advisers in political matters, and in this capacity he has been praised and blamed, according to the bias of the historian. In 1857 he entered the Senate once more, where he became the leader of the extreme Southern men, partly because he was firm rather than extravagant in maintaining his principles. He was not yet prepared to give up all hope of preserving the Union, as he showed in speeches delivered throughout the North in 1858. The next year he sided with those Southerners who believed that the election of Lincoln should be a signal for the secession of the Southern states. He served in the Senate at the close of Buchanan's term until officially notified on January 24, 1861, of the secession of Mississippi. Then he delivered the dignified and conscientious farewell speech from which an extract is taken. He was made commander of the Mississippi forces and shortly after (February 9, 1861) was elected President of the Confederate States by the Provisional Congress at Montgomery, Alabama. Nine days later he delivered his inaugural address. Soon afterward the capital of the Confederacy was removed to Richmond, and there President Davis resided until the end of the war, laboring with unwavering courage and marked ability to utilize all the resources of his section in the struggle that had begun. It is even yet too early to criticise impartially and accurately his management of affairs. He was upheld by many of his fellow-Southerners, harshly criticised by others, and execrated in the North. The probability seems to be that he made some serious mistakes, but on the whole governed better than most statesmen would have done under such embarrassments. His devotion, integrity, and ability are scarcely matters of doubt, and it is equally clear that it is utterly unfair to single him out for blame as though he were responsible either for secession or for the failure of the Confederacy. After the abandonment of Petersburg he still cherished hopes as he journeyed southward; but these were cruelly shattered when he was arrested in Georgia (May 10, 1865) and taken to Fortress Monroe. Here he was kept a prisoner for two years, an indictment for treason not being brought against him until about a year after his capture.[1] In May, 1867, he was released on a heavy bond and went abroad. In December, 1868, the case against him was abandoned by the government, and he was included in the general amnesty. He settled in Memphis as the president of a life insurance company, but in 1879 he removed to an estate bequeathed him at Beauvoir, Mississippi, where, until his death, he devoted himself to study and writing. He delivered addresses in the South occasionally, and he was loyally honored and supported throughout his section. In 1881 he published "The Rise and Fall of the Confederate Government," a dignified, well-written account of the events in which he had taken such a conspicuous part. These

[1] It seems best not to dwell upon the treatment of Mr. Davis in prison, which outraged and still outrages the South, or upon the government's postponing and abandoning his trial; recent not convincing denials of harsh treatment and other matters require an impartial investigation still very difficult to obtain.

volumes and those of Alexander H. Stephens (*q.v.*) rank as the ablest elaborate presentations and defences of the Confederate cause made by its leading representatives. Mr. Davis's talents as a writer descended to his daughter by a second marriage, the late Miss Varina Anne (Winnie) Davis; and his wife, Mrs. Varina Jefferson Davis, has written his life in two volumes (1890). There is no strictly critical biography, although one is much needed.]

A TRANSCONTINENTAL RAILWAY NECESSARY TO THE UNION

[From "Speech of the Hon. Jefferson Davis of Mississippi, on the Pacific Railroad Bill, delivered in the Senate of the United States, January, 1859," Baltimore, 1859.]

The first question, it strikes me, which meets us in the consideration of this subject, is the *necessity* for a railroad across the continent. If there be no necessity for the railroad for Government purposes; if it be merely to facilitate migration across the continent, to encourage settlement along the line of the road, without contributing to the ends for which the Government was instituted, without enabling it to perform the duty which was imposed upon it; without, I say, being necessary to the execution of its duty, then I hold there is no constitutional power to build it. Therefore, in the front ground with me, stands the question, is the road necessary? I hold it to be essential in time of peace; essential for that intercourse which alone can hold the different parts of our wide-expanded Republic together. Separated as we are by an intermediate desert, fronting as we do upon different oceans, looking out to the teeming population of Asia on one side, and the active people of Europe on the other, it must ensue, whenever our Pacific possessions are peopled, that they will have different interests; they will have an opposite commerce; and if they are required to come through a foreign country, to look over impassable mountains, to learn here by what laws they shall be governed; if our commerce is to continue as separate, as opposite, as it will be unless these two parts are more nearly linked together, the finger of destiny points inevitably to a separation of these two parts of the United States.

In the history of man, and history is said to be philosophy teaching by example,[1] we find no instance where a country has maintained the integrity of its territory if that territory is riven by a chain of mountains. We find the war-like and semi-barbarous hordes of Asia running over the south of Europe; at one time a single military hero covering all the vast plains which lay beneath him; but soon we find those conquering legions separating from the people from whom they emanated, and in short time the States they had conquered again assuming the geographical limits they had before the invasion. And so, at a more modern period, Napoleon led victorious armies over the Alps and over the Pyrenees; but those barriers which the hand of nature had placed again demanded the separation of the country into its original parts; and soon after the conquest we find France again reduced to the plains lying between those mountain ridges, and there to-day she stands as before her imperial conquests.

Thus inevitably do we reach the conclusion that mountains divide a people. But we are not divided merely by a mountain ridge, along each base of which, and up the slopes of which, a teeming population may hereafter live; we are separated by a system of mountains with desert plains, where, save here and there some irrigable spots, agricultural man can never reside. Then the question presents itself, shall we share the fate which history, by the example of all nations which have preceded us, indicates as our future, or so change the conditions of the problem as to obtain the opposite result? Shall we allow our territory to be divided? Shall the United States commence her downward step by losing the rich possessions she now holds on the Pacific, as the inevitable consequence of that separation which mountains and deserts demand? Or shall we use the power which science and art, and the progress of civilization have conferred upon man, overcome the physical obstacle, bind these two parts together, and hold this country one and indivisible? These are questions which, I think, it belongs to the statesman to consider.

* * * * * * * * * * *

[1] Attributed to Dionysius of Halicarnassus by Lord Bolingbroke in his second letter, "On the Study and Use of History."

Mr. Davis. Then, Mr. President, the Senator [Henry Wilson, of Massachusetts] attributes to me a bias on account of my residence. I believe no man loves the section in which he lives better than I do. Every fiber of my heart would respond to the rights and interests of that section, whenever they are involved. But I feel, Sir, that a public officer has a higher duty than that which his sentiments and his feelings prompt, and think I can show to the Senator that he is entirely mistaken in the conclusion at which he has arrived. As he does not question my motives, so I shall not impugn his; but from the record will conclusively prove to him, or to any other man who may be prejudiced like himself, that if there be a difference at all, it is upon the other side. I am not conscious of ever having favored one line or the other; but if the record leads to such conclusion, it must convict me of having favored the extreme northern line; so it stands.

* * * * * * * * * * *

My position is, that the completion of this great work is necessary to the due execution of the functions of the General Government, that it will not be achieved by private capital alone, therefore that we should strike off every shackle which impedes its execution; should abandon the right to collect duty on the iron employed; give the whole limit of the United States from which to select a route; extend every aid we can constitutionally afford, to insure the construction of the road somewhere, be it where it may, so that it is on the soil of the United States. If by haggling over petty sectional controversies, if by sticking in the bark and destroying the vital energy of the Constitution, politicians shall defeat the efforts which have been made from session to session, shall prostrate the last hope for this road across the continent, and thus unprepared should we become involved in a war with the great maritime Powers of Europe, they may, when it is too late to avert the disasters which have been so often foretold, have cause to pray for the mountains to fall upon and cover them from public indignation; to them may attach the blame, on us all may press the shame and sorrow of having lost to the country a territory worth innumerable treasure, of having forfeited that, the value of

which cannot be measured by money — the prestige of stability, progress and invincibility, and the right to inscribe on our national shield EQUAL TO THE PROTECTION OF A CONTINENT-WIDE REPUBLIC.

FROM SENATOR DAVIS'S FAREWELL SPEECH TO THE SENATE

[DELIVERED JANUARY 21, 1861. THE TEXT IS THAT OF *The Congressional Globe* FOR JANUARY 22, 1861.[1]]

IT has been a conviction of pressing necessity, it has been a belief that we are to be deprived in the Union of the rights which our fathers bequeathed to us, which has brought Mississippi to her present decision. She has heard proclaimed the theory that all men are created free and equal, and this made the basis of an attack upon her social institutions; and the sacred Declaration of Independence has been invoked to maintain the position of the equality of the races. That Declaration of Independence is to be construed by the circumstances and purposes for which it was made. The communities were declaring their independence; the people of those communities were asserting that no man was born — to use the language of Mr. Jefferson — booted and spurred, to ride over the rest of mankind; that men were created equal — meaning the men of the political community; that there was no divine right to rule; that no man inherited the right to govern; that there were no classes by which power and place descended to families; but that all stations were equally within the grasp of each member of the body politic. These were the great principles they announced; these were the purposes for which they made their declaration; these were the ends to which their enunciation was directed. They have no reference to the slave; else, how happened it that among the items of arraignment against George III. was that he endeavored to do just what the North has been endeavoring of late to do — to stir up insurrection among our slaves? Had the Declaration announced that the negroes were free and

[1] The speech may also be found in "The Rise and Fall of the Confederate Government."

equal, how was the Prince to be arraigned for raising up insurrection among them? And how was this to be enumerated among the high crimes which caused the colonies to sever their connection with the mother country? When our Constitution was formed, the same idea was rendered more palpable; for there we find provision made for that very class of persons as property; they were not put upon the footing of equality with white men — not even upon that of paupers and convicts; but, so far as representation was concerned, were discriminated against as a lower caste, only to be represented in the numerical proportion of three fifths.

Then, Senators, we recur to the compact which binds us together; we recur to the principles upon which our Government was founded; and when you deny them, and when you deny to us the right to withdraw from a Government which, thus perverted, threatens to be destructive of our rights, we but tread in the path of our fathers when we proclaim our independence and take the hazard. This is done, not in hostility to others, not to injure any section of the country, not even for our own pecuniary benefit; but from the high and solemn motive of defending and protecting the rights we inherited, and which it is our sacred duty to transmit unshorn to our children.

I find in myself, perhaps, a type of the general feeling of my constituents towards yours. I am sure I feel no hostility toward you, Senators from the North. I am sure there is not one of you, whatever sharp discussion there may have been between us, to whom I cannot now say, in the presence of my God, I wish you well; and such, I am sure, is the feeling of the people whom I represent towards those whom you represent. I, therefore, feel that I but express their desire when I say I hope, and they hope, for peaceable relations with you, though we must part. They may be mutually beneficial to us in the future, as they have been in the past, if you so will it. The reverse may bring disaster on every portion of the country; and, if you will have it thus, we will invoke the God of our fathers, who delivered them from the power of the lion, to protect us from the ravages of the bear; and thus, putting our trust in God and in our own firm hearts and strong arms, we will vindicate the right as best we may.

In the course of my service here, associated at different times with a great variety of Senators, I see now around me some with whom I have served long; there have been points of collision; but, whatever of offence there has been to me, I leave here. I carry with me no hostile remembrance. Whatever offence I have given which has not been redressed, or for which satisfaction has not been demanded, I have, Senators, in this hour of our parting, to offer you my apology for any pain which, in heat of discussion, I have inflicted. I go hence unencumbered of the remembrance of any injury received, and having discharged the duty of making the only reparation in my power for any injury offered.

Mr. President and Senators, having made the announcement which the occasion seemed to me to require, it only remains for me to bid you a final adieu.

EDGAR ALLAN POE

[Edgar Allan Poe was born in Boston, January 19, 1809, and died in Baltimore, October 7, 1849. He was the son of David Poe, who came of good Maryland stock, and Elizabeth Arnold, an English actress whose first husband was named Hopkins. The pair played in various cities and led a precarious existence. Before Edgar was three years old his father and mother had died, and he himself, with an elder brother and a younger sister, had been thrown upon the world in Richmond, Virginia. He found a second mother in Mrs. John Allan, wife of a well-to-do tobacco merchant. He was brought up in comfort, if not comparative luxury, and at the age of six was taken to England and put to school at Stoke-Newington. In 1820 the Allans returned to America, and Edgar was sent to school once more in Richmond. He distinguished himself as a swimmer, declaimer, student, and general leader of his school fellows, but also displayed a certain aloofness and perhaps gave signs of possessing a romantic and morbid temperament.

In February, 1826, he entered Jefferson's newly opened University of Virginia. He showed proficiency in the languages, and escaped all official censure of his conduct, but associated with wild students and lost heavy sums of money. Mr. Allan refused to pay these "debts of honor," and placed the insulted Poe at a counting-room desk. The affair is rather obscure, but it is plain that Poe could not stand the punishment imposed on him. In some way he reached Boston, and in the late spring of 1827 enlisted in the army as Edgar A. Perry. In the summer he published his tiny and now very rare

volume entitled "Tamerlane and Other Poems," and in the autumn he was transferred to Fort Moultrie, near Charleston, the scene of his famous story, "The Gold-Bug." Toward the end of 1828 he was transferred to Fortress Monroe, Virginia, where on the first of the new year he was promoted for merit to be sergeant-major. Communications were now opened with the Allans, and Poe was given leave of absence that he might bid farewell to Mrs. Allan, who was on her death-bed. The furlough came too late, but it was arranged with Mr. Allan that a substitute should be provided for Poe, and that he should try to enter West Point. While waiting for this scheme to be carried into effect, Poe resided in Baltimore, where late in 1829 he published his second volume, "Al Aaraaf, Tamerlane, and Minor Poems." On July 1, 1830, he entered West Point. He did well in some classes, but spent much of his time in dissipation, partly because his hopes of a share in Mr. Allan's fortune were rendered vain by the latter's second marriage. In January, 1831, he took a decisive step by neglecting all duties for two weeks, the result of which was a court-martial and dismissal. He went to New York, and there, relying on the subscriptions of his fellow-cadets, he issued a volume entitled "Poems," which contained "Israfel" and the stanzas "To Helen."

Scarcely anything is known of his life for the next two years. He tried in various ways to make a living in Baltimore, wrote his earliest stories, continued his bad habits, apparently, and broke finally with the Allans. Yet he was not friendless. These dark years in Baltimore made him an inmate of the house of widowed Mrs. Clemm, his father's sister, in whom he found a true guardian angel. And in her fragile young daughter Virginia he found another spiritual comforter of a less protective but not less influential kind — a shadowy embodiment of his ideals of beauty and pathos.

In October, 1833, his fortunes seemed to brighten, for he not only won a prize of one hundred dollars by his story "Ms. Found in a Bottle," but secured the friendly help of the romancer, John P. Kennedy (*q.v.*). Through the latter he obtained employment (1835) on the newly established *Southern Literary Messenger*, and, removing to Richmond, he married his child-cousin, Virginia. For a time he thought himself a made man, and his remarkable tales and the severe criticism he bestowed on some popular but undeserving books made him famous throughout the country. His habits soon put an end to his prospects, however, and in January, 1837, he removed to New York, where he failed to secure permanent literary work, his single long story, "The Narrative of Arthur Gordon Pym" (1838), not proving a success.

In the summer of 1838 a new start was made in Philadelphia. That city was then the centre for magazines, and Poe was fully beset with the idea of establishing an independent organ of his own. Pending this consummation he contributed to the journals of others some of the highly imaginative stories that have made him famous. In about a year he secured on *The Gentleman's Magazine* a position, which he lost by the summer of 1840. He had meanwhile gathered his fiction in two volumes, "Tales of the Grotesque and

Arabesque" (1840), which had been favorably reviewed, but had perhaps been so unique as to fail of wide circulation. Then he tried to set up a periodical of his own, and, not succeeding, took a place on *Graham's Magazine*, which he held for only a short time. Two more years were spent in Philadelphia, during which the unfortunate man deteriorated in character, although his imagination did not decline and his powers of ratiocination developed to almost a marvellous degree, as is shown in such stories as "The Murders in the Rue Morgue" and in his solution of cryptograms.

In the spring of 1844 he returned to New York and soon formed a connection with the kind-hearted poet and editor, N. P. Willis. On January 29, 1845, Willis's journal, *The Evening Mirror*, published in advance, from the *American Review* for February, that marvellous *tour de force*, "The Raven," and Poe's reputation, although not his worldly fortune, was made. Sketches of his life began to appear; he was invited to deliver lectures; and collections of his tales and poems were issued and highly praised, both at home and abroad. It even seemed in 1845 that in *The Broadway Journal* he had secured the permanent organ of his own that had so long been the object of his dreams. But literature was not yet a profitable profession save to a gifted reporter like Willis, and Poe was unable to get clear of debt. *The Broadway Journal* soon failed for lack of funds, and Poe recklessly squandered the only capital he possessed, his reputation, by making personal enemies in a thoroughly unnecessary way. He assailed poetasters with ill-judged severity, accused Longfellow and others of plagiarism, and insulted a Boston audience by reciting a juvenile poem instead of one specially prepared for the occasion. As if determined to write himself down, he published in 1846, in "Godey's Lady's Book," a series of articles entitled "The Literati," in which he discussed the ephemeral writers whom he had met socially and professionally in New York, in a fashion that benefited them and the public as little as himself. With one class of contemporary writers, however, Poe was not at war. The poetesses were, as a rule, treated by him, not merely with deserved courtesy, but with undeserved admiration. Feminine sympathy was always necessary to him, and without the two women of his household and the idealized women of his poems and tales, both his life and his works would have been shorn of their most beautiful features. Yet without being censorious, one may regret most of Poe's relations with women, especially those subsequent to his wife's death. This event, which forms an important stage in his moral and physical decline, took place on January 30, 1847, in a little cottage at Fordham, a village just outside New York. Previous to it the family had sunk to such destitution that an appeal to public charity was made without Poe's knowledge and to his great chagrin. The poet was himself ill, and continued so for many months; but under the care of Mrs. Clemm and another kind woman he slowly recovered and set to work upon the cosmogonical speculations contained in that marvellous although perhaps scientifically valueless book entitled "Eureka" (1848).

The last two years of his life were marked by frequent fits of intoxication and by several love affairs over which it is best to draw a veil. But they were also marked by the composition of several of his best poems, for example, "Ulalume," "The Bells," and "Annabel Lee," by fresh efforts to found a magazine, and by public lectures like that on "The Poetic Principle," which were cordially applauded by the public. In the early fall of 1849 he was kindly received by his old friends in Richmond, and he became engaged to a former sweetheart, a Mrs. Shelton.

He then left Richmond to arrange for his wedding; was discovered in Baltimore on October 3, 1849, lying senseless in a saloon which was being used for a polling-place; was removed to a hospital, where he remained almost continuously in delirium; and died early in the morning of Sunday, October 7. Many conflicting accounts have been given of the mode and causes of his death; all that is absolutely certain is that he died miserably at an age when, under happier circumstances, he might have been at the zenith of a great career.

Since his death Poe's fame has been frequently assailed, chiefly in his own country, but it has continued to grow steadily. He is regarded by many foreign critics, and perhaps by a majority of foreign readers, as the greatest of American writers, and to this opinion a fair minority of his countrymen subscribe. He claims attention in four ways. His biography, if more unpleasant, is at the same time fuller of interest in the contrasts and the complexities it presents than that of any other American author. His criticism, at the lowest valuation, is full of suggestiveness, accords in many particulars with the principles of current impressionism, and, even on its destructive side, is of importance to the student of American literature. His fiction is generally considered supreme in its peculiar kind. He is an acknowledged master in the ratiocinative tale, including the detective story, which he practically originated. In tales of compelling horror, of haunting mystery, of ethereal beauty, of tragic situation, of morbid analysis of conscience, he has no clear superior; and in his attempts at the grotesque, he at least shows power and versatility. In the construction of his stories, and at times in his style, he yields to few writers of his kind — in other words, he takes high rank as a self-conscious artist. His appeal is limited by the fact that the substance of his fiction lies apart from human experience, but the reception given his tales in France alone would seem to contradict the assertion often made that they are meretricious in conception and execution.

Poe makes his fourth claim to attention in the slender volume of his verses. He was primarily a poet, and perhaps in England and America it is as a poet that he is chiefly valued. His genius, on the side of color and melody, matured surprisingly early, and even when his artistic search for perfection and the embarrassments of his life are taken into account, his comparative infertility is a matter of wonder and regret. This infertility places him with important classical poets like Gray rather than with great poets like Tennyson,

Byron, and Shelley, or with supreme masters of their art like Milton. It is partly due to the narrowness of Poe's poetic theories, which limited his themes and in so far, save in the case of "The Raven," his audience. But his limited range in turn accounts in part both for the perfection of his workmanship and for the intensity of the impression he produces upon appreciative readers. To some persons he seems the embodiment of essential poetry, to others a mere stringer of jingles. Neither view is correct, but there is a greater measure of truth in the first than in the second. It is no small achievement to have sung imperishable songs of bereaved love and illusive beauty. It is no small achievement to have produced unexcelled strains of harmony that have since so rung in the ears of brother poets that echoes of them may be detected even in the verses of such accomplished artists as Rossetti and Swinburne. Due attention to the influence exerted by Poe's poems and tales upon both his own and other literatures would have rendered the task of assigning him his proper rank among American writers much less difficult. It must be admitted on the other hand that Poe's admirers have been often far too censorious in their attitude toward poets differently endowed. Joy for the possession of such lyrics as "To One in Paradise" and "The Haunted Palace" should not lead us to speak with contempt of "The Day is Done" and "The Psalm of Life," for Longfellow is in his quiet, reflective way as true a poet as the more original and artistic Poe. The ocean of renown is very wide; there is room upon it for many barks, nor need they be all stately or even shapely.

Of the numerous editions of Poe's works and the books dealing with his life and his literary achievements, only a few need be mentioned here. The earliest memoir and edition by R. W. Griswold (1850–1856) proved unsatisfactory because the biographer and editor lacked sympathy with his subject. Much better were the life (1880, 1886) and the edition (4 vols., 1874–1875) by the Englishman, J. H. Ingram, who was, however, overzealous in Poe's behalf. The memoir and edition by Richard Henry Stoddard (6 vols., 1884) left much to be desired, especially with regard to the attitude toward Poe assumed in the memoir. In 1885 Professor George E. Woodberry contributed to the "American Men of Letters" a volume which may be said to mark the beginning of a new era in Poe criticism; whatever its defects of sympathy, it was noteworthy in its acumen and scholarship. In 1894 Mr. Edmund Clarence Stedman and Professor Woodberry joined to produce an excellent edition of Poe's works in ten volumes to which Mr. Woodberry prefixed an elaborate memoir. In 1902 Professor C. F. Richardson edited the "Arnheim Edition" of the works in ten volumes, and Professor J. A. Harrison the "Virginia Edition" in seventeen volumes. The latter is much the fullest of all the editions in matter, giving Poe's criticism its due place, and is the most authentic in text. It contains a memoir by Professor Harrison and a volume of Poe's correspondence, both of which have been published separately. The latest study of Poe is by a Frenchman, Professor Émile Lauvrière (1904). There are several volumes of selections for school and college use; among these the two volumes ed-

ited by Sherwin Cody will be found specially useful. The present editor has annotated select poems and tales in Nos. 119 and 120 of "The Riverside Literature Series."]

A BURST OF MELODY[1]

[THE TEXT OF ALL THE SELECTIONS FROM POE IS THAT OF THE "VIRGINIA EDITION," BY THE KIND PERMISSION OF THOMAS Y. CROWELL & CO.]

LIGEIA! Ligeia!
My beautiful one!
Whose harshest idea
Will to melody run,
O! is it thy will
On the breezes to toss?
Or, capriciously still,
Like the lone Albatross,[2]
Incumbent on night
(As she on the air)
To keep watch with delight
On the harmony there?
Ligeia! wherever
Thy image may be,
No magic shall sever
Thy music from thee.

SONNET—TO SCIENCE[3]

SCIENCE! true daughter of Old Time thou art!
Who alterest all things with thy peering eyes.

[1] Taken from "Al Aaraaf" (text of 1845), which first appeared in 1829. Poe tells us that he imitated the rhythm of one of Claud Halcro's songs in Scott's "Pirate."

[2] The Albatross is said to sleep on the wing (Poe's note).

[3] First published in the volume of 1829, the text was subject to some modifications. The rhyme scheme of the sonnet is irregular. If the fifth and seventh lines did not rhyme with the second and fourth, it would be a good example of what is known as the Shakespearian form of sonnet.

Why preyest thou thus upon the poet's heart,
Vulture, whose wings are dull realities?
How should he love thee? or how deem thee wise,
Who wouldst not leave him in his wandering
To seek for treasure in the jeweled skies,
Albeit he soared with an undaunted wing?
Hast thou not dragged Diana from her car?
And driven the Hamadryad from the wood
To seek a shelter in some happier star?
Hast thou not torn the Naiad from her flood,
The Elfin from the green grass, and from me
The summer dream beneath the tamarind tree?

TO HELEN[1]

Helen, thy beauty is to me
Like those Nicéan[2] barks of yore,
That gently, o'er a perfumed sea,
The weary, wayworn wanderer bore
To his own native shore.

On desperate seas long wont to roam,
Thy hyacinth hair, thy classic face,

[1] First published in "Poems," 1831. Subsequently altered and improved. It is one of Poe's earliest poems.

[2] In the editor's Riverside selections from Poe the suggestion is made that as *Nicéan* is apparently inexplicable, perhaps *Phæacian* is meant, as the Phæacians conveyed Ulysses to Ithaca (cf. ll. 4–5, and "Odyssey," VI–VIII). It does not follow, however, from the adoption of this suggestion, that "Helen" stands for Helen of Troy, nor does it follow from Poe's statement that "Helen" was Mrs. Jane Stith Stanard, a Richmond lady who was kind to him in his boyhood, that the poem was really inspired by that lady. It may be remarked that *Nicéan* is explained by Professor Kent to refer to the ships of Alexander the Great, so named from the place of their construction, Nicæa, a town in India which he founded on the Hydaspes. Yet Alexander does not suit line 4 as Ulysses does, and he did not return to his own shore; nor, granting that Poe remembered this special Nicæa, does it seem likely that a river town would have brought to his mind "a perfumed sea." Probably the matter must still be regarded as shrouded in mystery, and probably Poe would have smiled could he have known how much speculation would centre around a word which he may have chosen simply because it suited his ear.

Thy Naiad airs have brought me home
To the glory that was Greece,
And the grandeur that was Rome.

Lo! in yon brilliant window-niche
How statue-like I see thee stand,
The agate lamp within thy hand!
Ah, Psyche, from the regions which
Are Holy-Land!

ISRAFEL[1]

In Heaven a spirit doth dwell
"Whose heart-strings are a lute;"
None sing so wildly well
As the angel Israfel,
And the giddy stars (so legends tell)
Ceasing their hymns, attend the spell
Of his voice, all mute.

Tottering above
In her highest noon,
The enamored moon
Blushes with love,
While, to listen, the red levin
(With the rapid Pleiads, even,
Which were seven,)[2]
Pauses in Heaven.

And they say (the starry choir
And the other listening things)
That Israfeli's fire
Is owing to that lyre

[1] First published in "Poems," 1831. Subsequently altered and improved.
[2] See Simms's poem, "The Lost Pleiad," p. 178.

By which he sits and sings —
The trembling living wire
Of those unusual strings.

But the skies that angel trod,
Where deep thoughts are a duty —
Where Love's a grown-up God —
Where the Houri glances are
Imbued with all the beauty
Which we worship in a star.

Therefore, thou art not wrong,
Israfeli, who despisest
An unimpassioned song;
To thee the laurels belong,
Best bard, because the wisest!
Merrily live, and long!

The ecstasies above
With thy burning measures suit —
Thy grief, thy joy, thy hate, thy love,
With the fervor of thy lute —
Well may the stars be mute!

Yes, Heaven is thine; but this
Is a world of sweets and sours;
Our flowers are merely — flowers,
And the shadow of thy perfect bliss
Is the sunshine of ours.

If I could dwell
Where Israfel
Hath dwelt, and he where I,
He might not sing so wildly well
A mortal melody,
While a bolder note than this might swell
From my lyre within the sky.

TO ONE IN PARADISE[1]

THOU wast all that to me, love,
For which my soul did pine —
A green isle in the sea, love,
A fountain and a shrine,
All wreathed with fairy fruits and flowers,
And all the flowers were mine.

Ah, dream too bright to last!
Ah, starry Hope! that didst arise
But to be overcast!
A voice from out the Future cries,
"On! on!" — but o'er the Past
(Dim gulf!) my spirit hovering lies
Mute, motionless, aghast.

For, alas! alas! with me
The light of Life is o'er!
"No more — no more — no more" —
(Such language holds the solemn sea
To the sands upon the shore)
Shall bloom the thunder-blasted tree,
Or the stricken eagle soar!

And all my days are trances,
And all my nightly dreams
Are where thy grey eye glances,
And where thy footstep gleams —
In what ethereal dances,
By what eternal streams.[2]

[1] Inserted in "The Visionary" (now "The Assignation"), first published in *Godey's Lady's Book*, January, 1834.

[2] There is an added stanza in the version now printed in "The Assignation," but it does not help the poem.

AT SCHOOL IN ENGLAND[1]

LET me call myself, for the present, William Wilson. The fair page now lying before me need not be sullied with my real appellation. This has been already too much an object for the scorn — for the horror — for the detestation of my race. To the uttermost regions of the globe have not the indignant winds bruited its unparalleled infamy? Oh, outcast of all outcasts most abandoned! — to the earth art thou not forever dead? to its honors, to its flowers, to its golden aspirations? — and a cloud, dense, dismal, and limitless, does it not hang eternally between thy hopes and heaven?

I would not, if I could, here or to-day, embody a record of my later years of unspeakable misery and unpardonable crime. This epoch — these later years — took upon themselves a sudden elevation in turpitude, whose origin alone it is my present purpose to assign. Men usually grow base by degrees. From me, in an instant, all virtue dropped bodily as a mantle. From comparatively trivial wickedness I passed, with the stride of a giant, into more than the enormities of an Elah-gabalus.[2] What chance — what one event brought this evil thing to pass, bear with me while I relate. Death approaches; and the shadow which foreruns him has thrown a softening influence over my spirit. I long, in passing through the dim valley, for the sympathy — I had nearly said for the pity — of my fellowmen. I would fain have them believe that I have been, in some measure, the slave of circumstances beyond human control. I would wish them to seek out for me, in the details I am about to give, some little oasis of *fatality* amid a wilderness of error. I would have them allow — what they cannot refrain from

[1] From "William Wilson," a tale first published in *Burton's Gentleman's Magazine* for October, 1839, one month after the appearance of "The Fall of the House of Usher" in the same periodical. Critics agree in seeing in the story many autobiographical details of Poe's schooldays in England and of his unique personality. It represents excellently, not only Poe's "Tales of Conscience," but his remarkable powers of description.

[2] Also Heliogabalus, a Roman emperor noted for his cruelties and debauchery, murdered in 222 A.D., after a reign of four years.

allowing — that, although temptation may have erewhile existed as great, man was never *thus* at least tempted before — certainly, never *thus* fell. And is it therefore that he has never thus suffered? Have I not indeed been living in a dream? And am I not now dying a victim to the horror and the mystery of the wildest of all sublunary visions?

I am a descendant of a race whose imaginative and easily excitable temperament has at all times rendered them remarkable; and, in my earliest infancy, I gave evidence of having fully inherited the family character. As I advanced in years it was more strongly developed; becoming for many reasons a cause of serious disquietude to my friends, and of positive injury to myself. I grew self-willed, addicted to the wildest caprices, and a prey to the most ungovernable passions. Weak-minded, and beset with constitutional infirmities akin to my own, my parents could do but little to check the evil propensities which distinguished me. Some feeble and ill-directed efforts resulted in complete failure on their part, and, of course, in total triumph on mine. Thenceforward my voice was a household law, and at an age when few children have abandoned their leading-strings, I was left to the guidance of my own will, and became in all but name the master of my own actions.

My earliest recollections of a school-life, are connected with a large, rambling, Elizabethan house, in a misty-looking village of England,[1] where were a vast number of gigantic and gnarled trees, and where all the houses were excessively ancient. In truth, it was a dream-like and spirit-soothing place, that venerable old town. At this moment, in fancy, I feel the refreshing chilliness of its deeply-shadowed avenues, inhale the fragrance of its thousand shrubberies, and thrill anew with indefinable delight, at the deep hollow note of the church-bell, breaking, each hour, with sullen and sudden roar, upon the stillness of the dusky atmosphere in which the fretted Gothic steeple lay imbedded and asleep.

It gives me, perhaps, as much of pleasure as I can now in any manner experience, to dwell upon minute recollections of the school and its concerns. Steeped in misery as I am — misery, alas! only

[1] Stoke-Newington.

too real — I shall be pardoned for seeking relief, however slight and temporary, in the weakness of a few rambling details. These, moreover, utterly trivial, and even ridiculous in themselves, assume, to my fancy, adventitious importance, as connected with a period and a locality when and where I recognize the first ambiguous monitions of the destiny which afterwards so fully overshadowed me. Let me then remember.

The house, I have said, was old and irregular. The grounds were extensive, and a high and solid brick wall, topped with a bed of mortar and broken glass, encompassed the whole. This prison-like rampart formed the limit of our domain; beyond it we saw but thrice a week, once every Saturday afternoon, when, attended by two ushers, we were permitted to take brief walks in a body through some of the neighboring fields — and twice during Sunday, when we were paraded in the same formal manner to the morning and evening service in the one church of the village. Of this church the principal of our school was pastor. With how deep a spirit of wonder and perplexity was I wont to regard him from our remote pew in the gallery, as, with step solemn and slow, he ascended the pulpit! This reverend man, with countenance so demurely benign, with robes so glossy and so clerically flowing, with wig so minutely powdered, so rigid and so vast, — could this be he who, of late, with sour visage, and in snuffy habiliments, administered, ferule in hand, the Draconian laws of the academy? Oh, gigantic paradox, too utterly monstrous for solution!

At an angle of the ponderous wall frowned a more ponderous gate. It was riveted and studded with iron bolts, and surmounted with jagged iron pikes. What impressions of deep awe did it inspire! It was never opened save for the three periodical egressions and ingressions already mentioned; then, in every creak of its mighty hinges, we found a plenitude of mystery — a world of matter for solemn remark, or for more solemn meditation.

The extensive enclosure was irregular in form, having many capacious recesses. Of these, three or four of the largest constituted the playground. It was level, and covered with fine hard gravel. I well remember it had no trees, nor benches, nor anything similar within it. Of course it was in the rear of the house. In

front lay a small parterre, planted with box and other shrubs; but through this sacred division we passed only upon rare occasions indeed, such as a first advent to school or final departure thence, or perhaps, when a parent or friend having called for us, we joyfully took our way home for the Christmas or midsummer holidays.

But the house! — how quaint an old building was this! — to me how veritably a palace of enchantment! There was really no end to its windings — to its incomprehensible subdivisions. It was difficult, at any given time, to say with certainty upon which of its two stories one happened to be. From each room to every other there were sure to be found three or four steps either in ascent or descent. Then the lateral branches were innumerable — inconceivable — and so returning in upon themselves, that our most exact ideas in regard to the whole mansion were not very far different from those with which we pondered upon infinity. During the five years[1] of my residence here, I was never able to ascertain with precision, in what remote locality lay the little sleeping apartment assigned to myself and some eighteen or twenty other scholars.

The schoolroom was the largest in the house — I could not help thinking, in the world. It was very long, narrow, and dismally low, with pointed Gothic windows and a ceiling of oak. In a remote and terror-inspiring angle was a square enclosure of eight or ten feet, comprising the *sanctum*, "during hours," of our principal, the Reverend Dr. Bransby.[2] It was a solid structure, with massy door, sooner than open which in the absence of the "Dominie," we would all have willingly perished by the *peine forte et dure*.[3] In other angles were two other similar boxes, far less reverenced, indeed, but still greatly matters of awe. One of these was the pulpit of the "classical" usher, one of the "English and mathematical." Interspersed about the room, crossing and recrossing in endless irregularity, were innumerable benches and desks, black, ancient, and time-worn, piled desperately with much-bethumbed books, and

[1] Poe was in England from 1815 to 1820.

[2] Dr. John Bransby was actually the headmaster of the Manor House School where Poe studied.

[3] French for "heavy and harsh pain." Technically, the barbarous punishment of applying heavy weights to a man who stood mute when indicted for felony, and crushing him until he pleaded or died.

so beseamed with initial letters, names at full length, grotesque figures, and other multiplied efforts of the knife, as to have entirely lost what little of original form might have been their portion in days of long departed. A huge bucket with water stood at one extremity of the room, and a clock of stupendous dimensions at the other.

Encompassed by the massy walls of this venerable academy, I passed, yet not in tedium or disgust, the years of the third lustrum of my life. The teeming brain of childhood requires no external world of incident to occupy or amuse it; and the apparently dismal monotony of a school was replete with more intense excitement than my riper youth has derived from luxury, or my full manhood from crime. Yet I must believe that my first mental development had in it much of the uncommon — even much of the *outré*.[1] Upon mankind at large the events of very early existence rarely leave in mature age any definite impression. All is gray shadow — a weak and irregular remembrance — an indistinct regathering of feeble pleasures and phantasmagoric pains. With me this is not so. In childhood I must have felt with the energy of a man what I now find stamped upon memory in lines as vivid, as deep, and as durable as the *exergues*[2] of the Carthaginian medals.

Yet in fact — in the fact of the world's view — how little was there to remember! The morning's awakening, the nightly summons to bed; the connings, the recitations; the periodical half-holidays, and perambulations; the playground, with its broils, its pastimes, its intrigues; — these, by a mental sorcery long forgotten, were made to involve a wilderness of sensation, a world of rich incident, an universe of varied emotion, of excitement the most passionate and spirit-stirring. "*Oh, le bon temps, que ce siècle de fer?*"[3]

[1] French for "exaggerated," "extraordinary."

[2] The exergue is that part of the reverse of a coin or medal which is below the main device ("type"), and distinctly separated from it, generally by a line. — *Century Dictionary*.

[3] French for "Oh, what a good time was that age of iron," *i.e.* that primitive and unluxurious period of life.

THE CONQUEROR WORM[1]

Lo! 'tis a gala night
Within the lonesome latter years!
An angel throng, bewinged, bedight
In veils, and drowned in tears,
Sit in a theatre, to see
A play of hopes and fears,
While the orchestra breathes fitfully
The music of the spheres.

Mimes,[2] in the form of God on high,
Mutter and mumble low,
And hither and thither fly —
Mere puppets they, who come and go
At bidding of vast formless things
That shift the scenery to and fro,
Flapping from out their condor wings
Invisible Wo.

That motley drama — oh, be sure
It shall not be forgot!
With its Phantom, chased for evermore,
By a crowd that seize it not,
Through a circle that ever returneth in
To the self-same spot;
And much of Madness, and more of Sin,
And Horror the soul of the plot.

But see, amid the mimic rout
A crawling shape intrude!
A blood-red thing that writhes from out
The scenic solitude!

[1] First published in *Graham's Magazine*, January, 1843. Now included in "Ligeia."

[2] Actors, *i.e.* men.

It writhes — it writhes! — with mortal pangs
The mimes become its food,
And seraphs sob at vermin fangs
In human gore imbued.

Out — out are the lights — out all!
And, over each quivering form,
The curtain, a funeral pall,
Comes down with the rush of a storm,
While the angels, all pallid and wan,
Uprising, unveiling, affirm
That the play is the tragedy, "Man,"
And its hero, the Conqueror Worm.

THE CITY IN THE SEA[1]

Lo! Death has reared himself a throne
In a strange city lying alone
Far down within the dim West,
Where the good and the bad and the worst and the best
Have gone to their eternal rest.
There shrines and palaces and towers
(Time-eaten towers that tremble not!)
Resemble nothing that is ours.
Around, by lifting winds forgot,
Resignedly beneath the sky
The melancholy waters lie.

No rays from the holy heaven come down
On the long night-time of that town;
But light from out the lurid sea
Streams up the turrets silently —
Gleams up the pinnacles far and free —

[1] Published in *The American [Whig] Review*, April, 1845; the earliest version dates, however, from the "Poems" of 1831, where it was called "The Doomed City."

Up domes — up spires — up kingly halls —
Up fanes — up Babylon-like walls, — [1]
Up shadowy long-forgotten bowers
Of sculptured ivy and stone flowers —
Up many and many a marvellous shrine
Whose wreathed friezes intertwine
The viol,[2] the violet, and the vine.

Resignedly beneath the sky
The melancholy waters lie.
So blend the turrets and shadows there
That all seem pendulous in air,
While from a proud tower in the town
Death looks gigantically down.

There open fanes and gaping graves
Yawn level with the luminous waves;
But not the riches there that lie
In each idol's diamond eye —
Not the gayly-jewelled dead,
Tempt the waters from their bed;
For no ripples curl, alas!
Along that wilderness of glass —
No swellings tell that winds may be
Upon some far-off happier sea —
No heavings hint that winds have been
On seas less hideously serene!

But lo, a stir is in the air!
The wave — there is a movement there!
As if the towers had thrust aside,

[1] Perhaps, as Professor Weber thinks, this phrase is equivalent to "doomed to fall." But the town is to "settle" down, and perhaps all Poe wished to do was to recall some old city famous for its walls. Professor Kent thinks that the size of the walls of Babylon was in Poe's mind.

[2] Explained by Professor Weber as "for 'viola,' the genus of which the violet is a species." But would Poe immediately have mentioned the violet? Professor Kent takes it to mean a stringed musical instrument, which seems preferable. The line stood originally, "The mask — the viol — and the vine."

In slightly sinking, the dull tide —
As if their tops had feebly given
A void within the filmy Heaven.
The waves have now a redder glow —
The hours are breathing faint and low —
And when, amid no earthly moans,
Down, down that town shall settle hence,
Hell, rising from a thousand thrones,
Shall do it reverence.

THE RAVEN[1]

Once upon a midnight dreary, while I pondered, weak and weary,
Over many a quaint and curious volume of forgotten lore —
While I nodded, nearly napping, suddenly there came a tapping,
As of some one gently rapping, rapping at my chamber door.
"'Tis some visitor," I muttered, "tapping at my chamber door —
Only this and nothing more."

Ah, distinctly I remember it was in the bleak December;
And each separate dying ember wrought its ghost upon the floor.
Eagerly I wished the morrow; — vainly I had sought to borrow
From my books surcease of sorrow — sorrow for the lost Lenore —
For the rare and radiant maiden whom the angels name Lenore —
Nameless *here* for evermore.

And the silken, sad, uncertain rustling of each purple curtain
Thrilled me — filled me with fantastic terrors never felt before;
So that now, to still the beating of my heart, I stood repeating
"'Tis some visitor entreating entrance at my chamber door —
Some late visitor entreating entrance at my chamber door;
This it is and nothing more."

Presently my soul grew stronger; hesitating then no longer,
"Sir," said I, "or Madam, truly your forgiveness I implore;

[1] First printed in *The Evening Mirror*, January 29, 1845, and *The American [Whig] Review*, February, 1845.

But the fact is I was napping, and so gently you came rapping,
And so faintly you came tapping, tapping at my chamber door,
That I scarce was sure I heard you" — here I opened wide the door; —
Darkness there and nothing more.

Deep into that darkness peering, long I stood there wondering, fearing,
Doubting, dreaming dreams no mortal ever dared to dream before;
But the silence was unbroken, and the stillness gave no token,
And the only word there spoken was the whispered word, "Lenore!"
This I whispered, and an echo murmured back the word, "Lenore!"
Merely this and nothing more.

Back into the chamber turning, all my soul within me burning,
Soon again I heard a tapping somewhat louder than before.
"Surely," said I, "surely that is something at my window lattice;
Let me see, then, what thereat is, and this mystery explore —
Let my heart be still a moment and this mystery explore; —
'Tis the wind and nothing more."

Open here I flung the shutter, when, with many a flirt and flutter,
In there stepped a stately Raven of the saintly days of yore.
Not the least obeisance made he; not a minute stopped or stayed he;
But, with mien of lord or lady, perched above my chamber door —
Perched upon a bust of Pallas just above my chamber door —
Perched, and sat, and nothing more.

Then this ebony bird beguiling my sad fancy into smiling,
By the grave and stern decorum of the countenance it wore,
"Though thy crest be shorn and shaven, thou," I said, "art sure no craven,
Ghastly grim and ancient Raven wandering from the Nightly shore —
Tell me what thy lordly name is on the Night's Plutonian shore!"
Quoth the Raven, "Nevermore."

Much I marvelled this ungainly fowl to hear discourse so plainly,
Though its answer little meaning — little relevancy bore;
For we cannot help agreeing that no living human being
Ever yet was blessed with seeing bird above his chamber door —
Bird or beast upon the sculptured bust above his chamber door,
With such name as "Nevermore."

But the Raven, sitting lonely on the placid bust, spoke only
That one word, as if his soul in that one word he did outpour,
Nothing further then he uttered — not a feather then he fluttered —
Till I scarcely more than muttered,[1] — "Other friends have flown before —
On the morrow *he* will leave me, as my Hopes have flown before."
Then the bird said,[2] "Nevermore."

Startled at the stillness broken by reply so aptly spoken,
"Doubtless," said I, "what it utters is its only stock and store,
Caught from some unhappy master whom unmerciful Disaster
Followed fast and followed faster till his songs one burden bore —
Till the dirges of his Hope that melancholy burden bore
Of 'Never — nevermore.'"

But the Raven still beguiling all my fancy into smiling,
Straight I wheeled a cushioned seat in front of bird, and bust and door;
Then, upon the velvet sinking, I betook myself to linking
Fancy unto fancy, thinking what this ominous bird of yore —
What this grim, ungainly, ghastly, gaunt, and ominous bird of yore
Meant in croaking "Nevermore."

This I sat engaged in guessing, but no syllable expressing
To the fowl whose fiery eyes now burned into my bosom's core;
This and more I sat divining, with my head at ease reclining
On the cushion's velvet lining that the lamp-light gloated o'er,
But whose velvet violet lining with the lamp-light gloating o'er,
She shall press, ah, nevermore!

[1] There is no punctuation here in the "Virginia Edition."
[2] Here, and in similar places below, a comma has been inserted.

Then, methought, the air grew denser, perfumed from an unseen censer
Swung by seraphim whose foot-falls tinkled on the tufted floor.
"Wretch," I cried, "thy God hath lent thee — by these angels he hath sent thee
Respite — respite and nepenthe[1] from thy memories of Lenore;
Quaff, oh quaff this kind nepenthe and forget this lost Lenore!"
Quoth the Raven, "Nevermore."

"Prophet!" said I, "thing of evil! prophet still, if bird or devil! —
Whether Tempter sent, or whether tempest tossed thee here ashore,
Desolate yet all undaunted, on this desert land enchanted —
On this home by Horror haunted — tell me truly, I implore —
Is there — *is* there balm in Gilead? — tell me — tell me, I implore!"
Quoth the Raven, "Nevermore."

"Prophet!" said I, "thing of evil! — prophet still, if bird or devil!
By that Heaven that bends above us — by that God we both adore —
Tell this soul with sorrow laden if, within the distant Aidenn,[2]
It shall clasp a sainted maiden whom the angels name Lenore —
Clasp a rare and radiant maiden whom the angels name Lenore!"
Quoth the Raven, "Nevermore."

"Be that word our sign of parting, bird or fiend!" I shrieked, upstarting —
"Get thee back into the tempest and the Night's Plutonian shore!
Leave no black plume as a token of that lie thy soul hath spoken!
Leave my loneliness unbroken! — quit the bust above my door!
Take thy beak from out my heart, and take thy form from off my door!"
Quoth the Raven, "Nevermore."

[1] A drink causing forgetfulness, mentioned by Homer.
[2] Eden.

And the Raven, never flitting, still is sitting, *still* is sitting
On the pallid bust of Pallas just above my chamber door;
And his eyes have all the seeming of a demon's that is dreaming,
And the lamp-light o'er him streaming throws his shadow on the floor;
And my soul from out that shadow that lies floating on the floor
Shall be lifted — nevermore!

THE CASK OF AMONTILLADO[1]

The thousand injuries of Fortunato I had borne as I best could, but when he ventured upon insult I vowed revenge. You, who so well know the nature of my soul, will not suppose, however, that I gave utterance to a threat. *At length* I would be avenged; this was a point definitely settled — but the very definitiveness with which it was resolved precluded the idea of risk. I must not only punish but punish with impunity. A wrong is unredressed when retribution overtakes its redresser. It is equally unredressed when the avenger fails to make himself felt as such to him who has done the wrong.

It must be understood that neither by word nor deed had I given Fortunato cause to doubt my good will. I continued, as was my wont, to smile in his face, and he did not perceive that my smile *now* was at the thought of his immolation.

He had a weak point — this Fortunato — although in other regards he was a man to be respected and even feared. He prided himself on his connoisseurship in wine. Few Italians have the true virtuoso spirit. For the most part their enthusiasm is adopted to suit the time and opportunity, to practise imposture upon the British and Austrian *millionaires*. In painting and gemmary, Fortunato, like his countrymen, was a quack, but in the matter of old wines he was sincere. In this respect I did not differ from him materially; — I was skilful in the Italian vintages myself, and bought largely whenever I could.

[1] First published in *Godey's Lady's Book*, November, 1846. Amontillado (pronounced a-mon-til-yä'-dō) is a sherry wine which is light in color and body and but slightly sweet. — *Century Dictionary*.

It was about dusk, one evening during the supreme madness of the carnival season, that I encountered my friend. He accosted me with excessive warmth, for he had been drinking much. The man wore motley. He had on a tight-fitting parti-striped dress, and his head was surmounted by the conical cap and bells. I was so pleased to see him, that I thought I should never have done wringing his hand.

I said to him — "My dear Fortunato, you are luckily met. How remarkably well you are looking to-day! But I have received a pipe of what passes for Amontillado, and I have my doubts."

"How?" said he. "Amontillado? A pipe? Impossible! And in the middle of the carnival!"

"I have my doubts," I replied; "and I was silly enough to pay the full Amontillado price without consulting you in the matter. You were not to be found, and I was fearful of losing a bargain."

"Amontillado!"

"I have my doubts."

"Amontillado!"

"And I must satisfy them."

"Amontillado!"

"As you are engaged, I am on my way to Luchresi.[1] If any one has a critical turn, it is he. He will tell me ——"

"Luchresi cannot tell Amontillado from Sherry."

"And yet some fools will have it that his taste is a match for your own."

"Come, let us go."

"Whither?"

"To your vaults."

"My friend, no; I will not impose upon your good nature. I perceive you have an engagement. Luchresi ——"

"I have no engagement; — come."

"My friend, no. It is not the engagement, but the severe cold with which I perceive you are afflicted. The vaults are insufferably damp. They are encrusted with nitre."

"Let us go, nevertheless. The cold is merely nothing. Amon-

[1] Generally printed Luchesi.

tillado! You have been imposed upon. And as for Luchresi, he cannot distinguish Sherry from Amontillado."

Thus speaking, Fortunato possessed himself of my arm; and putting on a mask of black silk and drawing a *roquelaire*[1] closely about my person, I suffered him to hurry me to my palazzo.

There were no attendants at home; they had absconded to make merry in honor of the time. I had told them that I should not return until the morning, and had given them explicit orders not to stir from the house. These orders were sufficient, I well knew, to insure their immediate disappearance, one and all, as soon as my back was turned.

I took from their sconces two flambeaux, and giving one to Fortunato, bowed him through several suites of rooms to the archway that led into the vaults. I passed down a long and winding staircase, requesting him to be cautious as he followed. We came at length to the foot of the descent, and stood together on the damp ground of the catacombs of the Montresors.

The gait of my friend was unsteady, and the bells upon his cap jingled as he strode.

"The pipe," said he.

"It is farther on," said I; "but observe the white web-work which gleams from these cavern walls."

He turned towards me, and looked into my eyes with two filmy orbs that distilled the rheum of intoxication.

"Nitre?" he asked, at length.

"Nitre." I replied. "How long have you had that cough?"

"Ugh! ugh! ugh! — ugh! ugh! ugh! — ugh! ugh! ugh! — ugh! ugh! ugh! — ugh! ugh! ugh!"

My poor friend found it impossible to reply for many minutes.

"It is nothing," he said, at last.

"Come," I said, with decision, "we will go back; your health is precious. You are rich, respected, admired, beloved; you are happy, as once I was. You are a man to be missed. For me it

[1] More properly *roquelaure*, a short cloak much worn in the early eighteenth century (pronounced rok'-e-lōr'). The word was derived from the name of a French nobleman (see Century Dictionary).

is no matter. We will go back; you will be ill, and I cannot be responsible. Besides, there is Luchresi —— "

"Enough," he said; "the cough is a mere nothing; it will not kill me. I shall not die of a cough."

"True — true," I replied; "and, indeed, I had no intention of alarming you unnecessarily — but you should use all proper caution. A draught of this Medoc will defend us from the damps."

Here I knocked off the neck of a bottle which I drew from a long row of its fellows that lay upon the mould.

"Drink," I said, presenting him the wine.

He raised it to his lips with a leer. He paused and nodded to me familiarly, while his bells jingled.

"I drink," he said, "to the buried that repose around us."

"And I to your long life."

He again took my arm, and we proceeded.

"These vaults," he said, "are extensive."

"The Montresors," I replied, "were a great and numerous family."

"I forget your arms."

"A huge human foot d'or, in a field azure; the foot crushes a serpent rampant whose fangs are imbedded in the heel."

"And the motto?"

"*Nemo me impune lacessit.*"[1]

"Good!" he said.

The wine sparkled in his eyes and the bells jingled. My own fancy grew warm with the Medoc. We had passed through long walls of piled skeletons, with casks and puncheons intermingling, into the inmost recesses of the catacombs. I paused again, and this time I made bold to seize Fortunato by an arm above the elbow.

"The nitre!" I said; "see, it increases. It hangs like moss upon the vaults. We are below the river's bed. The drops of moisture trickle among the bones. Come, we will go back ere it is too late. Your cough ——"

"It is nothing," he said; "let us go on. But first, another draught of the Medoc."

I broke and reached him a flagon of De Grâve. He emptied

[1] No one injures me with impunity.

it at a breath. His eyes flashed with a fierce light. He laughed and threw the bottle upwards with a gesticulation I did not understand.

I looked at him in surprise. He repeated the movement — a grotesque one.

"You do not comprehend?" he said.

"Not I," I replied.

"Then you are not of the brotherhood."

"How?"

"You are not of the masons."[1]

"Yes, yes," I said; "yes, yes."

"You? Impossible! A mason?"

"A mason," I replied.

"A sign," he said, "a sign."

"It is this," I answered, producing from beneath the folds of my *roquelaire* a trowel.

"You jest," he exclaimed, recoiling a few paces. "But let us proceed to the Amontillado."

"Be it so," I said, replacing the tool beneath the cloak, and again offering him my arm. He leaned upon it heavily. We continued our route in search of the Amontillado. We passed through a range of low arches, descended, passed on, and descending again, arrived at a deep crypt, in which the foulness of the air caused our flambeaux rather to glow than flame.

At the most remote end of the crypt there appeared another less spacious. Its walls had been lined with human remains, piled to the vault overhead, in the fashion of the great catacombs of Paris. Three sides of this interior crypt were still ornamented in this manner. From the fourth side the bones had been thrown down, and lay promiscuously upon the earth, forming at one point a mound of some size. Within the wall thus exposed by the displacing of the bones, we perceived a still interior crypt or recess, in depth about four feet, in width three, in height six or seven. It seemed to have been constructed for no especial use within itself, but formed merely the interval between two of the colossal supports of the roof of the catacombs, and was backed by one of their circumscribing walls of solid granite.

[1] *I.e.* the Free Masons.

It was in vain that Fortunato, uplifting his dull torch, endeavored to pry into the depth of the recess. Its termination the feeble light did not enable us to see.

"Proceed," I said; "herein is the Amontillado. As for Luchresi ——"

"He is an ignoramus," interrupted my friend, as he stepped unsteadily forward, while I followed immediately at his heels. In an instant he had reached the extremity of the niche, and finding his progress arrested by the rock, stood stupidly bewildered. A moment more and I had fettered him to the granite. In its surface were two iron staples, distant from each other about two feet, horizontally. From one of these depended a short chain, from the other a padlock. Throwing the links about his waist, it was but the work of a few seconds to secure it. He was too much astounded to resist. Withdrawing the key I stepped back from the recess.

"Pass your hand," I said, "over the wall; you cannot help feeling the nitre. Indeed it is *very* damp. Once more let me *implore* you to return. No? Then I must positively leave you. But I must first render you all the little attentions in my power."

"The Amontillado!" ejaculated my friend, not yet recovered from his astonishment.

"True," I replied; "the Amontillado."

As I said these words I busied myself among the pile of bones of which I have before spoken. Throwing them aside, I soon uncovered a quantity of building stone and mortar. With these materials and with the aid of my trowel, I began vigorously to wall up the entrance of the niche.

I had scarcely laid the first tier of the masonry when I discovered that the intoxication of Fortunato had in a great measure worn off. The earliest indication I had of this was a low moaning cry from the depth of the recess. It was *not* the cry of a drunken man. There was then a long and obstinate silence. I laid the second tier, and the third, and the fourth; and then I heard the furious vibrations of the chain. The noise lasted for several minutes, during which, that I might hearken to it with the more satisfaction, I ceased my labors and sat down upon the bones. When

at last the clanking subsided, I resumed the trowel, and finished without interruption the fifth, the sixth, and the seventh tier. The wall was now nearly upon a level with my breast. I again paused, and holding the flambeaux over the mason-work, threw a few feeble rays upon the figure within.

A succession of loud and shrill screams, bursting suddenly from the throat of the chained form, seemed to thrust me violently back. For a brief moment I hesitated — I trembled. Unsheathing my rapier, I began to grope with it about the recess; but the thought of an instant reassured me. I placed my hand upon the solid fabric of the catacombs, and felt satisfied. I reapproached the wall. I replied to the yells of him who clamored. I reëchoed, I aided, I surpassed them in volume and in strength. I did this, and the clamorer grew still.

It was now midnight, and my task was drawing to a close. I had completed the eighth, the ninth and the tenth tier. I had finished a portion of the last and the eleventh; there remained but a single stone to be fitted and plastered in. I struggled with its weight; I placed it partially in its destined position. But now there came from out the niche a low laugh that erected the hairs upon my head. It was succeeded by a sad voice, which I had difficulty in recognizing as that of the noble Fortunato. The voice said —

"Ha! ha! ha! — he! he! he! — a very good joke, indeed — an excellent jest. We will have many a rich laugh about it at the palazzo — he! he! he! — over our wine — he! he! he!"

"The Amontillado!" I said.

"He! he! he! — he! he! he! — yes, the Amontillado. But is it not getting late? Will not they be awaiting us at the palazzo, the Lady Fortunato and the rest? Let us be gone."

"Yes," I said, "let us be gone."

"*For the love of God, Montresor!*"

"Yes," I said, "for the love of God!"

But to these words I hearkened in vain for a reply. I grew impatient. I called aloud —

"Fortunato!"

No answer. I called again —

"Fortunato!"

No answer still. I thrust a torch through the remaining aperture and let it fall within. There came forth in return only a jingling of the bells. My heart grew sick; it was the dampness of the catacombs that made it so. I hastened to make an end of my labor. I forced the last stone into its position; I plastered it up. Against the new masonry I reërected the old rampart of bones. For the half of a century no mortal has disturbed them. *In pace requiescat!*

THE POETIC PRINCIPLE[1]

In speaking of the Poetic Principle, I have no design to be either thorough or profound. While discussing, very much at random, the essentiality of what we call Poetry, my principal purpose will be to cite, for consideration, some few of those minor English or American poems which best suit my own taste, or which, upon my own fancy, have left the most definite impression. By "minor poems" I mean, of course, poems of little length. And here, in the beginning, permit me to say a few words in regard to a somewhat peculiar principle, which, whether rightfully or wrongfully, has always had its influence in my own critical estimate of the poem. I hold that a long poem does not exist. I maintain that the phrase, "a long poem," is simply a flat contradiction in terms.

I need scarcely observe that a poem deserves its title only inasmuch as it excites, by elevating the soul. The value of the poem is in the ratio of this elevating excitement. But all excitements are, through a psychal necessity, transient. That degree of excitement which would entitle a poem to be so called at all, cannot be sustained throughout a composition of any great length. After the lapse of half an hour, at the very utmost, it flags — fails — a revulsion ensues — and then the poem is, in effect, and in fact, no longer such.

[1] First published in *Sartain's Union Magazine* for October, 1850; delivered as a lecture toward the close of Poe's life. It may be remarked that some of the judgments here expressed are by no means universally assented to.

There are, no doubt, many who have found difficulty in reconciling the critical dictum that the "Paradise Lost" is to be devoutly admired throughout, with the absolute impossibility of maintaining for it, during perusal, the amount of enthusiasm which that critical dictum would demand. This great work, in fact, is to be regarded as poetical, only when, losing sight of that vital requisite in all works of Art, Unity, we view it merely as a series of minor poems. If, to preserve its Unity — its totality of effect or impression — we read it (as would be necessary) at a single sitting, the result is but a constant alternation of excitement and depression. After a passage of what we feel to be true poetry, there follows, inevitably, a passage of platitude which no critical pre-judgment can force us to admire; but if, upon completing the work, we read it again; omitting the first book — that is to say, commencing with the second — we shall be surprised at now finding that admirable which we before condemned — that damnable which we had previously so much admired. It follows from all this that the ultimate, aggregate, or absolute effect of even the best epic under the sun, is a nullity: — and this is precisely the fact.

In regard to the Iliad, we have, if not positive proof, at least very good reason, for believing it intended as a series of lyrics; but, granting the epic intention, I can say only that the work is based in an imperfect sense of art. The modern epic is, of the supposititious ancient model, but an inconsiderate and blindfold imitation. But the day of these artistic anomalies is over. If, at any time, any very long poem *were* popular in reality, which I doubt, it is at least clear that no very long poem will ever be popular again.

That the extent of a poetical work is, *ceteris paribus*,[1] the measure of its merit, seems undoubtedly, when we thus state it, a proposition sufficiently absurd — yet we are indebted for it to the Quarterly Reviews. Surely there can be nothing in mere *size*, abstractly considered — there can be nothing in mere *bulk*, so far as a volume is concerned, which has so continuously elicited admiration from these saturnine pamphlets! A mountain, to be sure, by the mere sentiment of physical magnitude which it conveys, *does*

[1] Other things being equal.

impress us with a sense of the sublime — but no man is impressed after *this* fashion by the material grandeur of even "The Columbiad."[1] Even the Quarterlies have not instructed us to be so impressed by it. *As yet*, they have not *insisted* on our estimating Lamartine[2] by the cubic foot, or Pollok[3] by the pound — but what else are we to *infer* from their continual prating about "sustained effort"? If, by "sustained effort," any little gentleman has accomplished an epic, let us frankly commend him for the effort — if this indeed be a thing commendable — but let us forbear praising the epic on the effort's account. It is to be hoped that common sense, in the time to come, will prefer deciding upon a work of art, rather by the impression it makes, by the effect it produces, than by the time it took to impress the effect or by the amount of "sustained effort" which had been found necessary in effecting the impression. The fact is, that perseverance is one thing, and genius quite another — nor can all the Quarterlies in Christendom confound them. By-and-by this proposition, with many which I have been just urging, will be received as self-evident. In the meantime, by being generally condemned as falsities, they will not be essentially damaged as truths.

ANNABEL LEE[4]

It was many and many a year ago,
In a kingdom by the sea,
That a maiden there lived whom you may know
By the name of Annabel Lee;
And this maiden she lived with no other thought
Than to love and be loved by me.

I was a child and she was a child,
In this kingdom by the sea,

[1] An epic by the American poet, Joel Barlow (1755–1812).

[2] Alphonse de Lamartine, the famous French poet, statesman, and historian.

[3] Robert Pollok (1799–1827), a Scotchman, author of the didactic poem, "The Course of Time."

[4] First published in the New York *Tribune*, October 9, 1849.

But we loved with a love that was more than love —
I and my ANNABEL LEE —
With a love that the wingèd seraphs of heaven
Coveted her and me.

And this was the reason that, long ago,
In this kingdom by the sea,
A wind blew out of a cloud, chilling
My beautiful ANNABEL LEE;
So that her highborn kinsmen came[1]
And bore her away from me,
To shut her up in a sepulchre
In this kingdom by the sea.

The angels, not half so happy in heaven,
Went envying her and me —
Yes! — that was the reason (as all men know,
In this kingdom by the sea)
That the wind came out of the cloud by night,
Chilling and killing my ANNABEL LEE.

But our love it was stronger by far than the love
Of those who were older than we —
Of many far wiser than we —
And neither the angels in heaven above,
Nor the demons down under the sea,
Can ever dissever my soul from the soul
Of the beautiful ANNABEL LEE:

For the moon never beams, without bringing me dreams
Of the beautiful ANNABEL LEE;
And the stars never rise, but I feel the bright eyes
Of the beautiful ANNABEL LEE:
And so, all the night-tide, I lie down by the side
Of my darling — my darling — my life and my bride,
In the sepulchre there by the sea —
In her tomb by the sounding sea.

[1] This has been thought by some to refer to the angels that took Poe's wife, Virginia, from him.

ALBERT PIKE

[ALBERT PIKE was born in Boston, Massachusetts, December 29, 1809, and died in Washington, D.C., April 2, 1891. He owes his place in this volume to the fact that, after studying at Harvard and teaching school in his native state, he finally settled for many years in the Southwest. He reached Fort Smith, Arkansas, at the end of 1832, after months of exploration in the far West, much of his travelling having been done on foot. He taught school in one or two towns, and then, removing to Little Rock, he became an editor and later a lawyer, achieving considerable local reputation. He was more widely known as a poet, especially after his remarkable "Hymns to the Gods" were published in *Blackwood's Magazine* in 1839.[1] He had previously contributed to New England magazines and had issued a volume of "Prose Sketches and Poems" at Boston in 1834. Although plainly influenced by Coleridge and Keats and Shelley, his poetical work was of such quality that it is regrettable that he did not write more, and strange that what he did write is not better known. He was, however, more of a man of action, perhaps, for in both the Mexican and the Civil wars he played a conspicuous part. In the former he commanded a cavalry company and performed other services: in the latter he was Confederate commissioner to the Indian tribes and also a brigadier general in command of Indians. Between the two wars he practised law in New Orleans (1853–1857) and then returned to Arkansas. Immediately after the Civil War he practised law and edited a newspaper in Memphis, Tennessee, but in 1868 he removed to Washington, D.C., where he devoted himself both to his profession and to free-masonry. He published many books of a masonic character and attained a supreme position in the order. His literary works were in his later years printed privately in three editions ("Nugæ," 1854, and collections in 1873 and 1881.) This fact partly accounts for his comparative failure to attract attention as a poet save by single poems such as the song "Dixie," in which he showed how completely he had espoused the cause of his adopted section. A statue has been erected to him in Washington.[2]]

[1] The "Hymns" were eight in number, and filled pages 819–830; they were accompanied by a letter from Pike and a complimentary note signed "C. N." — the editor, "Christopher North," *i.e.* John Wilson. In "Nugæ" the number of the "Hymns" is twelve. The eight original "Hymns" are given by Griswold in his "Poets and Poetry of America," where, in an interesting sketch of Pike, we are informed that he composed his tributes to the gods of Greece when he was a young teacher in Massachusetts.

[2] Courteous permission to quote from his father's works has been given by Yvon Pike, Esq., of Washington, D.C.

TO APOLLO

[From "Nugæ," 1854.[1] The Extract is from "Hymns to the Gods," No. VI, "To Apollo," and constitutes the Second Stanza of the Poem, which is dated, 1829.]

Most exquisite poet! Thou, whose great heart's swell
Pours itself out on mountain, lawn, and dell!
Thou who dost touch them with thy golden feet,
And make them for the Painter's use complete;
Inspired by whom the Poet's eyes perceive
Great beauty everywhere, — in the slow heave
Of the unquiet sea, or in the roar
Of its resounding waters, — on the shore
Of pleasant streams, — in the dark, jagged rift
Of savage mountains, where the black clouds drift
Flushed with swift lightning, — on the broad, dark brow
Of silent Night, that solemnly and slow
Walks up the sky. Oh, thou, whose influence
Tinges all things with beauty, makes each sense
Double delight, and clothes with a delicate grace
All that is young and fair; while all the base
Flits far, like darkness! — thou that art in truth
Incarnate loveliness, hear, while our youth
With earnest yearning cry!
Answer our hymn, and come to us, Most High!

DIXIE

Southrons, hear your country call you!
Up, lest worse than death befall you!
To arms! To arms! To arms, in Dixie!

[1] For the opportunity to examine and use this rare, privately printed volume of which only one hundred and sixty copies were issued, the editor is indebted to the courtesy of Mr. Edmund Clarence Stedman, the poet-critic, whose labors in behalf of our national literature cannot easily be overpraised.

Lo ! all the beacon-fires are lighted, —
Let all hearts be now united !
To arms ! To arms ! To arms, in Dixie !
Advance the flag of Dixie !
Hurrah ! hurrah !
For Dixie's land we take our stand,
And live or die for Dixie !
To arms ! To arms !
And conquer peace for Dixie !
To arms ! To arms !
And conquer peace for Dixie !

Hear the Northern thunders mutter !
Northern flags in South winds flutter !
Send them back your fierce defiance !
Stamp upon the accursed alliance !

Fear no danger ! Shun no labor !
Lift up rifle, pike, and sabre !
Shoulder pressing close to shoulder,
Let the odds make each heart bolder !

How the South's great heart rejoices
At your cannons' ringing voices !
For faith betrayed, and pledges broken,
Wrong inflicted, insults spoken.

Strong as lions, swift as eagles,
Back to their kennels hunt these beagles !
Cut the unequal bonds asunder !
Let them hence each other plunder !

Swear upon your country's altar
Never to submit or falter,
Till the spoilers are defeated,
Till the Lord's work is completed.

Halt not till our Federation
Secures among earth's Powers its station!
Then at peace, and crowned with glory,
Hear your children tell the story!

If the loved ones weep in sadness,
Victory soon shall bring them gladness, —
To arms!
Exultant pride soon banish sorrow,
Smiles chase tears away to-morrow.
To arms! To arms! To arms, in Dixie!
Advance the flag of Dixie!
Hurrah! hurrah!
For Dixie's land we take our stand,
And live or die for Dixie!
To arms! To arms!
And conquer peace for Dixie!
To arms! To arms!
And conquer peace for Dixie![1]

TO THE MOCKING BIRD

Thou glorious mocker of the world! I hear
Thy many voices ringing through the glooms
Of these green solitudes; and all the clear,
Bright joyance of their song enthralls the ear,
And floods the heart. Over the spherèd tombs
Of vanished nations rolls thy music-tide:
No light from History's starlit page illumes
The memory of these nations; they have died:
None care for them but thou; and thou mayst sing
O'er me, perhaps, as now thy clear notes ring
Over their bones by whom thou once wast deified.

[1] The texts of this and the following poem conform with those of Stedman's "American Anthology." For the poem that has interested students of Poe, "The Widowed Heart" (in "Nugæ," "Isadore"), which may have suggested "The Raven" and is dated 1843, see the "American Anthology" or the "Library of American Literature," as well as some remarks in Professor A. G. Newcomer's "The Poe-Chivers Tradition Reëxamined" in *The Sewanee Review*, January, 1904.

Glad scorner of all cities! Thou dost leave
The world's mad turmoil and incessant din,
Where none in others' honesty believe,
Where the old sigh, the young turn gray and grieve,
Where misery gnaws the maiden's heart within.
Thou fleest far into the dark green woods,
Where, with thy flood of music, thou canst win
Their heart to harmony, and where intrudes
No discord on thy melodies. Oh, where,
Among the sweet musicians of the air,
Is one so dear as thou to these old solitudes?

Ha! what a burst was that! The Æolian strain
Goes floating through the tangled passages
Of the still woods; and now it comes again,
A multitudinous melody, like a rain
Of glassy music under echoing trees,
Close by a ringing lake. It wraps the soul
With a bright harmony of happiness,
Even as a gem is wrapped when round it roll
Thin waves of crimson flame, till we become,
With the excess of perfect pleasure, dumb,
And pant like a swift runner clinging to the goal.

I cannot love the man who doth not love,
As men love light, the song of happy birds;
For the first visions that my boy-heart wove,
To fill its sleep with, were that I did rove
Through the fresh woods, what time the snowy herds
Of morning clouds shrunk from the advancing sun,
Into the depths of Heaven's blue heart, as words
From the Poet's lips float gently, one by one,
And vanish in the human heart; and then
I revelled in such songs, and sorrowed, when,
With noon-heat overwrought, the music-gush was done.

I would, sweet bird, that I might live with thee,
Amid the eloquent grandeur of these shades,

Alone with Nature! — but it may not be:
I have to struggle with the stormy sea
Of human life until existence fades
Into death's darkness. Thou wilt sing and soar
Through the thick woods and shadow-checkered glades,
While pain and sorrow cast no dimness o'er
The brilliance of thy heart; but I must wear,
As now, my garments of regret and care,
As penitents of old their galling sackcloth wore.

Yet, why complain? What though fond hopes deferred
Have overshadowed Life's green paths with gloom?
Content's soft music is not all unheard:
There is a voice sweeter than thine, sweet bird,
To welcome me, within my humble home;
There is an eye, with love's devotion bright,
The darkness of existence to illume.
Then why complain? When Death shall cast his blight
Over the spirit, my cold bones shall rest
Beneath these trees; and from thy swelling breast,
Over them pour thy song, like a rich flood of light.

[1834.[1]]

FROM A TRIBUTE TO SHELLEY, WRITTEN IN 1835

[From "Nugæ," 1854.]

Fare thee well,
Young Star of Poetry, now set for ever!
Yet, though eclipsed for ever to this world,
Still thy light fills the earth's dull atmosphere,
A legacy inestimable. Man

[1] "Nugæ" contains another and by no means bad poem upon the mocking bird, dated 1829. (Compare the tributes to the songster by Wilde, Meek, Hayne, Lanier, and half a dozen or a dozen more poets.) It also contains a spirited ballad, "Buena Vista," which is here omitted on account of restricted space. The poem entitled "Every Year," a favorite with many of General Pike's friends and admirers, may be found reprinted in the Stedman-Hutchinson "Library of American Literature."

Hath done thee wrong, wronging himself the more,
By cold neglect, and small appreciation
Of thy divinest songs. The day will come
When justice will be done thee.

* * * * * * * * *

Then none of all the muse's younger sons
Will rival thee, except that glorious one,[1]
Who burned thy corpse on Italy's fair shores.
But what is fame to thee? Small recompense
For persecution, obloquy, and wrong;
For poverty and shattered hopes, and life
Embittered till it was no pain to die![2]

ALEXANDER HAMILTON STEPHENS

[ALEXANDER STEPHENS was born near Crawfordsville, Georgia, February 11, 1812, and died in Atlanta, March 4, 1883. His father's family had migrated from Pennsylvania to Georgia, after the Revolution. Left an orphan while still a youth, Stephens attracted the notice of a well-to-do man, who gave him a schooling. He also found another benefactor in the person of his schoolmaster, from whom he took his middle name. In 1828 he entered Franklin College (now the University of Georgia), intending to become a Presbyterian minister, and he graduated there with distinction in 1832. Then he taught school, paid back the money advanced for his education, and studied law. After a brilliant examination he was admitted to the bar in 1834, and soon gained a practice. Elected to the legislature, he advocated railroads, the chartering of a college for women, and other progressive enterprises and measures. In 1843 he was elected to Congress, where he took high rank among his fellow-Whigs. During the campaign, in which he had a large majority to overcome, he was frequently taken for a boy on account of his very diminutive stature, but as an orator he easily distanced his opponent. In Congress he showed himself to be an acute debater, especially on Constitutional points, and, although a thorough Southerner, he joined his friend Robert Toombs (1810–1885) in opposing the Mexican War. In the contro-

[1] Byron.

[2] Compare this early tribute with that of Browning in "Pauline" (1833). Remember that Pike also showed his early appreciation of other great English poets of the Georgian Era, and note Poe's prompt recognition of Tennyson and Simms's of Robert Browning.

versies that soon arose over the admission of slavery into the territories, he took the Southern side, but refused to join the advocates of secession. With Toombs he was largely instrumental in securing the passage of the compromise of 1850 and of the Kansas-Nebraska Bill of 1854, the last-named measure turning out to be a death-blow to the Whig party, of which both statesmen had been stanch adherents. Shortly afterward Stephens determined to retire from Congress; but he changed his mind when it looked as if the Know Nothing party would carry Georgia, and he was triumphantly elected after a campaign in which it seemed that his puny frame would collapse. After supporting the Democrats in the controversy over the admission of Kansas, he again made plans to retire, and carried them out for a time by resigning in 1859. The next year saw him endeavoring to stem the tide of the secession movement in Georgia. He headed the Douglas electors, and his friend Toombs those of Breckinridge; but the estrangement that resulted was not of long duration. After the election of Lincoln, Stephens made a masterly speech, on November 14, before the Georgia legislature, in which he undertook to show that the choice of a Republican by the North and West did not warrant the withdrawal of the South from the Union. This speech was widely circulated throughout the country, but produced little effect. When Georgia seceded, Stephens stood by his state, after having voted against her action. He was then elected Vice-President of the Confederacy. He soon differed with President Davis, chiefly in regard to the rights of the individual states, and on the whole he took little share in directing the policy of the Confederate government. In 1864 he was important in the councils of the Georgia party interested in securing peace. In February, 1865, he took part in the Hampton Roads Conference with President Lincoln, and a little later he was imprisoned in Fort Warren in Boston Harbor. He was released in October and set himself to the task of inducing his fellow-Southerners to accept quietly the Reconstruction measures. He also devoted himself to the defence of the Southern cause by his pen, and produced the first volume of his "War between the States" (1867). This work, despite his wretched health, he completed in 1870 by the publication of a second volume. It is generally considered to be the most powerfully reasoned presentation of the states' rights theory and of the South's political course that has yet been written, but it suffers somewhat from being cast into the form of a colloquy. Then he wrote a "School History of the United States" (1870–1871), lectured on law, edited a newspaper, and was twice an unsuccessful candidate for the United States Senate. In 1873 he was elected to Congress, where he served until 1882. In the controversy over the election of 1876 he took a conservative and serviceable stand, and in other ways he proved an important factor in the process of reconciling the sections. After his resignation from Congress he published "A History of the United States," which was a financial failure, but he closed his life by beginning a successful administration as governor of Georgia. His right to rank among the foremost Southern statesmen of the Civil War period,

among the most acute political writers and the most effective orators, as well as among the most genial and benevolent men the South has produced, is universally recognized. His life has been written by H. Cleveland (1866) and, authoritatively, by the late Colonel Richard Malcolm Johnston (*q.v.*) in conjunction with Professor William Hand Browne (1878). See also for interesting details about Stephens, Colonel Johnston's "Autobiography"; and for Stephens and Toombs as political leaders, the editor's "Southern Statesmen of the Old Régime" (1897).]

A PLEA FOR UNION[1]

[From the Speech delivered before the Legislature of Georgia at Milledgeville, November 14, 1860.]

. . . The organization of society has much to do with the development of the natural resources of any country or any land. The institutions of a people, political and moral, are the matrix in which the germ of their organic structure quickens into life, takes root, and develops in form, nature, and character. Our institutions constitute the basis, the matrix, from which spring all our characteristics of development and greatness. Look at Greece! There is the same fertile soil, the same blue sky, the same inlets and harbors, the same Ægean, the same Olympus, — there

[1] The text is from Appendix B to Johnston and Browne's "Life of Alexander H. Stephens" (1878), by kind permission of Dr. William Hand Browne and the publishers, the J. B. Lippincott Company. The student should take note that the stenographic report of the speech was very imperfect, and should therefore make allowances for the interchange of "would" for "should" and other stylistic defects. The effect of the extempore utterances of the patriotic orator upon his audience was very great. His opponent Toombs rose and said: "Fellow-citizens, we have just listened to a speech from one of the brightest intellects and purest patriots that now lives. I move that this meeting now adjourn, with three cheers for Alexander H. Stephens, of Georgia." The speech made a great sensation throughout the country and led to an interesting correspondence between Mr. Stephens and Mr. Lincoln, the President-elect. Events moved rapidly, however, and in a little more than two months Georgia seceded and Stephens regretfully sided with his state. See Johnston and Browne's "Life," Chap. XXXIII. For the crisis of 1850 and the celebrated Georgia Platform or Resolutions of that year, see the same book, Chap. XXIV. It is worth while to add that a speech, or a portion of a speech, purporting to have been made by Mr. Stephens before the Georgia Seceding Convention, which was extensively circulated in the North by the Loyal Publication Society (No. 56, 1864), appears not to be genuine.

is the same land where Homer sang, where Pericles spoke, — it is in nature the same old Greece; but it is living Greece no more![1]

Descendants of the same people inhabit the country; yet what is the reason of this mighty difference? In the midst of the present degradation we see the glorious fragments of ancient works of art, — temples with ornaments and inscriptions that excite wonder and admiration, the remains of a once high order of civilization, which have outlived the language they spoke. Upon them all *Ichabod* is written, — their glory has departed. Why is this so? I answer, their institutions have been destroyed. These were but the fruits of their forms of government, the matrix from which their grand development sprang; and when once the institutions of our people shall have been destroyed, there is no earthly power that can bring back the Promethean spark to kindle them here again, any more than in the ancient land of eloquence, poetry, and song. The same may be said of Italy. Where is Rome, once the mistress of the world? There are the same seven hills now, the same soil, the same natural resources; nature is the same; but what a ruin of human greatness meets the eye of the traveller throughout the length and breadth of that most down-trodden land! Why have not the people of that Heaven-favored clime the spirit that animated their fathers? Why this sad difference? It is the destruction of her institutions that has caused it. And, my countrymen, if we shall in an evil hour rashly pull down and destroy those institutions, which the patriotic hand of our fathers labored so long and so hard to build up, and which have done so much for us and for the world, who can venture the prediction that similar results will not ensue? Let us avoid them if we can. I trust the spirit is among us that will enable us to do it. Let us not rashly try the experiment of change, of pulling down and destroying, for, as in Greece and Italy, and the South American republics, and in every other place, whenever our liberty is once lost, it may never be restored to us again.

There are defects in our government, errors in our administration, and shortcomings of many kinds, but in spite of these defects

[1] Cf. Byron, "The Giaour," near the opening of the poem.

and errors Georgia has grown to be a great State. Let us pause here a moment. In 1850 there was a great crisis, but not so fearful as this, for of all I have ever passed through this is the most perilous, and requires to be met with the greatest calmness and deliberation.

There were many among us in 1850 zealous to go at once out of the Union, — to disrupt every tie that binds us together. Now do you believe, had that policy been carried out at that time, we would have been the same great people that we are to-day? It may be that we would, but have you any assurance of that fact? Would we have made the same advancement, improvement, and progress in all that constitutes material wealth and prosperity that we have?

I notice in the Comptroller-General's report that the taxable property of Georgia is six hundred and seventy million dollars and upwards, — an amount not far from double what it was in 1850. I think I may venture to say that for the last ten years the material wealth of the people of Georgia has been nearly, if not quite, doubled. The same may be said of our advance in education and everything that marks our civilization. Have we any assurance that had we regarded the earnest but misguided patriotic advice, as I think, of some of that day, and disrupted the ties which bind us to the Union, we would have advanced as we have? I think not. Well, then, let us be careful now before we attempt any rash experiment of this sort. I know that there are friends whose patriotism I do not intend to question who think this Union a curse, and that we should be better off without it. I do not think so; if we can bring about a correction of those evils which threaten, — and I am not without hope that this may yet be done, — this appeal to go out with all the promises for good that accompany it, I look upon as a great, and, I fear, a fatal temptation.

When I look around and see our prosperity in everything, — agriculture, commerce, art, science, and every department of progress, physical, moral and mental, — certainly, in the face of such an exhibition, if we can, without the loss of power, or any essential right or interest, remain in the Union, it is our duty to ourselves and to posterity to do so. Let us not unwisely yield to this temp-

tation. Our first parents, the great progenitors of the human race, were not without a like temptation when in the garden of Eden. They were led to believe that their condition would be bettered, that their eyes would be opened, and that they would become as gods. They in an evil hour yielded, — instead of becoming gods they only saw their own nakedness.

I look upon this country with our institutions as the Eden of the world, the Paradise of the universe. It may be that out of it we may become greater and more prosperous ; but I am candid and sincere in telling you that I fear if we yield to passion, and without sufficient cause shall take that step, instead of becoming greater, more peaceful, prosperous, and happy, — instead of becoming gods, we shall become demons, and at no distant day commence cutting one another's throats. This is my apprehension. Let us, therefore, whatever we do, meet these difficulties, great as they are, like wise and sensible men, and consider them in the light of all the consequences which may attend our action. Let us see first, clearly, where the path of duty leads, and then we may not fear to tread therein.

WILLIAM TAPPAN THOMPSON

[William Tappan Thompson was born at Ravenna, Ohio, August 31, 1812, and died in Savannah, Georgia, March 24, 1882. He came of Virginia stock on his father's side, lost both parents early, and began life in the employment of the Philadelphia *Chronicle*. He went to Florida as secretary of Governor Westcott, studied law, and settled at Augusta, Georgia, where he was associated with Judge Longstreet (*q.v.*) in editing the *Sentinel*. This association doubtless developed his bent as a humorist. After volunteering against the Seminoles, he established papers in several towns in Georgia, at last winning notoriety by his amusing "Major Jones's Letters," contributed to his journal, the *Miscellany*, of Madison, Georgia, which he edited from 1840 to 1845. These appeared in book form at Philadelphia, as "Major Jones's Courtship" (1840). From 1845 to 1850 he edited a weekly in Baltimore; then he removed to Savannah and founded the *Morning News*, with which he was associated until his death. He served in the Civil War, volunteering for the ranks in 1864, in spite of his age. After the war he took a slight share in politics. Besides his most famous book mentioned above, he published "Major Jones's Chronicles of Pineville" (1843), a collection somewhat modelled on "Georgia

Scenes," "Major Jones's Sketches of Travel" (1848), and "The Slaveholder Abroad" (1860). He also dramatized successfully "The Vicar of Wakefield" and did other work for the stage, and edited a law book. A posthumous volume of sketches, entitled "John's Alive," appeared in 1883. Like the other early Southern and Southwestern humorists, Thompson is now read only in an occasional selection; but, like them, he is important as a precursor of the modern local novelists, and is readable on account of a genuine fund of broad, wholesome humor.[1]]

A NOVEL COURTSHIP

[From "Major Jones's Courtship: detailed, with Other Scenes, Incidents, and Adventures, in a Series of Letters, by Himself." Second Edition, 1844.]

Pineville, *December* 27, 1842.

To Mr. Thompson: *Dear Sir* — Crismus is over, and the thing is ded. You know I told you in my last letter I was gwine to bring Miss Mary up to the chalk a Crismus. Well, I done it, slick as a whistle, though it come mighty nigh bein a serious undertakin. But I'll tell you all about the whole circumstance.

The fact is, I's made my mind up more'n twenty times to jest go and come rite out with the whole bisness; but whenever I got whar she was, and whenever she looked at me with her witchin eyes, and kind o' blushed at me, I always felt sort o' skeered and fainty, and all what I made up to tell her was forgot, so I couldn't think of it to save me. But you's a married man, Mr. Thompson, so I couldn't tell you nothin about popin the question, as they call it. It's a mighty grate favor to ax of a rite pretty gall, and to people as ain't used to it, it goes monstrous hard, don't it? They say widders don't mind it no more'n nothin. But I'm makin a transgression, as the preacher ses.

[1] Thompson is represented by two short stories in the collection of humorous tales entitled "Polly Peablossom's Wedding, and Other Tales," edited by T. A. Burke (1851) — a volume dedicated to Johnson J. Hooper (*q.v.*). The title-story and another were by the Hon. John B. Lamar, of Georgia; and R. M. Charlton, W. C. Richards, T. W. Lane, and the editor showed by their contributions that Longstreet and Thompson and Prince were by no means the only ante-bellum Georgians who had the gift of writing amusing skits. There were also funny stories taken from the New Orleans *Picayune* and *Delta*, and from the St. Louis *Reveille*. See note 2, p. 271.

Crismus eve I put on my new suit, and shaved my face as slick as a smoothin iron, and after tea went over to old Miss Stallinses. As soon as I went into the parler whar they was all settin round the fire, Miss Carline and Miss Kesiah both laughed rite out.

"There, there," ses they, "I told you so, I knew it would be Joseph."

"What's I done, Miss Carline?" ses I.

"You come under little sister's chicken bone, and I do blieve she knew you was comin when she put it over the dore."

"No I didn't — I didn't no such thing, now," ses Miss Mary, and her face blushed red all over.

"Oh, you needn't deny it," ses Miss Kesiah; "you b'long to Joseph now, jest as sure as ther's any charm in chicken bones."

I knowd that was a first rate chance to say something, but the dear little creater looked so sorry and kep blushin so, I couldn't say nothin zactly to the pint, so I tuck a chair and reached up and tuck down the bone and put it in my pocket.

"What are you gwine to do with that old bone now, Majer?" ses Miss Mary.

"I'm gwine to keep it as long as I live," ses I, "as a Crismus present from the handsomest gall in Georgia."

When I sed that, she blushed worse and worse.

"Ain't you shamed, Majer?" ses she.

"Now you ought to give *her* a Crismus gift, Joseph, to keep all *her* life," sed Miss Carline.

"Ah," ses old Miss Stallins, "when I was a gall we used to hang up our stockins ——"

"Why, mother!" ses all of 'em, "to say stockins rite afore ——"

Then I felt a little streaked too, cause they was all blushin as hard as they could.

"Highty-tity!" ses the old lady — "what monstrous 'finement. I'd like to know what harm ther is in stockins. People nowadays is gittin so mealy-mouthed they can't call nothin by its rite name, and I don't see as they's any better than the old-time people was. When I was a gall like you, child, I used to hang up my stockins and git 'em full of presents."

The galls kep laughin.

"Never mind," ses Miss Mary, "Majer's got to give me a Crismus gift, — won't you, Majer?"

"Oh, yes," ses I; "you know I promised you one."

"But I didn't mean *that*," ses she.

"I've got one for you, what I want you to keep all your life, but it would take a two-bushel bag to hold it," ses I.

"Oh that's the kind," ses she.

"But will you keep it as long as you live?" ses I.

"Certainly I will, Majer."

"Monstrous 'finement nowadays — old people don't know nothin bout perliteness," said old Miss Stallins, jest gwine to sleep with her nittin in her hand.

"Now you hear that, Miss Carline," ses I. "She ses she'll keep it all her life."

"Yes, I will," ses Miss Mary — "but what is it?"

"Never mind," ses I, "you hang up a bag big enuff to hold it and you'll find out what it is, when you see it in the mornin."

Miss Carline winked at Miss Kesiah, and then whispered to her — then they both laughed and looked at me as mischievous as they could. They spicioned something.

"You'll be sure to give it to me now, if I hang up a bag?" ses Miss Mary.

"And promise to keep it," ses I.

"Well, I will, cause I know that you wouldn't give me nothin that wasn't worth keepin."

They all agreed they would hang up a bag for me to put Miss Mary's Crismus present in, in the back porch; and bout nine o'clock I told 'em good evenin and went home.

I sot up till midnight, and when they was all gone to bed I went softly into the back gate, and went up to the porch, and thar, shore enuff, was a grate big meal-bag hangin to the jice. It was monstrous unhandy to git to it, but I was tarmined not to back out. So I sot some chairs on top of a bench and got hold of the rope and let myself down into the bag; but jest as I was gittin in, the bag swung agin the chairs, and down they went with a terrible racket. But nobody didn't wake up but old Miss Stallinses grate big cur dog, and here he cum rippin and tearin through the yard like rath,

and round and round he went tryin to find what was the matter. I sot down in the bag and didn't breathe louder nor a kitten, for fear he'd find me out, and after a while he quit barkin. The wind begun to blow bominable cold, and the old bag kep turnin round and swinging so it made me seasick as the mischief. I was fraid to move for fear the rope would break and let me fall, and thar I sot with my teeth rattlin like I had a ager. It seemed like it would never come daylight, and I do blieve if I didn't love Miss Mary so powerful I would froze to death; for my hart was the only spot that felt warm, and it didn't beat more'n two licks a minit, only when I thought how she would be sprised in the mornin, and then it went in a canter. Bimeby the cussed old dog come up on the porch and began to smell about the bag, and then he barked like he thought he'd treed something. "Bow! wow! wow!" ses he. Then he'd smell agin, and try to git up to the bag. "Git out!" ses I, very low, for fear they would hear me. "Bow! wow! wow!" ses he. "Be gone! you bominable fool!" ses I, and I felt all over in spots, for I spected every minit he'd nip me, and what made it worse, I didn't know wharabouts he'd take hold. "Bow! wow! wow!" Then I tried coaxin—"Come here, good feller," ses I, and whistled a little to him, but it wasn't no use. Thar he stood and kep up his eternal whinin and barkin, all night. I couldn't tell when daylight was breakin, only by the chickens crowin, and I was monstrous glad to hear 'em, for if I'd had to stay thar one hour more, I don't blieve I'd ever got out of that bag alive.

Old Miss Stallins come out fust, and as soon as she saw the bag, ses she:

"What upon yeath has Joseph went and put in that bag for Mary? I'll lay it's a yearlin or some live animal, or Bruin wouldn't bark at it so."

She went in to call the galls, and I sot thar, shiverin all over so I couldn't hardly speak if I tried to,—but I didn't say nothin. Bimeby they all come runnin out.

"My Lord, what is it?" ses Miss Mary.

"Oh, it's alive!" ses Miss Kesiah. "I seed it move."

"Call Cato, and make him cut the rope," ses Miss Carline,

"and let's see what it is. Come here, Cato, and git this bag down."

"Don't hurt it for the world," ses Miss Mary.

Cato untied the rope that was round the jice, and let the bag down easy on the floor, and I tumbled out all covered with corn-meal, from head to foot.

"Goodness gracious!" ses Miss Mary, "if it ain't the Majer himself!"

"Yes," ses I, "and you know you promised to keep my Crismus present as long as you lived."

The galls laughed themselves almost to deth, and went to brushin off the meal as fast as they could, sayin they was gwine to hang that bag up every Crismus till they got husbands too. Miss Mary — bless her bright eyes — she blushed as butiful as a morninglory, and sed she'd stick to her word. She was rite out of bed, and her hair wasn't komed, and her dress wasn't fix't at all, but the way she looked pretty was rale distractin. I do blieve if I was froze stiff, one look at her charmin face, as she stood lookin down to the floor with her rogish eyes, and her bright curls fallin all over her snowy neck, would fotch'd me too. I tell you what, it was worth hangin in a meal bag from one Crismus to another to feel as happy as I have ever sense.

I went home after we had the laugh out, and set by the fire till I got thawed. In the forenoon all the Stallinses come over to our house and we had one of the greatest Crismus dinners that ever was seed in Georgia, and I don't blieve a happier company ever sot down to the same table. Old Miss Stallins and mother settled the match, and talked over everything that ever happened in ther families, and laughed at me and Mary, and cried bout ther ded husbands, cause they wasn't alive to see ther children married.

It's all settled now, 'cept we hain't sot the weddin day. I'd like to have it all over at once, but young galls always like to be engaged a while, you know, so I spose I must wait a month or so. Mary (she ses I mustn't call her Miss Mary now) has been a good deal of trouble and botheration to me; but if you could see her you wouldn't think I ought to grudge a little sufferin to git sich a sweet little wife.

You must come to the weddin if you possibly kin. I'll let you know when. No more from Your frend, till deth,

Jos. Jones.[1]

ALEXANDER BEAUFORT MEEK

[Alexander Beaufort Meek was born in Columbia, South Carolina, July 17, 1814, and died at Columbus, Mississippi, November 30, 1865. At an early age he removed with his parents to Tuscaloosa, Alabama, where he displayed remarkable literary precocity. He entered the University of Alabama and graduated there in 1833; then he studied law at the University of Georgia and took his master's degree. In 1835 he was admitted to the bar of Alabama, and edited a paper at Tuscaloosa. At the age of twenty-two, shortly after some volunteer service against the Seminoles, he was appointed attorney-general during a vacancy, and six years later a probate judge; but he held both positions only for short periods. He had previously written some poetry, contributed to magazines, and formed a literary friendship with William Gilmore Simms (*q.v.*). In 1845 he removed to Washington, to become Assistant Secretary of the Treasury, but he returned to Alabama in two years, having been appointed district attorney for the southern district. For nearly twenty years he was a resident of Mobile, where he was associated in the editorship of the *Register* (1849). He was a probate judge in 1854–1855 and also entered politics, being elected to the legislature in 1853 and chosen a presidential elector in 1856. While in the legislature he wrote a long and able bill for the establishment of free public schools, and he is thus entitled to be considered the founder of the Alabama school system. In 1859 he was again elected to the legislature and was made speaker. He took practically no part in the Civil War, save to write some patriotic poems. At its close he removed to Columbus, Mississippi, but did not long survive the change. His work as an author, irrespective of his fugitive writings and of some additions to a legal book, was known to the country only during the last ten years of his life, — a fact which, in view of the unsettled state of affairs, partly accounts for his comparative obscurity as a writer. In 1855 he published "Red Eagle," a narrative poem in the romantic style, dealing with the famous Creek chieftain, Weathersford. This was Meek's most elaborate poem, and, although a failure as a whole, it contained scenes and lyrics of genuine poetic power. Two years later (1857) he collected his miscellaneous verses in "Songs and Poems of the South," a volume of uneven quality, yet marked by some good work and not a little charm. "Land of the South," "Girl of the Sunny

[1] The Major's letter of October 27, 1842, gives an amusing account of his first trip by railroad, which is omitted here for lack of space.

South," "Balaklava" (attributed, through a freak signature by Meek, to the English poet, Alexander Smith), and "The Mocking Bird" are poems that attest their author's possession of true if limited poetic talents. In 1857 Meek also published a prose work, "Romantic Passages in Southwestern History," — a volume of orations and sketches of only fair merit. His interest in local history was further shown in a "History of Alabama," which was nearly completed when the Civil War broke out and still remains in manuscript, along with an elaborate poem. An interesting article on Meek's writings and his attractive personal character was furnished to *The Sewanee Review* for August, 1896, by the late Professor Charles Hunter Ross. This article, which has been utilized here, contains several of Meek's letters to Simms.]

THE MOCKING BIRD

[From "Songs and Poems of the South." Third Edition, 1857.]

From the vale, what music ringing,
Fills the bosom of the night;
On the sense, entranced, flinging
Spells of witchery and delight!
O'er magnolia, lime and cedar,
From yon locust-top, it swells,
Like the chant of serenader,
Or the rhymes of silver bells!
Listen! dearest, listen to it!
Sweeter sounds were never heard!
'Tis the song of that wild poet —
Mime[1] and minstrel — Mocking Bird.

See him, swinging in his glory,
On yon topmost bending limb!
Carolling his amorous story,
Like some wild crusader's hymn!
Now it faints in tones delicious
As the first low vow of love!
Now it bursts in swells capricious,
All the moonlit vale above!
Listen! dearest, etc.

[1] Mimic.

Why is't thus, this sylvan Petrarch
Pours all night his serenade?
'Tis for some proud woodland Laura,
His sad sonnets all are made!
But he changes now his measure —
Gladness bubbling from his mouth —
Jest, and gibe, and mimic pleasure —
Winged Anacreon of the South!
Listen! dearest, etc.

Bird of music, wit and gladness,
Troubadour of sunny climes,
Disenchanter of all sadness, —
Would thine art were in my rhymes.
O'er the heart that's beating by me,
I would weave a spell divine;
Is there aught she could deny me,
Drinking in such strains as thine?
Listen! dearest, etc.

BALAKLAVA[1]

[From the Same.]

Oh, the Charge at Balaklava!
Oh, that rash and fatal Charge!
Never was a fiercer, braver,
Than that Charge at Balaklava,
On the battle's bloody marge!
All the day, the Russian columns, —
Fortress huge, and blazing banks, —
Poured their dread destructive volumes
On the French and English ranks —
On the gallant allied ranks!

[1] Compare with the poem on the same event by James Barron Hope (*q.v.*) and with Tennyson's more famous lyric.

Earth and sky seemed rent asunder
By the loud incessant thunder!
When a strange, but stern command, —
Needless, heedless, rash command, —
Came to Nolan's[1] little band, —
Scarce six hundred men and horses
Of those vast contending forces, —
"England's lost! oh, charge and save her —
Charge the pass of Balaklava!"
Oh, that rash and fatal Charge,
On the battle's bloody marge!

Far away the Russian Eagles
Soar o'er smoking hill and dell,
And their hordes, like howling beagles,
Dense and countless, 'round them yell!
Thundering cannon, deadly mortar
Sweep the field on every quarter!
Never, since the days of Jesus,
Trembled so the Chersonesus![2]
Here behold the Gallic Lilies, —
Stout St. Louis'[3] golden Lilies! —
Float as erst at old Ramillies![4] —
And, beside them, lo! the Lion, —
England's proud unconquered Lion! —
With her trophied Cross, is flying.
Glorious standards! shall they waver
On the field of Balaklava?
No, by heaven! at that command, —

[1] Lewis Edward Nolan (1820?–1854). He served in India and in the Crimean War, and, as captain of the Fifteenth Hussars, carried the order which, owing to a misunderstanding, resulted in the famous charge of the Light Brigade. He was shot while striving to divert the brigade. He was the author of two books dealing with the cavalry service.

[2] *I.e.* land-island, or peninsula, a term applied by the Greeks to several important peninsulas. Here the reference is to the Tauric Chersonese, *i.e.* the Crimea.

[3] *I.e.* King Louis IX of France (1215–1270).

[4] Marlborough won this famous victory over the French on May 23, 1706.

Sudden, rash, but stern command, —
Charges Nolan's little band !
Brave Six Hundred ! lo ! they charge
On the battle's bloody marge !

Down yon deep and skirted valley,
Where the crowded cannon play, —
Where the Czar's fierce cohorts rally,
Cossack, Kalmuck, savage Kalli, —
Down that gorge they sweep away !
Down that new Thermopylæ,
Flashing swords and helmets, see !
Underneath the iron shower,
To the brazen cannon's jaws,
Heedless of their deadly power,
Press they without fear or pause, —
To the very cannon's jaws !
Gallant Nolan, brave as Roland [1]
At the field of Roncesvalles,
Dashes down the fatal valley,
Dashes on the bolt of death,
Shouting with his latest breath,
" Charge them, gallants ! do not waver,
Charge the pass of Balaklava ! "
Oh, that rash and fatal Charge,
On the battle's bloody marge !

Now the bolts of vollied thunder
Rend that little band asunder.
Steed and rider wildly screaming,
Screaming wildly, sink away, —
Late so proudly, proudly gleaming.
Now but lifeless clods of clay, —
Now but bleeding clods of clay ;

[1] The famous paladin of Charlemagne, and the hero of the old French epic, " The Song of Roland." He commanded the rear-guard at Roncesvalles (a valley in Navarre), and was cut down in the defeat of Charlemagne's troops by the Mohammedans and their allies (in 778).

Never since the days of Jesus,
Saw such sight, the Chersonesus!
Yet your remnant, brave Six Hundred,
Presses onward, onward, onward.
Till they storm the bloody pass,—
Till, like brave Leonidas,
They storm the deadly pass!
Sabering Cossack, Kalmuck, Kalli,
In that wild shot-rended valley,—
Drenched with fire and blood, like lava,
Awful pass of Balaklava!
Oh, that rash and fatal Charge,
On the battle's bloody marge!

For now Russia's rallied forces,—
Swarming hordes of Cossack horses,
Trampling o'er the reeking corses,—
Drive the thinned assailants back,
Drive the feeble remnant back!
O'er their late heroic track!
Vain, alas! Now rent and sundered,
Vain your struggles, brave Six Hundred!
Half your numbers lie asleep,
In that valley dark and deep.
Weak and wounded you retire
From that hurricane of fire,—
That tempestuous storm of fire!
But no soldiers, firmer, braver,
Ever trod a field of fame,
Than the Knights of Balaklava,—
Honor to each hero's name!
Yet their country long shall mourn
For her ranks so rashly shorn,—
So gallantly but madly shorn,
In that fierce and fatal Charge,
On the battle's bloody marge.

LAND OF THE SOUTH

[From the Same. Part of a Longer Poem, "The Day of Freedom."]

I

Land of the South! — imperial land! —
How proud thy mountains rise! —
How sweet thy scenes on every hand!
How fair thy covering skies!
But not for this, — oh, not for these,
I love thy fields to roam, —
Thou hast a dearer spell to me, —
Thou art my native home!

II

Thy rivers roll their liquid wealth,
Unequalled to the sea, —
Thy hills and valleys bloom with health,
And green with verdure be!
But, not for thy proud ocean streams,
Not for thine azure dome, —
Sweet, sunny South! — I cling to thee, —
Thou art my native home!

III

I've stood beneath Italia's clime,
Beloved of tale and song, —
On Helvyn's hills,[1] proud and sublime,
Where nature's wonders throng;
By Tempe's[2] classic sunlit streams,
Where Gods, of old, did roam, —
But ne'er have found so fair a land
As thou — my native home!

[1] Switzerland.

[2] The famous Thessalian vale.

IV

And thou hast prouder glories too,
Than nature ever gave, —
Peace sheds o'er thee, her genial dew,
And Freedom's pinions wave, —
Fair science flings her pearls around,
Religion lifts her dome, —
These, these endear thee, to my heart, —
My own, loved native home!

V

And "heaven's best gift to man"[1] is thine,
God bless thy rosy girls! —
Like sylvan flowers, they sweetly shine, —
Their hearts are pure as pearls!
And grace and goodness circle them,
Where'er their footsteps roam, —
How can I then, whilst loving them,
Not love my native home!

VI

Land of the South! — imperial land! —
Then here's a health to thee, —
Long as thy mountain barriers stand,
May'st thou be blessed and free! —
May dark dissension's banner ne'er
Wave o'er thy fertile loam, —
But should it come, there's one will die,
To save his native home!

[1] Cf. "Paradise Lost," V. 18 (Weber).

JOSEPH GLOVER BALDWIN

[Joseph Glover Baldwin was born of good English stock at Friendly Grove Factory, near Winchester, Virginia, in January, 1815, and died at San Francisco, California, September 30, 1864. After a somewhat limited education and a little study of Blackstone, he resolved to try his fortunes as a lawyer in the Southwest, then a promising field for the profession. Accordingly in 1836 he set out on his pony, with a pair of saddle bags, and after a long journey he settled in De Kalb, Kemper County, Mississippi. He made a successful start in his first case and was soon rewarded with a good practice. In two years, however, it seemed best for him to remove to Gainesville, Alabama, a prosperous town in a state which had been chiefly settled from Virginia. In "The Flush Times" much litigation was indulged in by large and small slaveholders and land speculators, and as a result very able lawyers were attracted to the Southwest. Among these men Baldwin held his own, and, although his party was not popular, he was elected to the legislature as a Whig in 1843. Six years later he was an unsuccessful candidate for Congress, and in 1850 he removed to Livingston. Meanwhile he had made full use of his opportunities to play the observer in a new country filled with settlers from all parts of the world. The result was the best book of humorous sketches written in the ante-bellum South, the well-known "Flush Times of Alabama and Mississippi," which appeared in 1853. In broad humor Baldwin was probably inferior to Longstreet (*q.v.*) and to William Tappan Thompson (*q.v.*), but in sympathetic description and in delicate literary qualities he was superior to both. In 1855 he published "Party Leaders," in which he sketched in a readable fashion and with not a little acumen the careers of Jefferson, Hamilton, Jackson, Clay, and John Randolph of Roanoke. Meanwhile he had removed to Mobile and thence in 1854 to California, where he seemed to have more chance of political preferment and where another era of excitement and speculation on a larger scale doubtless made him feel young once more. In 1858 he was elected to the Supreme Court of California. He resigned the position in a little over three years and resumed his practice. Shortly before his death from lockjaw he went to Washington and tried to secure permission to visit his parents in Virginia, but the authorities, in view of the war then raging, denied his request. The best account of his interesting career is that by Professor George Frederick Mellen, published in *The Sewanee Review* for April, 1901. From the opinions of contemporaries such as General Reuben Davis,[1] it

[1] "Recollections of Mississippi and Mississippians" (1891), pp. 60–64.

would appear that the author of "The Flush Times" exhibited in his conversation and manners much of the sympathy and humor that make his chief book engaging.]

THE VIRGINIAN IN THE SOUTHWEST[1]

[From "The Flush Times of Alabama and Mississippi: A Series of Sketches," 1853.]

Superior to many of the settlers in elegance of manners and general intelligence, it was the weakness of the Virginian to imagine he was superior too in the essential art of being able to hold his hand and make his way in a new country, and especially such a country, and at such a time. What a mistake that was! The times were out of joint. It was hard to say whether it were more dangerous to stand still or to move. If the emigrant stood still, he was consumed, by no slow degrees, by expenses; if he moved, ten to one he went off in a galloping consumption, by a ruinous investment. Expenses then — necessary articles about three times as high, and extra articles still more extra-priced — were a different thing in the new country from what they were in the old. In the old country, a jolly Virginian, starting the business of free living on a capital of a plantation and fifty or sixty negroes, might reasonably calculate, if no ill-luck befell him, by the aid of a usurer and the occasional sale of a negro, or two, to hold out without declared insolvency until a green old age. His estate melted like an estate in chancery, under the gradual thaw of expenses; but in this fast country it went by the sheer cost of living, — some *poker* losses included, — like the fortune of the confectioner in California, who failed for one hundred thousand dollars in the six months' keeping of a candy-shop. But all the habits of his life, his taste, his associations, his education, — everything; the trustingness of his disposition, his want of business qualifications, his sanguine temper, all that was Virginian in him, made him the prey, if not of imposture, at least of unfortunate speculations. Where the keenest jockey often was bit, what chance had

[1] From the fourth sketch, "How the Times Served the Virginians, etc." Some of the sketches were first published in *The Southern Literary Messenger*.

he? About the same that the verdant Moses had with the venerable old gentleman, his father's friend, at the fair, when he traded the Vicar's pony for the green spectacles. But how could he believe it? How could he believe that that stuttering, grammarless Georgian, who had never heard of the Resolutions of '98, could beat him in a land trade? "Have no money dealings with my father," said the friendly Martha to Lord Nigel;[2] "for, idiot though he seems, he will make an ass of thee." What a pity some monitor, equally wise and equally successful with old Trapbois's daughter, had not been at the elbow of every Virginian! "Twad frae monie a blunder free'd him, an' foolish notion."[3]

If he made a bad bargain, how could he expect to get rid of it? He knew nothing of the elaborate machinery of ingenious chicane, such as feigning bankruptcy, fraudulent conveyances, making over to his wife, running property; and had never heard of such tricks of trade as sending out coffins to the graveyard, with negroes inside, carried off by sudden spells of imaginary disease, to be "resurrected" in due time, grinning, on the banks of the Brazos.

The new philosophy, too, had commended itself to his speculative temper. He readily caught at the idea of a new spirit of the age having set in, which rejected the saws of Poor Richard[4] as being as much out of date as his almanacs. He was already, by the great rise of property, compared to his condition under the old-time prices, rich; and what were a few thousands of debt, which two or three crops would pay off, compared to the value of his estate? (He never thought that the value of property might come down, while the debt was a fixed fact.) He lived freely, for it was a liberal time, and liberal fashions were in vogue, and it was not for a Virginian to be behind others in hospitality and liberality. He required credit and security, and of course had to stand security in return. When the crash came, and no "accommodations" could be had, except in a few instances, and in those

[1] See "The Vicar of Wakefield," Chap. XII.

[2] See Scott's "Fortunes of Nigel," Vol. II, Chap. V (Andrew Lang Edition), but Baldwin apparently quoted from memory.

[3] Adapted from the last stanza of Burns's "To a Louse."

[4] *I.e.*, the proverbs given in the almanacs issued by Benjamin Franklin. They purported to be compiled by Richard Saunders.

on the most ruinous terms, he fell an easy victim. They broke by neighborhoods. They usually indorsed for each other, and when one fell — like the child's play of putting bricks on end at equal distances, and dropping the first in the line against the second, which fell against the third, and so on to the last — all fell; each got broke as security, and yet few or none were able to pay their own debts! So powerless of protection were they in those times that the witty H. G. used to say they reminded him of an oyster, both shells torn off, lying on the beach, with the sea-gulls screaming over them; the only question being *which* should "gobble them up."

A TRIBUTE TO HENRY CLAY

[From "Party Leaders," 1855.]

And thou art gone from our midst, gallant Henry Clay! and the world seems drearier than before! Who thinks of thee as of an old man gradually going out of life by wasting and decay; as one, who, in the eclipse or helplessness, of physical and mental energies, sinks to his last sleep and rest? No! thou seemest ever young; ever buoyant with a vigorous and impulsive manhood; vital with irrepressible energies, and glowing with Life and Hope and Love; as if all noble feelings and all lofty thoughts were busy in thy heart and brain, claiming from lips and eyes eloquent utterance. We could bear to hear of thy dying thus, though with many a sharp pang of sorrow, and many a thought of sadness mingled with pride and love. But what friend of thine could bear to contemplate thee living — yet receding from life; the noble form bowed down; the lofty crest palsied and lowered; the glorious intellect passing into thick-coming darkness, and bursting only in fitful blaze, if ever, into the life and light of thy old eloquence; the buoyant step now halting on the crutches of senility; words, peevish and garrulous, profaning the tongue that once held senates in transported audience; and rayless and vacant now, the bold and glittering eye, that awed and commanded strong men like a king? Who could have borne to see thee the wreck of thy former self, nothing

remaining but the contrast of present nothingness with past grandeur and glory! We were spared that spectacle; for it was mercifully granted to thy prayers to spring out of mortal life at once, with unwasted energies, into the blaze of immortality!

Why pursue further the theme? The grass is just growing green on the sod above him; and the words of eulogy and the deep wail of a nation are almost yet stirring the air. He died bravely as he had lived. He had lived out his term and worked out faithfully his time; and now the Republic mourns throughout her wide borders, and will honor till its last stone be removed, the greatest orator, and, except Washington, the wisest stateman and most useful citizen this country ever called into her service.

And so the long feud ended, and the leaders' fight is over. The old Knights died in harness and were buried with the honors of war, and chivalrous enemies do homage to their graves.

> "The good Knights are dust,
> And their good swords are rust
> And their souls are with the saints we trust."[1]

JOHNSON JONES HOOPER

[JOHNSON JONES HOOPER was born in North Carolina in June, 1815, and died at Richmond, Virginia, June 7, 1862. When he was quite young he removed to Alabama, where he became an editor of newspapers both in the country and in Montgomery. He was for many years a solicitor of the ninth circuit. In the Civil War he was secretary of the provisional Confederate Congress both at Montgomery and at Richmond, and also private secretary to Leroy P. Walker, the Confederate Secretary of War. Like his fellow-humorists Longstreet (*q.v.*) and Thompson (*q.v.*), he contributed his amusing sketches to one of his newspapers. In March, 1845, he wrote from La Fayette, Chambers

[1] From Coleridge's "The Knight's Tomb," but very probably taken by Baldwin from the eighth chapter of "Ivanhoe," where it is quoted, without verbal but with unmistakable reference to Coleridge. Baldwin plainly quoted from memory, inserting "good" in the first line and "And" in the second. Scott's version differs from the close of Coleridge's poem, which runs—

> "The Knight's bones are dust,
> And his good sword rust; —
> His soul is with the saints, I trust." (Aldine Edition.)

County, Alabama, a preface for the work that has kept his name alive, "Some Adventures of Captain Simon Suggs, late of the Tallapoosa Volunteers; together with 'Taking the Census' and other Alabama Sketches. By a Country Editor" (Philadelphia, 1846).[1] The main portion of this little book consists of twelve chapters which describe in ironic fashion the career of as thorough a rascal as ever figured in "The Flush Times." Since the ironic masterpieces of Fielding and Thackeray have never been popular, it is no wonder that Hooper's biography of a card sharper and general "dead-beat," and his pictures of the early Southwest, have passed from public notice, or that Thackeray, appreciating qualities akin to his own, should have praised the book; but while Hooper's work does not deserve the praise we willingly give to that of Judge Baldwin (*q.v.*), it would be unjust not to remember him as one of the best of the early American humorists. "Taking the Census" shows his ability for broad farce; a later volume, "Widow Rugby's Husband,[2] and other Tales of Alabama" (1851), is not so successful.[3]]

[1] The volume seems really to have been issued in 1845. There was a new edition in 1881. Hooper is said in "Lamb's Biographical Dictionary" to have been the editor of the *Chambers County Times*, the *Alabama Journal*, and the *Montgomery Mail*. The name of the paper, however, to which he contributed parts of "Simon Suggs" seems to have been the *East Alabamian*, if we may rely on the "autographic letter from Suggs," printed in the last chapter. Portions of the worthy Captain's adventures were published in the New York *Spirit of the Times*, and it may be worth while to notice that Hooper left his hero running for the office of sheriff. "He waxes old. He needs an office, the emoluments of which shall be sufficient to enable him to relax his intellectual exertions. His military services; his numerous family; his long residence among you; his gray hairs — all plead for him! Remember him at the polls!"

[2] This tale and "Capt. M'Spaddan" can be found in W. E. Burton's "Cyclopædia of Wit and Humor" (1858), where the reader will also find specimens of the work of Longstreet, Thompson, John B. Lamar, etc., as well as Hamilton C. Jones's once popular North Carolina skit, "Cousin Polly Dillard."

[3] Hooper contributed a tale to the volume already mentioned, "Polly Peablossom's Wedding." (See note p. 253.) A full and careful study of this and other volumes of *ante-bellum* humor is much to be desired. The newspapers of the time were very hospitable to short funny stories — for example, the St. Louis *Reveille*, founded by the actor, Joseph M. Field (1810–56), the New Orleans *Picayune*, founded in 1837 by George W. Kendall, another humorist, the New Orleans *Delta*, etc. The New York *Spirit of the Times*, the first sporting journal in the United States, established in 1831 by William T. Porter (1809–58), was a favorite medium of publication for the humorists. Albert Pike (*q.v.*) and Hooper and many other Southern writers contributed to it, and Porter collected three volumes of sketches in which the South had a large share. One of these volumes was included in "Colonel Thorpe's Scenes in Arkansaw" (1858), a collection which took its name from Thomas B. Thorpe (1815–78), who edited *The Spirit of the Times* after Porter, but had before been known for humorous stories written when he was an editor in Louisiana. (See Griswold's "Prose Writers of America," pp. 546–549.)

THE HERO DESCRIBED[1]

[From "Some Adventures of Captain Simon Suggs," etc., 1846.]

The moral and intellectual qualities which, with the physical proportions we have endeavored to portray, make up the entire entity of Captain Suggs, may be readily described. His whole ethical system lies snugly in his favorite aphorism — "IT IS GOOD TO BE SHIFTY IN A NEW COUNTRY" — which means that it is right and proper that one should live as merrily and as comfortably as possible at the expense of others; and of the practicability of this in particular instances, the Captain's whole life has been a long series of the most convincing illustrations. But notwithstanding this fundamental principle of Captain Suggs's philosophy, it were uncandid not to say that his actions often indicate the most benevolent emotions; and there are well-authenticated instances within our knowledge, wherein he has divided with a needy friend the five or ten dollar bill which his consummate address had enabled him to obtain from some luckless individual, without the rendition of any sort of equivalent, excepting only solemnly reiterated promises to repay within two hours, at farthest. To this amiable trait, and his riotous good-fellowship, the Captain is indebted for his great popularity among a certain class of his fellow-citizens — that is, the class composed of the individuals with whom he divides the bank bills, and holds his wild nocturnal revelries.

The shifty Captain Suggs is a miracle of shrewdness. He possesses, in an eminent degree, that tact which enables man to detect the *soft spots* in his fellow, and to assimilate himself to whatever company he may fall in with. Besides, he has a quick, ready wit, which has extricated him from many an unpleasant predicament, and which makes him whenever he chooses to be so — and that is always — very companionable. In short, nature

[1] It is worth noting that one of Baldwin's sketches in "Flush Times" is entitled: "Simon Suggs, Jr., Esq.: A Legal Biography." The son was worthy of the father.

gave the Captain the precise intellectual outfit most to be desired by a man of his propensities. She sent him into the world a sort of he-Pallas, ready to cope with his kind, from his infancy, in all the arts by which men "get along" in the world; if she made him, in respect to his moral conformation, a beast of prey, she did not refine the cruelty by denying him the fangs and the claws.

MILITIA COSTUMES IN THE "FLUSH TIMES"

[From the Same.]

It was with extreme difficulty that the Captain arranged his costume to his own satisfaction, and made it befitting so solemn and impressive an occasion.[1] After a great deal of trouble, however, he did contrive to cut a somewhat military figure. With a sword he was already "indifferently well" provided; having found one — rusty and without a scabbard — somewhere about the premises. This he buckled, or rather tied to his side with buckskin strings. He wore at the time the identical blue jeans frock-coat which has since become so familiar to the people of Tallapoosa — it was then new, but on this there were, of course, no epaulettes. Long time did Captain Suggs employ himself in devising expedients to supply the deficiency. At length he hit it. His wife had a large crimson pin-cushion, and this he fastened upon his left shoulder, having first caused some white cotton fringe to be attached to the outward edge. In lieu of crimson sash, he fastened around his waist a bright-red silk handkerchief, with only a few white spots on it. And this was an admirable substitute, except that it was almost too short to tie before, and exhibited no inconsiderable portion of itself in a depending triangle behind. The chapeau now alone remained to be managed. This was easily done. Two sides of the brim of his capacious beaver were stitched to the body of the hat, and at the fastening on the left side, Mrs. Suggs sewed a cockade of red ferreting, nearly as big as the bottom of a saucer. Thus imposingly habited — and having first stuffed the legs of his pan-

[1] They were going to try by martial law an old woman who had involuntarily broken the rules of the fort.

taloons into the tops of a very antique pair of boots — Captain Simon Suggs went forth.

At the upper end of the enclosure, and standing near an empty whiskey barrel, was Lieutenant Snipes. He had not been so successful as the Captain in the matter of his toilette. Around his black wool hat was pasted, or stitched, a piece of deep purple gilt paper, such as is often found upon bolts of linen. Upon this was represented a battle between a lion and a unicorn; and in a scroll above were certain letters which, as Lieutenant Snipes himself remarked, "didn't spell nothing" — at least, nothing that he could comprehend. In his hand was the handle of a hoe, armed at one extremity with a rusty bayonet — the only weapon of its kind, at that moment, to be found in the whole garrison of Fort Suggs. Equipped thus, and provided with a dirty sheet of paper, a portable inkstand, (containing poke-berry juice,) and the stump of a pen — all of which were upon the head of the barrel — the doughty Lieutenant awaited the moment when it should please Captain Suggs to arraign the prisoner and proceed with the trial.

AN INTRACTABLE OLD WOMAN

[From the Same, "Taking the Census."]

We rode up one day to the residence of a widow rather past the prime of life — just that period at which nature supplies most abundantly the oil which lubricates the hinges of the female tongue — and hitching to the fence, walked into the house.

"Good morning, madam," said we, in our usual bland, and somewhat insinuating manner.

"Mornin'," said the widow gruffly.

Drawing our blanks from their case, we proceeded — "I am the man, madam, that takes the census, and —"

"The mischief you are!" said the old termagant. "Yes, I've hearn of you; Parson W. told me you was coming, and I told him jist what I tell you, that if you said 'cloth,' 'soap,' *ur* 'chickens,' to *me*, I'd set the dogs on ye. — Here, Bull! here, Pomp!" Two wolfish curs responded to the call for Bull and

Pomp, by coming to the door, smelling at our feet with a slight growl, and then laid [sic] down on the steps. "Now," continued the old she-savage, "them's the severest dogs in this country. Last week Bill Stonecker's two-year-old steer jumped my yard-fence, and Bull and Pomp tuk him by the throat, and they killed him afore my boys could break 'em loose, to save the world."

"Yes, ma'am," said we, meekly; "Bull and Pomp seem to be very fine dogs."

"You may well say that: what I tells them to do they do — and if I was to sick them on your old hoss yonder, they'd eat him up afore you could say Jack Roberson. And it's jist what I shall do, if you try to pry into my consarns. They are none of your business, nor Van Buren's nuther, I reckon. Oh, old Van Banburen! I wish I had you here, you old rascal! *I*'d show you what — I'd — I'd make Bull and Pomp show you how to be sendin' out men to take down what little stuff people's got, jist to tax it, when it's taxed enough a'ready!"

All this time we were perspiring through fear of the fierce guardians of the old widow's portal. At length, when the widow paused, we remarked that as she was determined not to answer questions about the produce of the farm, we would just set down the age, sex, and complexion of each member of her family.

"No sich a thing — you'll do no sich a thing," said she; "I've got five in family, and that's all you'll git from me. Old Van Buren must have a heap to do, the dratted old villyan, to send you to take down how old my children is. I've got five in family, and they are all between five and a hundred years old; . . . and whether they are *he* or *she*, is none of your consarns."

We told her we would report her to the marshal, and she would be fined: but it only augmented her wrath.

"Yes! send your marshal, or your Mr. Van Buren here, if you're bad off to — let 'em come — let Mr. Van Buren come" — looking as savage as a Bengal tigress — "Oh, I wish he *would* come" — and her nostrils dilated, and her eyes gleamed — "I'd cut his head off!"

"That might kill him," we ventured to remark, by way of a joke.

"Kill him! kill him — oh — if I had him here by the *years* I reckon I *would* kill him. A pretty fellow to be eating his vittils out'n gold spoons[1] that poor people's taxed for, and raisin' an army to get him made king of Ameriky — the oudacious, nasty, stinking old scamp!" She paused a moment, and then resumed, "And now, mister, jist put down what I tell you on that paper, and don't be telling no lies to send to Washington city. Jist put down 'Judy Tompkins, ageable woman, and four children.'"

We objected to making any such entry, but the old hag vowed it should be done, to prevent any misrepresentation of her case. We, however, were pretty resolute, until she appealed to the couchant whelps, Bull and Pomp. At the first glimpse of their teeth, our courage gave way, and we made the entry in a bold hand across a blank schedule — "Judy Tompkins, *ageable* woman, and four children."

PHILIP PENDLETON COOKE

[Philip Pendleton Cooke was born in Martinsburg, Virginia (now in West Virginia), October 26, 1816, and died at "The Vineyard," Clarke County, Virginia, January 20, 1850. He was the son of a distinguished Virginia lawyer, John Rogers Cooke, and an elder brother of the romancer John Esten Cooke (*q.v.*). He was also a cousin of the romancer John Pendleton Kennedy (*q.v.*). He graduated at Princeton in 1834, studied law with his father, and began to practise in 1836. His two main delights, however, were literature and hunting, as any reader of his single book, "Froissart Ballads, and Other Poems" (Philadelphia, 1847), must at once perceive. Especially after his removal in 1845 to an estate in Clarke County, he could and did indulge his taste for hunting to the full, but like most Southerners of his time he had little incentive to become a professional author, and he is rather to be regarded as a cultivated amateur. He wrote several prose romances, which were published in *The Southern Literary Messenger*[2] (1848–50), and

[1] See page 114, note 2.

[2] The titles of his romances, none of which appeared in book form, are "John Carper, the Hunter of Lost River," "The Two Country Houses," "The Gregories of Hackwood," "Joseph Jenkins's Researches into Antiquity: Erisichthon," "The Crime of Andrew Blair," and "Chevalier Merlin" (unfinished). See an article upon him in Vol. XXVI of *The Southern Literary Messenger*.

lyrics, like "Florence Vane," "Rosalie Lee," and "To My Daughter Lily," which were very popular; yet one feels that he should have done much more than this. He had a genuine love for mediæval literature (though there is not a great deal of Froissart in the "Ballads"), a true sense for the beauty and freedom of nature, and a certain freshness and sincerity of poetic inspiration. He could never have rivalled Poe, who praised his work and corresponded with him; but probably if he had really made literature a profession, he would be known to-day as more than a one-poem poet. As it is, the lyric Lowell praised, "Florence Vane," which has been translated into several languages, alone keeps Cooke's name from oblivion, so far as concerns the general public.]

THE MOUNTAINEER

[From "Froissart Ballads, and Other Poems," 1847. Extract from the Poem "The Mountains."]

Just now no whisper of the air
Awoke, or wandered, anywhere
In all that scene so wild and fair.

But hark! upborne by swift degrees,
Come forth the mountain melodies —
The music of the wind-tost trees.

And, startled by these utterings,
The parted leaves, like living things,
Skirl up, and flock on shining wings.

And, rising from the rainbow rout,
A hawk goes swooping round about —
And hark! a rifle-shot, and shout.

The rifle of the mountaineer —
I know its tongue, so quick and clear —
Is out, to-day, against the deer.

Right hardy are the men, I trow,
Who build upon the mountain's brow,
And love the gun, and scorn the plough.

Not such soft pleasures pamper these
As lull the subtil Bengalese,
Or islanders of Indian seas.

A rugged hand to cast their seed —
A rifle for the red deer's speed —
With these their swarming huts they feed.

Such men are freedom's body guard;
On their high rocks, so cold and hard,
They keep her surest watch and ward.

FLORENCE VANE

[From the Same.]

I loved thee long and dearly,
Florence Vane;
My life's bright dream, and early,
Hath come again;
I renew, in my fond vision,
My heart's dear pain,
My hope, and thy derision,
Florence Vane.

The ruin lone and hoary,
The ruin old,
Where thou didst hark my story,
At even told, —
That spot — the hues Elysian
Of sky and plain —
I treasure in my vision,
Florence Vane.

Thou wast lovelier than the roses
In their prime;
Thy voice excelled the closes
Of sweetest rhyme;

Thy heart was as a river
Without a main.
Would I had loved thee never,
Florence Vane!

But, fairest, coldest wonder!
Thy glorious clay
Lieth the green sod under —
Alas the day!
And it boots not to remember
Thy disdain —
To quicken love's pale ember,
Florence Vane.

The lilies of the valley
By young graves weep,
The pansies love to dally
Where maidens sleep;
May their bloom, in beauty vying,
Never wane
Where thine earthly part is lying,
Florence Vane!

THE ART OF THE POET

[From the Same. The Extract is the Conclusion of a Poem entitled "The Power of the Bards."]

And owe we not these visions
Fresh to the natural eye —
This presence in old story —
To the good art and high? —

The high art of the poet,
The maker of the lays?
Doth not his magic lead us
Back to the ancient days?

For evermore be honoured
The voices sweet, and bold,
That thus can charm the shadows
From the true life of old.

THEODORE O'HARA

[THEODORE O'HARA, the son of an Irish gentleman who came to America as a political exile, was born in Danville, Kentucky, February 11, 1820, and died near Guerryton, Alabama, June 6, 1867. After the family removed to Frankfort, he was prepared by his father, who taught a school, to enter St. Joseph's College at Bardstown, where he did so well that he was asked to take charge of the classes in Greek. Then he studied law and was admitted to the bar in 1842, but in three years he obtained a post in the Treasury Department at Washington. Just before he took this post he witnessed the re-interment, at Frankfort, of Daniel Boone and his wife, and was inspired to write "The Old Pioneer." He took part in the Mexican War, at the beginning of hostilities, as captain of volunteers, and for gallant conduct was brevetted major on the field of Churubusco. Before the war was ended, the remains of the Kentucky soldiers who had fallen at Buena Vista were brought back to their native state, and in memory of the occasion O'Hara, in the autumn of 1847, wrote his "Bivouac of the Dead," the poem which has preserved his name. After the Mexican War he practised in Washington, and was an editor in Frankfort; but he could not resist the temptations of a life of action, and he joined the filibustering expedition of Lopez to Cuba, during which he was wounded. This did not discourage him from joining Walker in his Nicaragua expedition or from entering the Second United States Cavalry as captain (1855), which gave him service in Texas against the Indians. Later he edited the Mobile *Register* (1857–1860), and he formed a company of dragoons as early as November, 1860, for service in the war which he saw to be inevitable. He had long and hard service in the Civil War both as colonel of an Alabama regiment and as staff officer. After the war he went into the cotton business at Columbus, Georgia, but was ruined by a fire, whereupon he removed to a near-by plantation in Alabama, and here he died shortly afterward. In 1874 the legislature of Kentucky took measures to convey his body to that state and to bury it by the side of the comrades whose dirge he had sung. See for the most correct text of O'Hara's two poems and the fullest account of his life, "The Bivouac of the Dead and Its Author" (1898), by the late George W. Ranck, of Kentucky, who unselfishly devoted much time, labor, and expense to preserving and extending O'Hara's fame.[1]]

[1] See also an article on O'Hara by Daniel E. O'Sullivan in *The Southern Bivouac* for January, 1887. This paper is specially interesting for its discussion

THE BIVOUAC OF THE DEAD[1]

THE muffled drum's sad roll has beat
The soldier's last tattoo;
No more on life's parade shall meet
The brave and daring few.
On Fame's eternal camping-ground
Their silent tents are spread,
And Glory guards with solemn round
The bivouac of the dead.

No rumor of the foe's advance
Now swells upon the wind;
No troubled thought at midnight haunts
Of loved ones left behind;
No vision of the morrow's strife
The warrior's dream alarms;
No braying horn nor screaming fife
At dawn shall call to arms.

Their shivered swords are red with rust,
Their plumed heads are bowed;
Their haughty banner trailed in dust
Is now their martial shroud,
And plenteous funeral tears have washed
The red stains from each brow,
And their proud forms in battle gashed
Are free from anguish now.

of the text of "The Bivouac of the Dead." It may be remarked that "The Old Pioneer" is the only other poem of O'Hara's that is known, and that some question has been raised as to its authorship. Robert Burns Wilson, the Kentucky poet, contributed a paper on O'Hara to *The Century* for May, 1890.

[1] The text is that of the volume mentioned above and is copyrighted. It is reproduced here through the kindness of Mrs. George W. Ranck, of Wilmington, N.C.

The neighing steed, the flashing blade,
The trumpet's stirring blast,
The charge, the dreadful cannonade,
The din and shout are past;
No war's wild note, nor glory's peal,
Shall thrill with fierce delight
Those breasts that nevermore shall feel
The rapture of the fight.

Like the dread northern hurricane
That sweeps his broad plateau,
Flushed with the triumph yet to gain
Came down the serried foe;[1]
Our heroes felt the shock, and leapt
To meet them on the plain;
And long the pitying sky hath wept
Above our gallant slain.

Sons of our consecrated ground,
Ye must not slumber there,
Where stranger steps and tongues resound
Along the heedless air.
Your own proud land's heroic soil
Shall be your fitter grave;
She claims from War his richest spoil —
The ashes of her brave.

So 'neath their parent turf they rest,
Far from the gory field;
Borne to a Spartan mother's breast
On many a bloody shield;
The sunshine of their native sky
Smiles sadly on them here,
And kindred hearts and eyes watch by
The heroes' sepulchre.

[1] From this point the text of the poem as usually given is so different as to require its insertion in an appendix.

Rest on, embalmed and sainted dead!
Dear as the blood you gave,
No impious footsteps here shall tread
The herbage of your grave;
Nor shall your glory be forgot
While Fame her record keeps,
Or Honor points the hallowed spot
Where Valor proudly sleeps.

Yon marble minstrel's voiceless stone
In deathless songs shall tell,
When many a vanished age hath flown,
The story how ye fell;
Nor wreck, nor change, or winter's blight
Nor Time's remorseless doom,
Shall dim one ray of holy light
That gilds your glorious tomb.

HENRY ROOTES JACKSON

[HENRY ROOTES JACKSON, of English descent, the son of a Georgia educator and nephew of James Jackson, a prominent Georgia soldier and statesman of the Revolutionary period, was born in Athens, Georgia, June 24, 1820, and died in Savannah, May 23, 1898. He graduated at Yale in 1839, was admitted to the Georgia bar the next year, was soon appointed United States district attorney, and during the Mexican War was colonel of a regiment of Georgia volunteers. Two or three of his best poems were inspired by his military experiences and were published in a volume entitled "Tallulah, and Other Poems" (Savannah, 1850,[1] but printed in New York). Meanwhile, after some editing, he became, in 1849, judge of the Superior Court of the Eastern Circuit, Georgia, a position which he resigned in 1853 to become *chargé d'affaires* and afterward minister to Austria. He resigned this post in 1858, engaged in important legal work for the government, then joined the Confederate army as brigadier-general. In 1864 he and his command were taken prisoners at the battle of Nashville. After his release he practised law in Savannah, where he took much interest in education and in advancing the study of Georgia history. In 1885 he was appointed by President Cleveland minister to Mexico, but

[1] Many accounts of his life erroneously give 1851.

soon resigned the place. His single volume of poems has been but little read. The "Red Old Hills of Georgia" is somewhat known in the South, and, as a foot-note will show, the simple, touching lyric, "My Wife and Child," has had a curious fate. His more elaborate poems are imitative and of slight consequence, but his devotion to his state make his simple verses readable, and in some cases, as in the lines "To the Chattahoochee River," he not only reminds one of the earlier Mirabeau B. Lamar, but makes one think of that later and more gifted Georgia poet, Lanier. No later poet, however, shows in all probability such a sense of the mastery of Byron, though, to tell the whole truth, Longfellow and Tennyson had also made their way into our Southern colonel's library. His "Haroun Alraschid" is a plain echo of the English poet. It is partly because General Jackson represents so excellently the type of poet the Old South was likely to produce — an amateur quick to feel both the poetic instinct and the influence of other poets, content with an occasional poem or a single volume, and thenceforth prone to lead a life of culture rather than of creative activity — that it is desirable to give his work a place in a collection like the present.]

THE RED OLD HILLS OF GEORGIA

[From "Tallulah, and Other Poems," 1850.]

The red old hills of Georgia!
So bald, and bare, and bleak —
Their memory fills my spirit
With thoughts I cannot speak.
They have no robe of verdure,
Stript naked to the blast;
And yet, of all the varied earth,
I love them best at last.

I love them for the pleasure
With which my life was blest,
When erst I left, in boyhood,
My footsteps on their breast.
When in the rains had perished
Those steps from plain and knoll,
Then vanished, with the storm of grief,
Joy's foot-prints from my soul![1]

[1] This stanza is omitted from the poem as now usually printed.

The red old hills of Georgia!
My heart is on them now;
Where, fed from golden streamlets,
Oconee's waters flow!
I love them with devotion,
Though washed so bleak and bare;—
Oh![1] can my spirit e'er forget
The warm hearts dwelling there?

I love them for the living,—
The generous, kind, and gay;
And for the dead who slumber
Within their breasts[2] of clay.
I love them for the bounty,
Which cheers the social hearth;
I love them for their rosy girls—
The fairest on the earth!

The red old hills of Georgia!
Oh![3] where, upon the face
Of earth, is freedom's spirit
More bright in any race?—
In Switzerland and Scotland
Each patriot breast it fills,
But oh![4] it blazes brighter yet
Among our Georgia hills!

And where, upon their surface,
Is heart to feeling dead?—
Oh![5] when has needy stranger
Gone from those hills unfed?
There bravery and kindness,
For aye, go hand in hand,

[1] Later versions read "How."
[2] Printed "breast" in Weber's "Southern Poets."
[3] Later versions read "When."
[4] Later versions read "sure."
[5] Later versions read "And."

Upon your washed and naked hills,
"My own, my native land!"[1]

The red old hills of Georgia
I never can forget;
Amid life's joys and sorrows,
My heart is on them yet;—
And when my course is ended,
When life her web has wove,
Oh! may I then, beneath those hills,
Lie close to them I love!

MY WIFE AND CHILD[2]

[From the Same.]

The tattoo beats;—the lights are gone;—
The camp around in slumber lies;—
The night, with solemn pace, moves on;—
The shadows thicken o'er the skies;—
But sleep my weary eyes hath flown,
And sad, uneasy thoughts arise.

I think of thee, oh! dearest one!
Whose love mine early life hath blest;—
Of thee and him—our baby son—
Who slumbers on thy gentle breast;—
God of the tender, frail, and lone,
Oh! guard that little sleeper's rest!

[1] Cf. Scott's "Lay of the Last Minstrel," VI, i, 3.

[2] In "War Lyrics and Songs of the South," London, 1866, this poem is wrongly attributed to General J. T. [T. J.] Jackson, while an officer in Mexico. In Mason's "Southern Poems of the War" (1867) it is entitled "My Father" (the name of another but entirely unmartial poem by General Jackson), and is evidently supposed to have been written during the later struggle. The confusion, according to Mr. James Wood Davidson, originated in the Confederate newspapers, and if one of them had only attributed the verses to Andrew Jackson, the cup of error would have been filled.

And hover, gently hover near
To her, whose watchful eye is wet —
The mother, wife, the doubly dear,
In whose young heart have freshly met
Two streams of love so deep and clear —
And cheer her drooping spirit yet!

Now, as she kneels before thy throne,
Oh! teach her, Ruler of the skies!
That while, by thy behest alone,
Earth's mightiest powers fall or rise,
No tear is wept to thee unknown,
Nor hair is lost, nor sparrow dies!

That thou canst stay the ruthless hand
Of dark disease, and soothe its pain;
That only by thy stern command
The battle's lost, the soldier's slain;
That from the distant sea or land
Thou bring'st the wanderer home again!

And when upon her pillow lone
Her tear-wet cheek is sadly press'd,
May happier visions beam upon
The brightening currents of her breast, —
Nor frowning look, nor angry tone,
Disturb the sabbath of her rest!

Whatever fate those forms may throw,[1]
Loved with a passion almost wild —
By day, by night — in joy, or woe —
By fears oppressed, or hopes beguiled —
From every danger, every foe,
Oh! God! protect my wife and child!

Camargo, Mexico, 1846.

[1] This is given as "show" in some versions. Many other variations occur in different versions, but it is not worth while to record them.

WILLIAM HENRY TRESCOT

[William Henry Trescot was born in Charleston, South Carolina, November 10, 1822, and died at Pendleton, South Carolina, March 4, 1898. He graduated at the College of Charleston in 1840, then studied law and was admitted to the bar, but also engaged in cotton planting. He early devoted himself to studying the diplomatic history of the United States, issuing a monograph on the country's foreign policy in 1849. Three years later he published his "Diplomacy of the Revolution" and became secretary of legation in London, a post he soon resigned. After some other publications in his special field he continued "The Diplomacy of the Revolution" with his "Diplomatic History of the Administrations of Washington and Adams," which, writing on his own birthday from his home at Barnwell Island, South Carolina, he dedicated, in 1857, to the Honorable Edward Everett, of Massachusetts. On June 8, 1860, he became for a few months Assistant Secretary of State, a position in which he is said to have acted as agent for the purchase of arms by South Carolina. During the Civil War he was a member of the legislature of his native state and had a staff position. He also conducted for the Confederate government, with agents of France and Great Britain, negotiations looking to the adhesion of the Confederacy to the Declaration of Paris of 1856, save with respect to the first article. After the war he represented South Carolina in Washington in connection with questions arising under Reconstruction legislation. After the inauguration of Hayes and the emergence of the South from political impotence, he was considerably employed in diplomatic matters by the general government. He served as counsel before the Halifax Commission of 1877, and went to China as a member of the special commission which negotiated the treaties of 1880. In 1881 he was employed by Secretary Blaine as special envoy to certain belligerent South American states. In 1882–1883 he was a plenipotentiary with General Grant to negotiate a commercial treaty with Mexico, which, however, was never carried into effect. During Cleveland's first administration he practised law in Washington. The return of Mr. Blaine to the Department of State, in 1889, gave Trescot fresh employment; for example, he was one of the American delegates in the International American Conference at Washington, in 1889–1890. Differences of opinion between Mr. Blaine and himself in regard to the treatment of international claims led to Trescot's retirement from public service; but he still acted as counsel against foreign governments in certain private cases, in one of which he obtained a fee that enabled him to fit up his old island home, where he passed his declining years. With the exception of a memoir of

General Johnson Pettigrew (1870) and memorial addresses, such as the excellent one on General Stephen Elliott, delivered before the South Carolina legislature in September, 1866, he wrote little after his volume of 1857; but he deserves to be remembered among Southern writers not only for his importance as a pioneer in our diplomatic history, but also for his general culture and his ability on occasions to attain a style of dignity and eloquence.[1]]

THE PATRIOTIC DIPLOMATS OF THE REVOLUTION

[From "The Diplomacy of the Revolution. An Historical Study," 1852.]

. . . And in that proud circle of famous warriors and great civilians which illustrates the history of the United States, none should stand in brighter light than the diplomatists of the revolution. They were, more particularly than any others, the representatives of the nation in perilous times. Far from home, unsustained by sympathy, their labors hidden from the popular eye, surrounded by perplexities which none but themselves could fully know; simple men in the midst of courtly splendor, watched by ambassadors of old and haughty States, sometimes with jealousy sometimes with hate, treated now with patronizing pity, then with supercilious indifference, they held fast to their faith in their country. They sustained their country's fame; they vindicated their country's interest; and through failure and success they spoke the same language of calm resolution. And as time passed on, and kingdom after kingdom recognized them in the fulness of their ambassadorial character, they kept the even tenor of their way undaunted by fortune, as they had been undismayed by difficulty. They negotiated the great treaties which secured the independence of their country with consummate ability. They used every honorable advantage with adroitness, they compromised no single interest through haste, they committed themselves to no exaggerated principles, and sacrificed nothing to temporary triumph. In the course of their long and arduous labors, there were occasional differences of opinion; and like all men, there were times when

[1] This brief sketch is in many particulars based on information kindly furnished the editor by his colleague, Professor John Bassett Moore.

they failed in their purposes. But they worked together heartily for the common good, and even when circumstances too strong for their control opposed their wishes, they never despaired. The very variety of their characters adapted itself to their necessities: and if the deferential wisdom of Franklin smoothed the difficulties of the French treaty, the energetic activity of Adams conquered the obstacles to the alliance with Holland, and the conduct of the negotiations with England was guided by the inflexible firmness of Jay. Others there were whose fame is less, only because success did not crown their efforts. But through the whole period of this critical time — in all the communications between the government and its representatives, there is the same firm and temperate counsel. They knew that the Old World was watching their conduct to draw its inferences and govern its policy, and they spoke and acted without passion or petulance. Men of quiet dignity, tried faith, and large ability, their words savored of no insolent bravado, no licentious sentiment. They appealed to the great principles of international law for the warrant of their deeds and the guarantee of their claims. They felt that the right of independent national existence was a privilege not to be lightly claimed; and they entered into the old and venerable circle of nations in no vulgar spirit of defiant equality, but calmly, as conscious of right — resolutely, as conscious of strength — gravely, as conscious of duty.

WASHINGTON AND JAY'S TREATY

[From "The Diplomatic History of the Administrations of Washington and Adams, 1789–1801," 1857.]

. . . The great merit, therefore, of Gen. Washington's administration is, that it was wise enough to recognize, and firm enough to accept, a great national necessity. And this is no slight praise. It is an easy and pleasant thing for a statesman to become the instrument of national strength, the mouth-piece of national pride; but only to a few chief spirits of history is it given to create strength from their weakness, and to develop a noble

pride from a wise humility. This high privilege was, however, granted to Washington and the great men who supported him in that momentous struggle. They were forced to stand with folded arms in the presence of wrongs which they resented; to check national sympathies which they shared; to confess national weakness which they deplored. But they looked beyond the wounded pride of the present moment to the sober certainty of a future recompense. They had faith enough in their work to trust the future to posterity, and sufficiently and successfully has that posterity vindicated their policy.

This view of the treaty,[1] while it authorizes the profoundest admiration for those who negotiated and maintained it, allows us at the same time to comprehend thoroughly, and appreciate fairly, the earnest patriotism of that great party which opposed it. It is easy to understand how repugnant to many sincere convictions, how odious to many honest prejudices, how injurious to many important interests, this treaty must have appeared; and we may well be grateful that the elements of political strife were so tempered that mutual concession and opposition worked together upon the popular mind, and the very progress of the adoption of an unsatisfactory and unpopular treaty tended to that unity and energy of national sentiment, which was sure, in time, to render all such treaties unnecessary.

JAMES MATTHEWS LEGARÉ

[VERY little is known of this kinsman of Hugh S. Legaré (*q.v.*) beyond the facts that he was born in Charleston, November 26, 1823, and that he died in Aiken, South Carolina, March 30, 1859. He seems to have been a lawyer who made no mark in his profession, and an inventor who for one reason or another could not make his discoveries effective. The most certain fact about him is that he loved literature. He contributed to the current magazines, and in 1848 he published a thin volume of verse, "Orta-Undis, and Other Poems," which took its title from the concluding piece in Latin. This little book, although it contains scarcely a single poem that is satisfac-

[1] Jay's Treaty of 1794.

tory as a whole, and although it shows that Legaré had probably felt the influence of Tennyson, gives clear proof that the young poet was a true artist and lover of nature. In careful technique Legaré was superior to most if not all of his Southern predecessors save Poe, and he was frequently able to turn a beautiful stanza of description, as well as to inspire his love lyrics with genuine feeling. The best appreciation of his verse is to be found in an article by Ludwig Lewisohn, printed in the Charleston *News and Courier* for August 16, 1903.]

TO A LILY

[From "Orta-Undis, and Other Poems," 1848.]

Go bow thy head in gentle spite,
Thou lily white.
For she who spies thee waving here,
With thee in beauty can compare
As day with night.

Soft are thy leaves and white: her arms
Boast whiter charms.
Thy stem prone bent with loveliness
Of maiden grace possesseth less:
Therein she charms.

Thou in thy lake dost see
Thyself: so she
Beholds her image in her eyes
Reflected. Thus did Venus rise
From out the sea.

Inconsolate, bloom not again,
Thou rival vain
Of her whose charms have thine outdone:
Whose purity might spot the sun,
And make thy leaf a stain.

HAW-BLOSSOMS

[From the Same.]

1

While yesterevening, through the vale
Descending from my cottage door
I strayed, how cool and fresh a look
All nature wore.

2

The calmïas and golden-rods,
And tender blossoms of the haw,
Like maidens seated in the wood,
Demure, I saw.

3

The recent drops upon their leaves
Shone brighter than the bluest eyes,[1]
And filled the little sheltered dell
Their fragrant sighs.

4

Their pliant arms they interlaced,
As pleasant canopies they were:
Their blossoms swung against my cheek
Like braids of hair.

5

And when I put their boughs aside
And stooped to pass, from overhead
The little agitated things
A shower shed

[1] The comma has been inserted.

6

Of tears. Then thoughtfully I spoke;
Well represent ye maidenhood,
Sweet flowers. Life is to the young
A shady wood.

7

And therein some like golden-rods,
For grosser purposes designed,
A gay existence lead, but leave
No germ behind.

8

And others like the calmïas,
On cliff-sides inaccessible,
Bloom paramount, the vale with sweets
Yet never fill.

9

But underneath the glossy leaves,
When, working out the perfect law,
The blossoms white and fragrant still
Drop from the haw;

10

Like worthy deeds in silence wrought
And secret, through the lapse of years,
In clusters pale and delicate
The fruit appears.

11

In clusters pale and delicate
But waxing heavier each day,
Until the many-colored leaves
Drift from the spray.

12

Then pendulous, like amethysts
And rubies, purple ripe and red,
Wherewith God's feathered pensioners
In flocks are fed.

13

Therefore, sweet reader of this rhyme,
Be unto thee examples high
Not calmïas and golden-rods
That scentless die:

14

But the meek blossoms of the haw,
That fragrant are wherever wind
The forest paths, and perishing
Leave fruits behind.

JAMES BARRON HOPE

[James Barron Hope, grandson of Commodore James Barron, was born at his grandfather's house at the Gosport Navy-yard in Norfolk, Virginia, March 23, 1829, and died in that city September 15, 1887. He got his schooling at Germantown, Pennsylvania, and at Hampton, Virginia, and then studied at William and Mary College, where he graduated in 1847. Two years later he fought a duel which came near being fatal to both parties, and ever after his disposition was rather to appease dissensions than to inflame them. He served as secretary to his uncle Commodore Samuel Barron of the navy, and in 1852 made a cruise in the West Indies, to which we may probably ascribe part of the interest in Cuba, to be found in a poem on that island written before the Civil War, yet couched in a tone that would have seemed strikingly appropriate in 1898.[1] He then studied law, and was in 1856 elected commonwealth's attorney of Hampton. He already had some reputation as a poet in consequence of his contributions to *The Southern Literary Messenger* and other periodicals over the signature of "Henry Ellen." In 1857 he

[1] This poem is quoted in an article on Hope by his daughter, Mrs. Janey Hope Marr, in *The Conservative Review*, March, 1900.

published, in Philadelphia, his first volume, "Leoni di Monota, and Other Poems." In this appeared his spirited "Charge at Balaklava," which was widely admired. The same year, acting as the poet at the two hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the settlement at Jamestown, he began to deliver those memorial poems which gained him the sobriquet of "Virginia's laureate." On February 22, 1858, he recited, at Richmond, the poem at the unveiling of Crawford's equestrian statue of Washington, and the same year he published, in a small volume, these official poems and a few others, including the stanzas on Cuba mentioned above. During the Civil War he served as quartermaster and captain, and he came out of the struggle "broken in fortune and in health; but he bore his pain with wonderful fortitude; not only bore, but hid it away from those nearest to him." After the war he settled in Norfolk, and gave himself up to journalism. He founded the Norfolk *Landmark* in 1873, and made it one of the best papers of the state. He was a prominent figure in Virginia, noted not only for his gifts as poet, speaker, and editor, but for his attractive social qualities. His chief appearance after the war as an official poet was at the celebration of the Yorktown Centennial in 1881. He subsequently repeated in several large cities the poem read on this occasion. He was selected to deliver the poem at the laying of the corner-stone of the monument to General Lee in Richmond, but before the event took place he was dead, and his poem was read by a friend. Besides his volumes of verse Captain Hope published a novel, some stories for children, and several addresses. A volume of selections from his poetry, entitled "A Wreath of Virginia Bay Leaves," was edited by his daughter, Mrs. Janey Hope Marr, in 1895.]

THE CHARGE AT BALAKLAVA[1]

[From "A Wreath of Virginia Bay Leaves. Poems of James Barron Hope. Selected and Edited by his Daughter, Janey Hope Marr," 1895.]

Nolan[2] halted where the squadrons,
Stood impatient of delay,
Out he drew his brief dispatches,
Which their leader quickly snatches,
At a glance their meaning catches;
They are ordered to the fray!

[1] Copyright 1895. Printed here by kind permission of Mrs. Janey Hope Marr.
[2] See page 261, note 1.

All that morning they had waited —
As their frowning faces showed,
Horses stamping, riders fretting,
And their teeth together setting;
Not a single sword-blade wetting
As the battle ebbed and flowed.

Now the fevered spell is broken,
Every man feels twice as large,
Every heart is fiercely leaping,
As a lion roused from sleeping,
For they know they will be sweeping
In a moment to the charge.

Brightly gleam six hundred sabres,
And the brazen trumpets ring;
Steeds are gathered, spurs are driven,
And the heavens widely riven
With a mad shout upward given,
Scaring vultures on the wing.

Stern its meaning; was not Gallia
Looking down on Albion's sons?
In each mind this thought implanted,
Undismayed and all undaunted,
By the battle-fiends enchanted,
They ride down upon the guns.

Onward! On! the chargers trample;
Quicker falls each iron heel!
And the headlong pace grows faster;
Noble steed and noble master,
Rushing on to red disaster,
Where the heavy cannons peal.

In the van rides Captain Nolan;
Soldier stout he was and brave!
And his shining sabre flashes,

As upon the foe he dashes:
God! his face turns white as ashes,
He has ridden to his grave!

Down he fell, prone from his saddle,
Without motion, without breath,
Never more a trump to waken —
He the very first one taken,
From the bough so sorely shaken,
In the vintage-time of Death.

In a moment, in a twinkling,
He was gathered to his rest;
In the time for which he'd waited —
With his gallant heart elated —
Down went Nolan, decorated
With a death wound on his breast.

Comrades still are onward charging,
He is lying on the sod:
Onward still their steeds are rushing
Where the shot and shell are crushing;
From his corpse the blood is gushing,
And his soul is with his God.

As they spur on, what strange visions
Flit across each rider's brain!
Thoughts of maidens fair, of mothers,
Friends and sisters, wives and brothers,
Blent with images of others,
Whom they ne'er shall see again.

Onward still the squadrons thunder —
Knightly hearts were theirs and brave,
Men and horses without number
All the furrowed ground encumber —
Falling fast to their last slumber —
Bloody slumber! bloody grave!

Of that charge at Balaklava —
In its chivalry sublime —
Vivid, grand, historic pages
Shall descend to future ages;
Poets, painters, hoary sages
Shall record it for all time;

Telling how those English horsemen
Rode the Russian gunners down;
How with ranks all torn and shattered;
How with helmets hacked and battered;
How with sword-arms blood-bespattered;
They won honor and renown.

'Twas "not war," but it was splendid[1]
As a dream of old romance;
Thinking which their Gallic neighbors
Thrilled to watch them at their labors,
Hewing red graves with their sabres
In that wonderful advance.

Down went many a gallant soldier;
Down went many a stout dragoon;
Lying grim, and stark, and gory,
On the crimson field of glory,
Leaving us a noble story
And their white-cliffed home a boon.

Full of hopes and aspirations
Were their hearts at dawn of day;
Now, with forms all rent and broken,
Bearing each some frightful token
Of a scene ne'er to be spoken,
In their silent sleep they lay.

[1] General Pierre Bosquet, watching the charge, is said to have remarked in French, "It is magnificent, but it is not war."

Here a noble charger stiffens,
  There his rider grasps the hilt
Of his sabre lying bloody
By his side, upon the muddy,
Trampled ground, which darkly ruddy
  Shows the blood that he has spilt.

And to-night the moon shall shudder
  As she looks down on the moor,
Where the dead of hostile races
Slumber, slaughtered in their places;
All their rigid ghastly faces
  Spattered hideously with gore.

And the sleepers! ah, the sleepers
  Made [1] a Westminster that day;
'Mid the seething battle's lava!
And each man who fell shall have a
Proud inscription — BALAKLAVA,
  Which shall never fade away.[2]

WASHINGTON AND LEE [3]

[FROM THE SAME. THE CLOSE OF "THE LEE MEMORIAL ODE," READ AT THE LAYING OF THE CORNER-STONE OF THE LEE MONUMENT AT RICHMOND, IN OCTOBER, 1887.[4]]

V

WHEN the effigy of Washington
In its bronze was reared on high
'Twas mine, with others, now long gone,

[1] The text gives this as *make*, but an earlier version reads *made*, which seems preferable.

[2] This poem is said to have been highly admired by the once popular British novelist, G. P. R. James, who was at one time consul at Norfolk, Virginia. He sent a copy of it to Queen Victoria, and it was favorably noticed by the British press.

[3] By kind permission of Mrs. Janey Hope Marr.

[4] The author had died a month before. His poem was read by Captain W. Gordon McCabe (*q.v.*).

Beneath a stormy sky,
To utter to the multitude
His name that cannot die.

And here to-day, my Countrymen,
I tell you Lee shall ride
With that great "rebel" down the years —
Twin "rebels" side by side! —
And confronting such a vision
All our grief gives place to pride.

Those two shall ride immortal
And shall ride abreast of Time,
Shall light up stately history
And blaze in Epic Rhyme —
Both patriots, both Virginians true,
Both "rebels," both sublime!

Our past is full of glories,[1]
It is a shut-in sea,
The pillars overlooking it
Are Washington and Lee:
And a future spreads before us,
Not unworthy of the free.

And here and now, my Countrymen,
Upon this sacred sod,
Let us feel: it was "OUR FATHER"
Who above us held the rod,
And from hills to sea
Like Robert Lee
Bow reverently to God.

[1] The comma has been inserted.

HENRY TIMROD

[HENRY TIMROD was born in Charleston, South Carolina, December 8, 1829, and died in Columbia, South Carolina, October 6, 1867. He was of German descent on his father's side, of English, on his mother's. His father, William Henry Timrod (1792–1838), was a soldier in the Seminole War, editor of a literary periodical, and author of a volume of poems. Some of the father's verses are given in the introduction to the "Memorial Edition" of the son's poems. Henry was educated in Charleston schools, his deskmate and close friend being Paul Hayne (*q.v.*). Already his love for nature and for the classics and English poetry was marked, but he also excelled in sports. From school he went to the University of Georgia, but ill health and lack of means compelled him to leave before graduation. He tried the law in Charleston, beginning his studies in the office of the able jurist, J. L. Petigru (see p. 116), but his love for letters and his sensitive, poetic disposition soon showed him that he had mistaken his vocation. He endeavored to get a professorship in some college, but, failing, was obliged to earn his support as a private tutor. He did not neglect poetry, however, for he contributed verses to *The Southern Literary Messenger* and to *Russell's Magazine*, and he was recognized as one of the choicest and ablest members of the coterie of literary men in Charleston presided over by William Gilmore Simms in the years immediately preceding the Civil War. Shortly before the conflict opened, Timrod published a small volume of his poems in Boston (1860), which won praise from judicious readers, but was soon lost sight of in the excitement of the times. On the outbreak of the war he enlisted as a volunteer, but his greatest service to the Confederate cause was rendered by such excellent martial lyrics and reflective poems as "Carolina," "Charleston," "Ethnogenesis," and "The Cotton Boll," which he wrote in and near Charleston early in the struggle. These produced such an impression that an effort was made by some leading Carolinians to have an illustrated volume of his poems brought out in London, but the scheme miscarried, greatly to Timrod's disappointment. Then he went to the front, only to be sent back by physician's orders, on account of his feeble constitution. Nothing daunted, he tried to serve as army correspondent in the Southwest, where the camp life and the horrors of retreat proved almost too much for him. In 1864 he obtained some respite for his weary spirit by his appointment as editor of the *South Carolinian* at Columbia. Here he married Miss Kate Goodwin, an English girl resident in Charleston, whose charms he celebrated in "Katie." He remained in Columbia, his strength failing rapidly and his resources al-

most exhausted, and here his baby boy died. The letters he wrote his friend Simms during the period are almost too harrowing in their description of his sufferings to bear publication at present; but, perhaps, some day a sympathetic biographer will use them to enhance the pathos of one of the most touching lives in all the annals of genius. He preserved his courage to the last, and his gifts were never better displayed than in the noble ode for the Confederate dead, written at the very close of his life. Fortunately the final stages of consumption were in his case speedily passed, and he died, as he had lived, with his spirit in communion with his Muse. "His latest occupation was correcting the proof-sheets of his own poems, and he passed away with them by his side, stained with his life-blood." He left many true friends, who, however, for some years could do little to perpetuate his fame. In 1873 Hayne edited his poems with a memoir, and a second edition appeared the following year. Ten years later "Katie" was illustrated and published separately. A memorial poem or two, quotations in anthologies, and critical appreciations were not wanting in the years that followed; but the poet's admirers felt that something more must be done to make his fame a possession, not merely of his native state and section, but of the country. Finally a Timrod Memorial Association was formed,[1] and through its efforts a "Memorial Edition" was published in 1899. This is now issued by the B. F. Johnson Company of Richmond, Virginia, and is indispensable to the student of Timrod, a poet whose powers should be judged from his entire work and not from selections which, as a rule, represent chiefly his war lyrics.[2] Careful study of this volume will probably confirm the judgment of many persons that Timrod was the most restrained and highly gifted artist among the earlier Southern writers with the exception of Poe, and perhaps of Hayne.[3] It was Timrod's fortune not only to leave a body of verse excellent as a whole, despite its too obvious indebtedness to Tennyson and its other defects, but also to write three or four poems like "The Cotton Boll" and "Charleston," so representative of the high hopes and ideals of the militant South, that it is scarcely possible that posterity will ever forget them. And the "Ode" for the soldiers in Magnolia Cemetery is so perfect of its kind that it seems sufficient to preserve his memory not merely as a Southern, but as a national possession.[4] For criticism, see Dr. S. A. Link's "Pioneers of Southern Litera-

[1] Largely through the efforts of the Hon. Wm. A. Courtenay.

[2] The sweet, pure stanzas, entitled "The Lily Confidante," are given in Weber's "Selections from the Southern Poets," and are excluded here with regret.

[3] Much of Hayne's best work, however, was done after the period of the Civil War.

[4] A monument to Timrod was unveiled in Charleston, May 1, 1901. A short paper by him on the "Sonnet" was published in *The Outlook* for July 23, 1904. Numerous articles dealing with Timrod may be found through Poole's "Index." See, among others, those by Henry Austin (*International Review*, Vol. IX), and by J. E. Routh (*The South Atlantic Quarterly*, Vol. II).

ture," No. 3., and "The New Edition of Timrod," by the late C. H. Ross, in *The Sewanee Review* for October, 1899.]

SPRING

[From "Poems of Henry Timrod." Memorial Edition, 1899.[1]]

Spring, with that nameless pathos in the air
Which dwells with all things fair,
Spring, with her golden suns and silver rain,
Is with us once again.

Out in the lonely woods the jasmine burns
Its fragrant lamps, and turns
Into a royal court with green festoons
The banks of dark lagoons.

In the deep heart of every forest tree
The blood is all aglee,
And there's a look about the leafless bowers
As if they dreamed of flowers.

Yet still on every side we trace the hand
Of Winter in the land,
Save where the maple reddens on the lawn,
Flushed by the season's dawn;

Or where, like those strange semblances we find
That age to childhood bind,
The elm puts on, as if in Nature's scorn,
The brown of Autumn corn.

As yet the turf is dark, although you know
That, not a span below,
A thousand germs are groping through the gloom,
And soon will burst their tomb.

[1] Now published by the B. F. Johnson Company of Richmond, Virginia, through whose kind permission these copyrighted poems are here reprinted.

Already, here and there, on frailest stems
Appear some azure gems,
Small as might deck, upon a gala day,
The forehead of a fay.

In gardens you may note amid the dearth
The crocus breaking earth;
And near the snowdrop's tender white and green,
The violet in its screen.

But many gleams and shadows need must pass
Along the budding grass,
And weeks go by, before the enamored South[1]
Shall kiss the rose's mouth.

Still there's a sense of blossoms yet unborn
In the sweet airs of morn;
One almost looks to see the very street
Grow purple at his feet.

At times a fragrant breeze comes floating by,
And brings, you know not why,
A feeling as when eager crowds await
Before a palace gate

Some wondrous pageant; and you scarce would start,
If from a beech's heart,
A blue-eyed Dryad, stepping forth, should say,
"Behold me! I am May!"

Ah! who would couple thoughts of war and crime
With such a blessèd time!
Who in the west wind's aromatic breath
Could hear the call of Death!

Yet not more surely shall the Spring awake
The voice of wood and brake,

[1] The south wind.

Than she shall rouse, for all her tranquil charms,
A million men to arms.

There shall be deeper hues upon her plains
Than all her sunlit rains,
And every gladdening influence around,
Can summon from the ground.

Oh ! standing on this desecrated mould,
Methinks that I behold,
Lifting her bloody daisies up to God,
Spring kneeling on the sod,

And calling, with the voice of all her rills,
Upon the ancient hills
To fall and crush the tyrants and the slaves
Who turn her meads to graves.

THE COTTON BOLL[1]

[From the Same.]

While I recline
At ease beneath
This immemorial pine,
Small sphere !
(By dusky fingers brought this morning here
And shown with boastful smiles),
I turn thy cloven sheath,
Through which the soft white fibres peer,
That, with their gossamer bands,
Unite, like love, the sea-divided lands,
And slowly, thread by thread,
Draw forth the folded strands,
Than which the trembling line,
By whose frail help yon startled spider fled
Down the tall spear-grass from his swinging bed,

[1] Copyrighted by the B. F. Johnson Company.

Is scarce more fine;
And as the tangled skein
Unravels in my hands,
Betwixt me and the noonday light,
A veil seems lifted, and for miles and miles
The landscape broadens on my sight,
As, in the little boll,[1] there lurked a spell
Like that which, in the ocean shell,
With mystic sound,
Breaks down the narrow walls that hem us round,
And turns some city lane
Into the restless main,
With all his capes and isles!

Yonder bird,
Which floats, as if at rest,
In those blue tracts above the thunder, where
No vapors cloud the stainless air,
And never sound is heard,
Unless at such rare time
When, from the City of the Blest,
Rings down some golden chime,
Sees not from his high place
So vast a cirque of summer space
As widens round me in one mighty field,
Which, rimmed by seas and sands,
Doth hail its earliest daylight in the beams
Of gray Atlantic dawns;
And, broad as realms made up of many lands,
Is lost afar
Behind the crimson hills and purple lawns
Of sunset, among plains which roll their streams
Against the Evening Star!
And lo!
To the remotest point of sight,
Although I gaze upon no waste of snow,

[1] The pod, or seed capsule, of the cotton plant.

The endless field is white;
And the whole landscape glows,
For many a shining league away,
With such accumulated light
As Polar lands would flash beneath a tropic day!
Nor lack there (for the vision grows,
And the small charm within my hands —
More potent even than the fabled one,
Which oped whatever golden mystery
Lay hid in fairy wood or magic vale,
The curious ointment of the Arabian tale[1] —
Beyond all mortal sense
Doth stretch my sight's horizon, and I see,
Beneath its simple influence,
As if with Uriel's[2] crown,
I stood in some great temple of the Sun,
And looked, as Uriel, down!)
Nor lack there pastures rich and fields all green
With all the common gifts of God,
For temperate airs and torrid sheen
Weave Edens of the sod;
Through lands which look one sea of billowy gold
Broad rivers wind their devious ways;
A hundred isles in their embraces fold
A hundred luminous bays;
And through yon purple haze
Vast mountains lift their plumed peaks cloud-crowned;
And, save where up their sides the ploughman creeps,
An unhewn forest girds them grandly round,
In whose dark shades a future navy sleeps!
Ye Stars, which, though unseen, yet with me gaze
Upon this loveliest fragment of the earth!
Thou Sun, that kindlest all thy gentlest rays

[1] The reference seems to be to the story told by the blind man who stood at the entrance to the bridge and entreated alms, which, however, must be accompanied with a box on the ear. It is part of the composite story describing the adventures of Haroun Al Raschid at the bridge.

[2] Cf. "Paradise Lost" III, 648–650.

Above it, as to light a favorite hearth !
Ye Clouds, that in your temples in the West
See nothing brighter than its humblest flowers !
And you, ye Winds, that on the ocean's breast
Are kissed to coolness ere ye reach its bowers !
Bear witness with me in my song of praise,
And tell the world that, since the world began,
No fairer land hath fired a poet's lays,
Or given a home to man !
But these are charms already widely blown !
His be the meed whose pencil's trace
Hath touched our very swamps with grace,
And round whose tuneful way
All Southern laurels bloom ;
The Poet of "The Woodlands,"[1] unto whom
Alike are known
The flute's low breathing and the trumpet's tone,
And the soft west wind's sighs ;
But who shall utter all the debt,
O land wherein all powers are met
That bind a people's heart,
The world doth owe thee at this day,
And which it never can repay,
Yet scarcely deigns to own !
Where sleeps the poet who shall fitly sing
The source wherefrom doth spring
That mighty commerce which, confined
To the mean channels of no selfish mart,
Goes out to every shore
Of this broad earth, and throngs the sea with ships
That bear no thunders ; hushes hungry lips
In alien lands ;
Joins with a delicate web remotest strands ;
And gladdening rich and poor,

1 "Woodlands" was the country-place of William Gilmore Simms (*q.v.*), who wrote a poem, "The Edge of the Swamp," and also in his Revolutionary romances described the swamp retreats of the partisans.

Doth gild Parisian domes,
Or feed the cottage-smoke of English homes,
And only bounds its blessings by mankind !
In offices like these, thy mission lies,
My Country ! and it shall not end
As long as rain shall fall and Heaven bend
In blue above thee ; though thy foes be hard
And cruel as their weapons, it shall guard
Thy hearth-stones as a bulwark ; make thee great
In white and bloodless state ;
And haply, as the years increase —
Still working through its humbler reach
With that large wisdom which the ages teach —
Revive the half-dead dream of universal peace !
As men who labor in that mine
Of Cornwall, hollowed out beneath the bed
Of ocean, when a storm rolls overhead,
Hear the dull booming of the world of brine
Above them, and a mighty muffled roar
Of winds and waters, yet toil calmly on,
And split the rock, and pile the massive ore,
Or carve a niche, or shape the archèd roof ;
So I, as calmly, weave my woof
Of song, chanting the days to come,
Unsilenced, though the quiet summer air
Stirs with the bruit of battles, and each dawn
Wakes from its starry silence to the hum
Of many gathering armies. Still,
In that we sometimes hear,
Upon the Northern winds, the voice of woe
Not wholly drowned in triumph, though I know
The end must crown us, and a few brief years
Dry all our tears,
I may not sing too gladly. To Thy will
Resigned, O Lord ! we cannot all forget
That there is much even Victory must regret.
And, therefore, not too long

From the great burthen of our country's wrong
Delay our just release!
And, if it may be, save
These sacred fields of peace
From stain of patriot or of hostile blood!
Oh, help us, Lord! to roll the crimson flood
Back on its course, and, while our banners wing
Northward, strike with us! till the Goth shall cling
To his own blasted altar-stones, and crave
Mercy; and we shall grant it, and dictate
The lenient future of his fate
There, where some rotting ships and crumbling quays
Shall one day mark the Port which ruled the Western seas.

KATIE[1]

[FROM THE SAME.[2]]

IT may be through some foreign grace,
And unfamiliar charm of face;
It may be that across the foam
Which bore her from her childhood's home,
By some strange spell, my Katie brought,
Along with English creeds and thought —
Entangled in her golden hair —
Some English sunshine, warmth, and air!
I cannot tell — but here to-day,
A thousand billowy leagues away
From that green isle whose twilight skies
No darker are than Katie's eyes,
She seems to me, go where she will,
An English girl in England still!

I meet her on the dusty street,
And daisies spring about her feet;
Or, touched to life beneath her tread,

[1] Copyrighted by the B. F. Johnson Company.
[2] Only the opening of the poem is given.

An English cowslip lifts its head;
And, as to do her grace, rise up
The primrose and the buttercup!
I roam with her through fields of cane,
And seem to stroll an English lane,
Which, white with blossoms of the May,
Spreads its green carpet in her way!
As fancy wills, the path beneath
Is golden gorse, or purple heath:
And now we hear in woodlands dim
Their unarticulated hymn,
Now walk through rippling waves of wheat,
Now sink in mats of clover sweet,
Or see before us from the lawn
The lark go up to greet the dawn!
All birds that love the English sky
Throng round my path when she is by:
The blackbird from a neighboring thorn
With music brims the cup of morn,
And in a thick, melodious rain
The mavis pours her mellow strain!
But only when my Katie's voice
Makes all the listening woods rejoice
I hear — with cheeks that flush and pale —
The passion of the nightingale.

CAROLINA [1]

[From the Same.]

I

The despot treads thy sacred sands,
Thy pines give shelter to his bands,
Thy sons stand by with idle hands,
Carolina!
He breathes at ease thy airs of balm,
He scorns the lances of thy palm;

[1] Copyrighted by the B. F. Johnson Company.

Oh! who shall break thy craven calm,
Carolina!
Thy ancient fame is growing dim,
A spot is on thy garment's rim;
Give to the winds thy battle hymn,
Carolina!

II

Call on thy children of the hill,
Wake swamp and river, coast and rill,
Rouse all thy strength and all thy skill,
Carolina!
Cite wealth and science, trade and art,
Touch with thy fire the cautious mart,
And pour thee through the people's heart.
Carolina!
Till even the coward spurns his fears,
And all thy fields and fens and meres
Shall bristle like thy palm with spears,
Carolina!

III

Hold up the glories of thy dead;
Say how thy elder children bled,
And point to Eutaw's battle-bed,[1]
Carolina!
Tell how the patriot's soul was tried,
And what his dauntless breast defied;
How Rutledge[2] ruled and Laurens[3] died,
Carolina!

1 The battle of Eutaw Springs was fought September 8, 1781, and was a victory for the Americans, under General Nathanael Greene, over the British, under General Stuart.

2 John Rutledge (1739–1800), the distinguished orator and president of South Carolina during the Revolution. He served in the Continental Congress and in the Constitutional Convention of 1787, and in 1795 was appointed Chief Justice of the United States. Mental disease soon after rendered him unfit to hold the office.

3 John Laurens (1756–1782), son of Henry Laurens (*q.v.*), young patriot and soldier. He was killed in a skirmish at the close of the Revolution, and was greatly lamented. Simms edited his correspondence in 1867.

Cry! till thy summons, heard at last,
Shall fall like Marion's bugle-blast
Reëchoed from the haunted Past,
Carolina!

IV

I hear a murmur as of waves
That grope their way through sunless caves,
Like bodies struggling in their graves,
Carolina!
And now it deepens; slow and grand
It swells, as, rolling to the land,
An ocean broke upon thy strand,
Carolina!
Shout! let it reach the startled Huns!
And roar with all thy festal guns!
It is the answer of thy sons,
Carolina!

V

They will not wait to hear thee call;
From Sachem's Head to Sumter's wall[1]
Resounds the voice of hut and hall,
Carolina!
No! thou hast not a stain, they say,
Or none save what the battle-day
Shall wash in seas of blood away,
Carolina!
Thy skirts indeed the foe may part,
Thy robe be pierced with sword and dart,
They shall not touch thy noble heart,
Carolina!

VI

Ere thou shalt own the tyrant's thrall
Ten times ten thousand men must fall;

[1] *I.e.* from mountains to sea.

Thy corpse may hearken to his call,
Carolina!
When, by thy bier, in mournful throngs
The women chant thy mortal wrongs,
'Twill be their own funereal songs,
Carolina!
From thy dead breast by ruffians trod
No helpless child shall look to God;
All shall be safe beneath thy sod,
Carolina!

VII

Girt with such wills to do and bear,
Assured in right, and mailed in prayer,
Thou wilt not bow thee to despair,
Carolina!
Throw thy bold banner to the breeze!
Front with thy ranks the threatening seas
Like thine own proud armorial trees,[1]
Carolina!
Fling down thy gauntlet to the Huns,
And roar the challenge from thy guns;
Then leave the future to thy sons,
Carolina!

CHARLESTON[2]

[From the Same.]

Calm as that second summer which precedes
The first fall of the snow,
In the broad sunlight of heroic deeds,
The City bides the foe.

[1] The palmettos in the seal of South Carolina.
[2] Copyrighted by the B. F. Johnson Company.

As yet, behind their ramparts stern and proud,
Her bolted thunders sleep —
Dark Sumter, like a battlemented cloud,
Looms o'er the solemn deep.

No Calpe[1] frowns from lofty cliff or scar
To guard the holy strand;
But Moultrie[2] holds in leash her dogs of war
Above the level sand.

And down the dunes a thousand guns lie couched,
Unseen, beside the flood —
Like tigers in some Orient jungle crouched
That wait and watch for blood.

Meanwhile, through streets still echoing with trade,
Walk grave and thoughtful men,
Whose hands may one day wield the patriot's blade
As lightly as the pen.

And maidens, with such eyes as would grow dim
Over a bleeding hound,
Seem each one to have caught the strength of him
Whose sword she sadly bound.

Thus girt without and garrisoned at home,
Day patient following day,
Old Charleston looks from roof, and spire, and dome,
Across her tranquil bay.

Ships, through a hundred foes, from Saxon lands
And spicy Indian ports,
Bring Saxon steel and iron to her hands,
And Summer to her courts.

But still, along yon dim Atlantic line,
The only hostile smoke

[1] The Greek corruption of the original Phœnician name of Gibraltar.
[2] Fort Moultrie. Cf. Poe's "Gold Bug."

Creeps like a harmless mist above the brine,
From some frail, floating oak.

Shall the Spring dawn, and she still clad in smiles,
And with an unscathed brow,
Rest in the strong arms of her palm-crowned isles,
As fair and free as now ?

We know not; in the temple of the Fates
God has inscribed her doom;
And, all untroubled in her faith, she waits
The triumph or the tomb.

ODE [1]

[From the Same. Sung on the Occasion of decorating the Graves of the Confederate Dead, at Magnolia Cemetery, Charleston, South Carolina, 1867.]

I

Sleep sweetly in your humble graves,
Sleep, martyrs of a fallen cause;
Though yet no marble column craves
The pilgrim here to pause.

II

In seeds of laurel in the earth
The blossom of your fame is blown,
And somewhere, waiting for its birth,
The shaft is in the stone!

III

Meanwhile, behalf the tardy years
Which keep in trust your storied tombs,
Behold! your sisters bring their tears,
And these memorial blooms.

[1] Copyrighted by the B. F. Johnson Company.

IV

Small tributes! but your shades will smile
More proudly on these wreaths to-day,
Than when some cannon-moulded pile
Shall overlook this bay.

V

Stoop, angels, hither from the skies!
There is no holier spot of ground
Than where defeated valor lies,
By mourning beauty crowned!

PAUL HAMILTON HAYNE

[PAUL HAMILTON HAYNE was born in Charleston, South Carolina, January 1, 1830, and died at "Copse Hill," near Augusta, Georgia, July 6, 1886. He came of an old and well-to-do family, and was the son of Lieutenant Paul Hamilton Hayne of the navy. His father dying early, young Hayne was left to the care of his mother and of his uncle, Robert Young Hayne (*q.v.*), the orator and statesman. He was given a good schooling, and after graduating at the College of Charleston in 1852, began the practice of law; but, like his friend Timrod, he found his heart more given to poetry. In 1857 he became editor of *Russell's Magazine*, which he made a decided success, with the assistance of his fellow-members of Simms's coterie. This was not his only editorial venture, and before the Civil War came on he had published three volumes of poetry in Boston (1855, 1857, 1859). During the struggle he became an aide to Governor Pickens, and served until his health forced him into retirement. Like Timrod, he voiced the aspirations of the South in lyrics which were very popular; but although some of them, such as "Vicksburg — a Ballad," are decidedly meritorious, it can scarcely be said that he really rivalled his friend as the lyrist of the Southern cause. Like Timrod, also, he suffered personally from the ravages of the war. During the attacks upon Charleston, his home and his fine library were burned, and he was greatly impoverished. At the close of the war he settled near Augusta, Georgia, engaging in editorial work and struggling bravely against poverty. He was much aided by his wife, who like himself had been a native of Charleston, Miss Mary Middleton Michel. He was also encouraged by English friends, who recognized his poetical gifts, and by generous men of letters in the North, such as Longfellow, to whom he addressed grateful poetic

tributes. His lack of resentment for the ills he had endured, his devotion to his art, his noble fight with poverty and ill-health, did much, not only to endear him to the Southern people, but also to enable him to take a leading share in the reconciliation of the sections. He was an indefatigable contributor to the magazines, and not only increased largely the mass of his poetry, but also wrote biographical sketches, such as those of his uncle, Robert Young Hayne, and Hugh S. Legaré (1878), and edited the poems of Timrod[1] (1873). His "Legends and Lyrics," probably the best of his single volumes, appeared in 1872. This was followed, in 1875, by "The Mountain of the Lovers, and Other Poems." In 1879 he contributed an introduction to the edition of Ticknor's poems. In 1882 a handsome illustrated edition of his own complete poems, making a volume of nearly four hundred double-column pages, was published in Boston. To this was prefixed a short sketch of the poet by the poetess Mrs. Margaret J. Preston (*q.v.*), which justly emphasized Hayne's love and knowledge of Elizabethan poetry, his fine spirit of independence, and his subtle power as a poetic interpreter of nature in her Southern aspects. This volume was the crowning effort of Hayne's life, for about the time it was published his health began to break down in an alarming manner. He labored till the last, however, and left behind him an unfinished story, "Wickam's Roost," as well as a mass of prose fiction, essays, reviews, and biographical sketches, published in various periodicals such as *The Home Journal* and *The Southern Bivouac*, but never gathered into permanent form. His reputation is still cherished by the South, and is kept fresh by the verses of his son Mr. William Hamilton Hayne (*q.v.*); but it may be doubted whether his fine fight for literary independence, his admirable knowledge and use of the resources of his art, and the value of his poetical work as an interpretation of Southern ideals and of Southern nature have been properly appreciated by the nation at large. Among the American poets who have been masters of technique his place is an honorable one, and certainly no other Southern writer has displayed a more delicately receptive genius than his. Both as a man and as a poet he should be better known, and it is much to be hoped that some day he will be made the subject of an adequate memoir and critical study. For glimpses of Hayne, see the editor's "William Gilmore Simms"; also "The Life and Letters of Margaret Junkin Preston," and an article in *The Critic* (Vol. XXXVIII), entitled "The Last Literary Cavalier," by the late poet and romancer, Maurice Thompson. For criticism, see Lanier's "Music and Poetry" and his "Letters."]

[1] This contained an elaborate memoir, and, appearing as it did before Hayne collected his own poems, was a signal illustration of his unselfish loyalty to Timrod.

A DREAM OF THE SOUTH WINDS

[From "Poems of Paul Hamilton Hayne." Complete Edition, 1882.[1]]

O fresh, how fresh and fair
Through the crystal gulfs of air,
The fairy South Wind floateth on her subtle wings of balm!
And the green earth lapped in bliss,
To the magic of her kiss
Seems yearning upward fondly through the golden-crested calm!

From the distant Tropic strand,
Where the billows, bright and bland,
Go creeping, curling round the palms with sweet, faint undertune,
From its fields of purpling flowers
Still wet with fragrant showers,
The happy South Wind lingering sweeps the royal blooms of June.

All heavenly fancies rise
On the perfume of her sighs,
Which steep the inmost spirit in a languor rare and fine,
And a peace more pure than sleep's
Unto dim, half-conscious deeps,
Transports me, lulled and dreaming, on its twilight tides divine.

Those dreams! ah me! the splendor,
So mystical and tender,
Wherewith like soft heat-lightnings they gird their meaning round,
And those waters, calling, calling,
With a nameless charm enthralling,
Like the ghost of music melting on a rainbow spray of sound!

[1] Copyright, 1882. For permission to publish all the selections from Hayne, save the last, thanks are due the Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Company, the present holders of the copyright, and to William H. Hayne, Esq.

Touch, touch me not, nor wake me,
Lest grosser thoughts o'ertake me,
From earth receding faintly with her dreary din and jars,—
What viewless arms caress me?
What whispered voices bless me,
With welcomes dropping dewlike from the weird and wondrous stars?

Alas! dim, dim, and dimmer
Grows the preternatural glimmer
Of that trance the South Wind brought me on her subtle wings of balm,
For behold! its spirit flieth,
And its fairy murmur dieth,
And the silence closing round me is a dull and soulless calm!

A PASSAGE FROM "FIRE PICTURES"

[From the Same.]

Dreaming still, from out the fire
Faces grinning and grotesque,
Flash an eery glance upon me;
Or, once more, methinks I sun me
On the breadths of happy plain
Sloping towards the southern main,
Where the inmost soul of shadow
Wins a golden heat,
And the hill-side and the meadow
(Where the vines and clover meet,
Twining round the virgins' feet,
While the natural arabesque
Of the foliage grouped above them
Droops, as if the leaves did love them,
Over brow, and lips, and eyes)
Gleam with hints of Paradise!

Ah ! the fire !
Gently glowing,
Fairly flowing,
Like a rivulet rippling deep
Through the meadow-lands of sleep,
Bordered where its music swells
By the languid lotus-bells,
And the twilight asphodels ;
Mingled with a richer boon
Of queen-lilies, each a moon,
Orbèd into white completeness ;
O ! the perfume ! the rare sweetness
Of those grouped and fairy flowers,
Over which the love-lorn hours
Linger, — not alone for them,
Though the lotus swings its stem
With the lulling stir of leaves, —
Through the lady-lily waves,
And a silvery undertune
From some mystic wind-song grieves
Dainty sweet amid the bells
Of the twilight asphodels ;
But because a charm more rare
Glorifies the mellow air,
In the gleam of lifted eyes,
In the tranquil ecstasies
Of two lovers, leaf-embowered,
Lingering there,
Each of those fair lives hath flowered,
Like the lily-petals finely,
Like the asphodel divinely.

THE SOLITARY LAKE

[From the Same.]

From garish light and life apart,
Shrined in the woodland's secret heart,

With delicate mists of morning furled
Fantastic o'er its shadowy world,
The lake, a vaporous vision, gleams
So vaguely bright, my fancy deems
'Tis but an airy lake of dreams.

Dreamlike, in curves of palest gold,
The wavering mist-wreaths manifold
Part in long rifts, through which I view
Gray islets throned in tides as blue
As if a piece of heaven withdrawn —
Whence hints of sunrise touch the dawn —
Had brought to earth its sapphire glow,
And smiled, a second heaven, below.

Dreamlike, in fitful, murmurous sighs,
I hear the distant west wind rise,
And, down the hollows wandering, break
In gurgling ripples on the lake,
Round which the vapors, still outspread,
Mount wanly widening overhead,
Till flushed by morning's primrose-red.

Dreamlike, each slow, soft-pulsing surge
Hath lapped the calm lake's emerald verge,
Sending, where'er its tremors pass,
Low whisperings through the dew-wet grass;
Faint thrills of fairy sound that creep
To fall in neighboring nooks asleep,
Or melt in rich, low warblings made
By some winged Ariel[1] of the glade.
With brightening morn the mockbird's lay
Grows stronger, mellower; far away
'Mid dusky reeds, which even the moon
Lights not, the lonely-hearted loon
Makes answer, her shrill music shorn

[1] Cf. Shakespeare's "Tempest."

Of half its sadness; day, full-born,
Doth rout all sounds and sights forlorn.

Ah! still a something strange and rare
O'errules this tranquil earth and air,
Casting o'er both a glamour known
To *their* enchanted realm alone;
Whence shines, as 'twere a spirit's face,
The sweet coy genius of the place,
Yon lake beheld as if in trance,
The beauty of whose shy romance
I feel — whatever shores and skies
May charm henceforth my wondering eyes, —
Shall rest, undimmed by taint or stain,
'Mid lonely byways of the brain,
There, with its haunting grace, to seem
Set in the landscape of a dream.

ASPECTS OF THE PINES

[From the Same.]

Tall, sombre, grim, against the morning sky
They rise, scarce touched by melancholy airs,
Which stir the fadeless foliage dreamfully,
As if from realms of mystical despairs.

Tall, sombre, grim, they stand with dusky gleams
Brightening to gold within the woodland's core,
Beneath the gracious noontide's tranquil beams —
But the weird winds of morning sigh no more.

A stillness, strange, divine, ineffable,
Broods round and o'er them in the wind's surcease,
And on each tinted copse and shimmering dell
Rests the mute rapture of deep-hearted peace.

Last, sunset comes — the solemn joy and might
Borne from the West when cloudless day declines —
Low, flutelike breezes sweep the waves of light,
And lifting dark green tresses of the pines,

Till every lock is luminous — gently float,
Fraught with hale odors up the heavens afar
To faint when twilight on her virginal throat
Wears for a gem the tremulous vesper star.

THE WOODLAND PHASES

[From the Same.]

Yon woodland, like a human mind,
Hath many a phase of dark and bright;
Now dim with shadows, wandering blind,
Now radiant with fair shapes of light.

They softly come, they softly go,
Capricious as the vagrant wind,
Nature's vague thoughts in gloom or glow,
That leave no airiest trace behind.

No trace, no trace! yet wherefore thus
Do shade and beam our spirits stir?
Ah! Nature may be cold to us,
But we are strangely moved by her.

The wild bird's strain, the breezy spray,
Each hour with sure earth-changes rife
Hint more than all the sages say,
Or poets sing of death and life.

For truths half drawn from Nature's breast,
Through subtlest types of form and tone,
Outweigh what man, at most, hath guessed
While heeding his own heart alone.

And midway, betwixt heaven and us,
Stands Nature in her fadeless grace,
Still pointing to our Father's house,
His glory on her mystic face.

OVER THE WATERS

[From the Same.]

I

Over the crystal waters
She leans in careless grace,
Smiling to view within them
Her own fair happy face.

II

The waves that glass her beauty
No tiniest ripple stirs:
What human heart thus coldly
Could mirror grace like hers?

TO HENRY W. LONGFELLOW

[From the Same.]

I think earth's noblest, most pathetic sight
Is some old poet, round whose laurel-crown
The long gray locks are streaming softly down; —
Whose evening, touched by prescient shades of night,
Grows tranquillized, in calm, ethereal light: —
Such, such art *thou*, O master! worthier grown
In the fair sunset of thy full renown, —
Poising, perchance, thy spiritual wings for flight!
Ah, heaven! why shouldst thou from thy place depart?
God's court is thronged with minstrels, rich with song;
Even now, a new note swells the immaculate choir, —
But thou, whose strains have filled our lives so long,
Still from the altar of thy reverent heart
Let golden dreams ascend, and thoughts of fire.

THE MOCKING-BIRDS![1]

Oh! all day long they flood with song,
The forest shades, the fields of light;
Heaven's heart is stilled, and strangely thrilled
By ecstasies of lyric might;
From flower-crowned nooks of splendid dyes,
Lone dells a shadowy quiet girds,
Far echoes wakening, gently rise,
And o'er the woodland track send back
Soft answers to the mocking-birds!

The winds in awe, no gusty flaw
Dare breathe in rhythmic Beauty's face;
Nearer the pale-gold cloudlets draw
Above a charmed, melodious place.
Entrancèd Nature listening knows
No music set to mortal words,
Nor nightingales that woo the rose,
Can vie with these deep harmonies
Poured from the minstrel mocking-birds!

But vaguely seen through gulfs of green,
We glimpse the plumed and choral throng;
Sole poets born, whose instincts scorn
To do Song's lowliest utterance wrong!
Whate'er they sing a sylvan art,
On each wild, wood-born note conferred,
Guides the hot brain, and hurtling heart;
Oh! magical flame, whence pulsing, came
This passion of the mocking-bird?

Aye! . . . pause and hark! . . . be still, and mark
What countless grades of voice and tone

[1] Kindly furnished for the present volume by William Hamilton Hayne, Esq. It first appeared in a short-lived magazine.

From bosk and tree, from strand and sea,
These small, winged genii make their own;
Fine lyric memories live again,
From tuneful burial disinterred;
To magnify the fiery strain
Which quivering trills, and smites the hills
With rapture of the mocking-bird!

Aye! . . . pause and hark! . . . be still, and mark
How downward borne from Song's high clime —
(No loftier haunts the English lark) —
They revel — each a jocund mime —
Their glad sides shake, in bush and brake,
And farm-girls, bowed o'er cream and curd,
Glance up to smile, and think the while,
Of all blithe things that flit on wings,
None match the jovial mocking-bird!

When fun protrudes gay interludes,
Of blissful, glorious unrestraint —
They run, all wild with motley moods,
Thro' Mirth's rare gamut, sly and quaint;
Humors grotesque, and arabesque,
Flash up from spirits brightly stirred;
And even the pedant at his desk,
Feeling in turn his spirit burn,
Laughs with the loudest mocking-bird!

Oh! all day long the world with song
Is flooded, till the twilight dim;
What time its whole mysterious soul
Seems rippling to the conscious brim:
Arcadian Eve through tranquil skies
Pastures her stars in radiant herds;
And still the unwearied echoes rise,
And down a silvery track send back
Fond greeting to the mocking-birds!

At last — fair boon ! — the summer moon
Beyond the hazed horizon shines;
Ah ! soon through night they wing their flight
To coverts of Æolian pines;
A tremulous hush ! . . . then sweet and grand
(From depths the dense, fair foliage girds)
Their love notes fill the enchanted land;
Through leaf-wrought bars they storm the stars,
These love songs of the mocking-birds!

JOHN ESTEN COOKE

[JOHN ESTEN COOKE was born at Winchester, Virginia, November 3, 1830, and died in Clarke County, Virginia, September 27, 1886. He was a brother of Philip Pendleton Cooke (*q. v.*). He left school early and studied law with his father, the distinguished jurist John Rogers Cooke. Literature soon engrossed him, however, and in 1854 he published three books. One of these, "The Virginia Comedians," is probably the best romance written by a Southerner before the Civil War, with the exception of the chief stories of Simms and Kennedy. It is mentioned in most histories of American literature, and is perhaps the only one of its author's many attempts at fiction that still shows signs of vitality. Four stories followed, including "Henry St. John, Gentleman," a sequel to "The Virginia Comedians" (1859), and then the Civil War gave a new turn to Cooke's life. He entered the army as a private in the artillery and was later, as captain, transferred to the cavalry, serving under Stuart and being engaged in most of the battles fought by the great army of Northern Virginia. His well-deserved promotion as major was not acted on favorably by the Confederate Senate. Even in the midst of the struggle he wrote a "Life of Stonewall Jackson." Immediately after the war was over he returned to fiction and drew upon his experiences in a series of military stories full of action, and thus attractive to youthful readers, but too highly colored and too rapidly written to be worthy of obtaining a permanent position in literature. The first and one of the most popular of these later stories was "Surry of Eagle's Nest" (1866), which was followed by "Wearing of the Gray," "Mohun," and a long list of titles that need not be given. He varied his themes, and in some later stories he returned to the Colonial times in which he had won his first success; but, as he admitted frankly, the work of the new realistic novelists had spoiled the market for his old-fashioned literary wares. He kept up the fight, however, with splendid energy to the last, and not long before his death he contributed to the series of "American

Commonwealths" an elaborate account of the history of Virginia during the Colonial and Revolutionary periods (1883). His career was both honorable and instructive, and his name will doubtless be remembered not only for his faithful labors and his best-known romance, but also for the simple poem given in these extracts.[1]]

AN INTERIOR WITH PORTRAITS[2]

[From "The Virginia Comedians, or Old Days in the Old Dominion." Edition of 1883.]

On a splendid October afternoon, in the year of our Lord 1763, two persons who will appear frequently in this history were seated in the great dining-room of Effingham Hall.

But let us first say a few words of this old mansion. Effingham Hall was a stately edifice not far from Williamsburg, which, as everybody knows, was at that period the capital city of the colony of Virginia. The hall was constructed of elegant brick brought over from England: and from the great portico in front of the building a beautiful rolling country of hills and valleys, field and forest, spread itself pleasantly before the eye, bounded far off along the circling belt of woods by the bright waters of the noble river.

Entering the large hall of the old house, you had before you, walls covered with deer's antlers, fishing-rods, and guns: portraits of cavaliers, and dames and children: even carefully painted pictures of celebrated race-horses, on whose speed and bottom many thousands of pounds had been staked and lost and won in their day and generation.

On one side of the hall a broad staircase with oaken balustrade

[1] Cooke's "My Lady Pocahontas" (1885) deals with the Indian Princess. "The Virginia Comedians" (1854), "The Youth of Jefferson" (1854), "The Last of the Foresters" (1856), "Fairfax" (1868), and "Doctor Vandyke" (1872) are stories of Virginia in the years preceding the Revolution. "Henry St. John" (1859) describes the Revolution, while "Canolles" (1877) is a story of Cornwallis's Virginia campaign. "Leather Stocking and Silk" (1854) is a story of the Valley of Virginia about 1800.

[2] Copyright, 1883, by D. Appleton & Co. By kind permission of D. Appleton & Co. The extract forms Chapter I. of the romance.

led to the numerous apartments above: and on the opposite side, a door gave entrance into the great dining-room.

The dining-room was decorated with great elegance: — the carved oak wainscot extending above the mantelpiece in an unbroken expanse of fruits and flowers, hideous laughing faces, and long foamy surges to the cornice. The furniture was in the Louis Quatorze style, which the reader is familiar with, from its reproduction in our own day; and the chairs were the same low-seated affairs, with high carved backs, which are now seen. There were Chelsea figures, and a sideboard full of plate, and a Japan cabinet, and a Kidderminster carpet, and huge andirons. On the andirons crackled a few twigs lost in the great country fireplace.

On the wall hung a dozen pictures of gay gallants, brave warriors, and dames, whose eyes outshone their diamonds: — and more than one ancestor looked grimly down, clad in a cuirass and armlet, and holding in his mailed hand the sword which had done bloody service in its time. The lady portraits, as an invariable rule, were decorated with sunset clouds of yellow lace — the bright locks were powdered, and many little black patches set off the dazzling fairness of the rounded chins. Lapdogs nestled on the satin laps; and not one of the gay dames but seemed to be smiling, with her head bent sidewise fascinatingly on the courtly or warlike figures ranged with them in a long glittering line.

These portraits are worth looking up to, but those which we promised the reader are real.

In one of the carved chairs, if anything more uncomfortable than all the rest, sits, or rather lounges, a young man of about twenty-five. He is very richly clad, and in a costume which would be apt to attract a large share of attention in our own day, when dress seems to have become a mere covering, and the prosaic tendencies of the age are to despise everything but what ministers to actual material pleasure.

The gentleman before us lives fortunately one hundred years before our day: and suffers from an opposite tendency in costume. His head is covered with a long flowing peruke, heavy with powder, and the drop curls hang down on his cheeks ambrosially: his cheeks are delicately rouged, and two patches, arranged with

matchless art, complete the distinguished *tout ensemble* of the handsome face. At breast, a cloud of lace reposes on the rich embroidery of his figured satin waistcoat, reaching to his knees; — this lace is *point de Venise*[1] and white, that fashion having come in just one month since. The sleeves of his rich doublet are turned back to his elbows, and are as large as a bushel — the opening being filled up, however, with long ruffles, which reach down over the delicate jewelled hand. He wears silk stockings of spotless white, and his feet are cased in slippers of Spanish leather, adorned with diamond buckles. Add velvet garters below the knee: — a little muff of leopard-skin reposing near at hand upon a chair — not omitting a snuff-box peeping from the pocket, and Mr. Champ Effingham, just from Oxford and his grand tour, is before you with his various surroundings.

He is reading the work which some time since attained to such extreme popularity, Mr. Joseph Addison's serial, "The Spectator," — collected now for its great merits, into bound volumes. Mr. Effingham reads with a languid air, just as he sits, and turns over the leaves with an ivory paper cutter, which he brought from Venice with the plate glass yonder on the sideboard near the silver baskets and pitchers. This languor is too perfect to be wholly affected, and when he yawns, as he does frequently, Mr. Effingham applies himself to that task very earnestly.

In one of these paroxysms of weariness the volume slips from his hand to the floor.

"My book," he says to a negro boy, who had just brought in some dishes. The boy hastens respectfully to obey — crossing the whole width of the room for that purpose. Mr. Effingham then continues reading.

Now for the other occupant of the apartment. She sits near the open window, looking out upon the lawn and breathing the pure delicious air of October as she works. She is clad in the usual child's costume of the period (she is only eleven or twelve), namely, a sort of half coat, half frock, reaching scarcely below the knees; an embroidered undervest; scarlet silk stockings with golden clocks, and little rosetted shoes with high red heels. Her

[1] *I.e.* Venetian point lace.

hair is unpowdered, and hangs in curls upon her neck and bare shoulders. Her little fingers are busily at work upon a piece of embroidery which represents or is to represent a white water dog upon an intensely emerald background, and she addresses herself to this occupation with a business air which is irresistibly amusing, and no less pleasant to behold. There is about the child, in her movements, attitude, expression, everything, a freshness and innocence which is only possessed by children. This is Miss Kate Effingham, whose parents died in her infancy, for which reason the little sunbeam was taken by the squire, her father's brother.

Kate seems delighted with the progress she has made in delineating Carlo, as she calls him, and pauses a moment to survey her brilliant handiwork. She then opens her ivory decorated work-box to select another shade of silk, holding it on her lap by the low-silled open window.

But disastrous event! Just as she had found what she wanted, just as she had procured the exact shade for Carlo's ears, just as she closed the pretty box, full of all manner of little elegant instruments of needle-work — she heard an impatient exclamation of weariness and disdain, something fluttered through the air, and this something striking the handsome box delicately balanced on Kate's knee, precipitated it, with its whole contents, through the window to the lawn beneath.

The explanation of this sudden event is, that Mr. Effingham has become tired of "The Spectator," hurled it sidewise from him without looking; and thus the volume has, after its habit, produced a decided sensation, throwing the work-box upon the lawn, and Kate into utter despair.

THE BAND IN THE PINES

Heard after Pelham[1] Died

Oh, band in the pine-wood cease!
Cease with your splendid call;
The living are brave and noble,
But the dead are bravest of all!

[1] For Pelham, see note 2 on page 359.

They throng to the martial summons,
To the loud triumphant strain,
And the dear bright eyes of long dead friends
Come to the heart again!

They come with the ringing bugle,
And the deep drums' mellow roar;
Till the soul is faint with longing
For the hands we clasp no more!

Oh, band in the pine-wood cease!
Or the heart will melt with tears,
For the gallant eyes and the smiling lips,
And the voices of old years.

POETS OF THE CIVIL WAR

PEACE had scarcely been proclaimed before the songs and poems which had done so much to nerve both sides in the great struggle were collected into volumes from the newspapers and magazines in which they first appeared. Many of them, having served their temporary purpose, have been forgotten, not on account of any want of true feeling, but mainly on account of their lack of distinction in point of style. A few, such as Randall's "My Maryland," Pike's "Dixie," Mrs. Beers's "All Quiet along the Potomac," and Mrs. Howe's "The Battle Hymn of the Republic," are still remembered, not merely by the people of either section, but by most persons interested in American literature. If to the songs that have survived we add the poems dealing with the war written by professed, not occasional, poets, — such poems as the martial lyrics of Timrod and Hayne and the descriptive poems of Henry Howard Brownell, — we shall perceive that the Civil War added to the stock of American poetry a mass of verse, sufficient both in quantity and in quality to warrant a fair amount of attention from the historian and the critic of literature. It is marked by a deep sincerity, and on the Southern side especially, by an intensity of emotion that somewhat hampers cool criticism. Little of it, perhaps, rises to the level of high art — is comparable, for example, with such an admirable martial lyric as Campbell's "Hohenlinden"; but it is a pleasure to Southerners to think that at least two of their poets, Timrod and Randall, produced in the "Ode" for the Confederate Dead in Magnolia Cemetery and in "My Maryland" poems that will bear comparison with the best pieces of their kind in the world's literature. The first is as perfect in its tone and workmanship as though it had come out of the Greek Anthology; the second need fear comparison in point of stirring qualities with no poetic call to arms since the days of Tyrtæus.

One of the earliest of the Southern collections, if not the very earliest, was "War Lyrics and Songs of the South," published in London in 1866. It was edited by Southern women in the hope that through the sale a fund might be secured for the relief of crippled soldiers. The first poem was "Stonewall Jackson's Grave," by Mrs. Margaret J. Preston; twenty pages later came Dr. John Williamson Palmer's spirited "Stonewall Jackson's Way," the authorship of which was not known to the editors; Ticknor's "Virginians of the Valley" was properly credited, but General Henry R. Jackson's pathetic "My Wife and Child," written during the Mexican War, was given to the more famous Jackson with, however, his initials transposed; Father Ryan's "Conquered Banner" still appeared under the *nom de plume* "Moina";

Simms was more easily recognized by the initials "W. G. S."; the well-known lines purporting to have been written upon the back of a Confederate note in the form of a parody of Wolfe's "Burial of Sir John Moore" were still without a claimant; most of the other poems, especially the collection at the close of the volume due to a single Kentucky hand, scarcely rose above mediocrity. The next year two collections of Southern war poetry appeared, one edited in excellent spirit by the veteran author, Simms; the other, under the title of "The Southern Poems of the War," edited by Miss Emily V. Mason of Virginia. The latter has proved comparatively popular, its fifth revised and enlarged edition bearing the date 1889. In its five hundred or more pages practically all the war poets are well represented, — Mrs. Preston; Dr. John Dickson Bruns, the friend of Timrod; Timrod himself; Severn Teakle Wallis, the distinguished Baltimore lawyer and writer; the versatile George H. Miles of Maryland, whose "God Save the South" and "Coming at Last" were very popular; William Gordon McCabe, so widely known as an educator; James Barron Hope, Virginia's official poet on important occasions; Mrs. Annie Chambers Ketchum of Kentucky; the poet and editor and friend of Poe, John R. Thompson; the author of "My Maryland," James Ryder Randall; Paul Hayne; Albert Pike; "Father" Ryan; Dr. Francis O. Ticknor; Henry Lynden Flash, whose short tribute to "Stonewall" Jackson is one of the best of the many written, and whose lines "Zollicoffer" are full of simple appeal; Daniel Bedinger Lucas, author of "The Land Where We Were Dreaming"; and many another patriotic poet or versifier inspired by some great occasion.

There are other collections, — for example, "The Southern Amaranth," edited, in 1868, by Miss Sally A. Brock of Virginia, — and there are essays devoted to the poetry of the Civil War which the student interested in the subject may consult at his leisure. It must suffice here to recommend him to read the interesting paper, "The Songs of the Civil War," contributed by Professor Brander Matthews to the *Century* and later collected in his volume entitled "Pen and Ink." In this essay, among other things, will be found a full account of how Mr. Randall came to write "My Maryland," and how its stirring air was fitted to it. It is needless to add, in conclusion, that considerations of space have alone prevented the insertion of such excellent lyrics as Palmer's "Stonewall Jackson's Way," Flash's[1] "Stonewall Jackson," and Will Henry

[1] Mr. Flash, who appears to be still living at Los Angeles, California, at the age of seventy, collected his poems in 1860. A rather full description of his interesting work as a poet — much of it of a brilliant, impromptu kind — is given in Davidson's "Living Writers of the South." This book, which will be discussed later (see p. 376), reminds us of the fact that during the war, besides martial poetry, the South produced a fair amount of fiction and supported several strictly literary periodicals, such as *The Magnolia Weekly*, and *The Age* of Richmond, *The Southern Monthly* of Memphis, and *The Southern Field and Fireside* of Augusta, which offered prizes for stories and poems. Among the journalists and novelists may be named Charles

Thompson's "The High Tide at Gettysburg." They can all be found in Stedman's "American Anthology," and the first two in the Stedman-Hutchinson "Library of American Literature." The authors of these lyrics proved by other poems of the war, and by their ability to deal with other themes, that their best-known pieces were not mere accidental successes. On the contrary, there are good lyrics, such as "I give my soldier boy a blade," the authors of which have escaped detection by the makers of anthologies.

MRS. MARGARET JUNKIN PRESTON

[MARGARET JUNKIN was born in Philadelphia, May 19, 1820, and died in Baltimore, March 29, 1897.[1] She was a daughter of the distinguished Presbyterian clergyman, Rev. Dr. George Junkin (1790–1868), founder of Lafayette College at Easton, Pennsylvania, and from 1848 to 1861 president of Washington College (now Washington and Lee University), at Lexington, Virginia. Her father superintended her education and gave her an unusual training in the classics. She early showed her bent for literature, and in 1855 she translated the great Latin hymn *Dies iræ*. About this time she also published a little-read novel, "Silverwood, a Book of Memories," but in the main her writing took the form of verse. In 1857 she married Professor J. T. L. Preston of the Virginia Military Institute, at Lexington, a former schoolmate of Poe, whose reminiscences of that poet are of value. When the war came on, her father resigned and went North; but Mrs. Preston sided heartily with her husband and the South. She made her permanent home at Lexington, contributing much to the culture of that historic college town. She published many poems dealing with events of the struggle and with the aspirations of the Southern people, and in "Beechenbrook," a story in verse issued in 1866, she gave a picture of the war that was very popular, reaching, it is said, eight editions in a year. It contained a pathetic lyric, "Slain in

Dimitry, James D. McCabe, Jr., a biographer as well, and one of the editors and writers of a Christmas book, "The Bohemian" (1863); John W. Overall, connected with the New Orleans *Delta*, and founder of *The Southern Punch* at Richmond; Professor William H. Peck, a voluminous writer of sensational novels; and Edward A. Pollard, well known for numerous historical and biographical works dealing with the war. A thorough monograph on the literary history of the Confederacy, which should include an account of the difficulties under which books and newspapers were printed, of the translations of foreign novels that were made, and similar topics, would be a worthy undertaking. Mr. Yates Snowden in a sketch entitled "Confederate Books," and Professor S. B. Weeks in his bibliography of Confederate text-books printed in the report of the Commissioner of Education for 1898–1899 have broken the ground excellently.

[1] These are the dates given in the official biography.

Battle," that is quoted still. In 1870, after many of her poems had been included in anthologies of war poetry, she collected a volume of her more elaborate verses under the title "Old Song and New." This collection was favorably received both in the North and in the South, especially on account of its artistic workmanship. Several other volumes followed, — "Cartoons" (1875), "For Love's Sake" (1886), and "Colonial Ballads, Sonnets, and Other Verse" (1887). She also collected her impressions of European travel in "A Handful of Monographs" (1886). Her treatment of historical and artistic themes won critical appreciation, but it was her poetry of the Civil War, for she was plainly the representative woman singer of the Confederacy, and her devotional verse that secured her, particularly in the South, the favor of the reading public. Among her best religious poems may be named "A Year in Heaven," "For Love's Sake," "By-and-By," "The Daily Drill," and "Chiselwork." Among her artistic poems "Mona Lisa" and "The Childhood of the Old Masters," highly praised by the English poetess, Jean Ingelow, may be taken as representative. Her friend Paul Hayne (*q.v.*) regarded her as an excellent writer of sonnets, and among her best achievements in this form may perhaps be cited "Sit Jessica" and "The Morrow." Mrs. Preston kept up a large correspondence with distinguished writers both in America and in England. See her "Life and Letters" edited by her daughter, Mrs. Elizabeth Preston Allan[1] (1903), with its critical appendix by Professor J. A. Harrison, and also the appreciative essay by Mrs. Janie McTyeire Baskervill, in "Southern Writers," second series (1903).]

[1] From this interesting volume three stanzas taken from what seems to have been Mrs. Preston's last poem, "Euthanasia," which was written on her blind slate, may be quoted as a slight specimen of her devotional poetry, the form of her work that was nearest her heart.

"To kneel, all my service complete,
All duties accomplished, and then
To finish my orisons sweet
With a trustful and joyous 'Amen.'

* * * * * *

"Without a farewell or a tear,
A sob or a flutter of breath;
Unharmed by the phantom of Fear,
To glide through the darkness of death!

"Just so would I choose to depart,
Just so let the summons be given;
A quiver — a pause of the heart —
A vision of angels — then heaven."

GONE FORWARD[1]

[From "Cartoons," 1875.[2]]

I

Yes, "Let the tent be struck:" Victorious morning
Through every crevice flashes in a day
Magnificent beyond all earth's adorning:
The night is over; wherefore should he stay?
And wherefore should our voices choke to say,
"The General has gone forward"?

II

Life's foughten field not once beheld surrender;
But with superb endurance, present, past,
Our pure Commander, lofty, simple, tender,
Through good, through ill, held his high purpose fast,
Wearing his armor spotless, — till at last,
Death gave the final, "*Forward.*"

III

All hearts grew sudden palsied: Yet what said he
Thus summoned? — "*Let the tent be struck!*" — For when
Did call of duty fail to find him ready
Nobly to do his work in sight of men,
For God's and for his country's sake — and then,
To watch, wait, or go forward?

IV

We will not weep, — we dare not! Such a story
As his large life writes on the century's years,
Should crowd our bosoms with a flush of glory,

[1] The poem is founded on one of the last sentences spoken by General Lee.

[2] This and the other poems of Mrs. Preston quoted are copyrighted, and are here printed through the kindness of Mrs. Elizabeth Preston Allan and of Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

That manhood's type, supremest that appears
To-day, *he* shows the ages. Nay, no tears
Because he has gone forward!

V

Gone forward? — Whither? — Where the marshall'd legions,
Christ's well-worn soldiers, from their conflicts cease; —
Where Faith's true Red-Cross knights repose in regions
Thick-studded with the calm, white tents of peace, —
Thither, right joyful to accept release,
The General has gone forward!

THE SHADE OF THE TREES[1]

[From the Same.]

What are the thoughts that are stirring his breast?
What is the mystical vision he sees?
"*Let us pass over the river and rest*
Under the shade of the trees."

Has he grown sick of his toils and his tasks?
Sighs the worn spirit for respite or ease?
Is it a moment's cool halt that he asks
Under the shade of the trees?

Is it the gurgle of waters whose flow
Oft-time has come to him, borne on the breeze,
Memory listens to, lapsing so low,
Under the shade of the trees?

Nay — though the rasp of the flesh was so sore,
Faith, that had yearnings far keener than these,
Saw the soft sheen of the Thitherward Shore,
Under the shade of the trees; —

[1] The poem is founded on the last words of "Stonewall" Jackson.

Caught the high psalms of ecstatic delight, —
Heard the harps harping, like soundings of seas, —
Watched earth's assoilèd ones walking in white
Under the shade of the trees.

O, was it strange he should pine for release,
Touched to the soul with such transports as these, —
He who so needed the balsam of peace,
Under the shade of the trees?

Yea, it was noblest for *him* — it was best,
(Questioning naught of our Father's decrees,)
There to pass over the river and rest
Under the shade of the trees![1]

THE HERO OF THE COMMUNE

[From the Same.]

"Garçon! You — *you*
Snared along with this cursèd crew?
(Only a child, and yet so bold,
Scarcely as much as ten years old!)
Do you hear? do you know
Why the gendarmes put you there, in the row,
You, with those Commune wretches tall,
With your face to the wall?"

"*Know?* To be sure I know! why not?
We're here to be shot;
And there, by the pillar, 's the very spot,
Fighting for France, my father fell:
Ah, well!
That's just the way *I* would choose to fall,
With my back to the wall!"

[1] Mrs. Preston wrote a poem entitled "Jackson's Grave," and it is needless to say that probably no other event of the war inspired so many poets as the death of this great soldier.

("Sacre![1] Fair, open fight, I say,
Is something right gallant in its way,
And fine for warming the blood; but who
Wants wolfish work like this to do?
Bah! 'tis a butcher's business!) *How?*
(The boy is beckoning to me now:
I knew that his poor child's heart would fail,
. . . Yet his cheek's not pale:)
Quick! say your say, for don't you see,
When the Church-clock yonder tolls out *Three*,
You're all to be shot?
. . . *What?*
'*Excuse you one moment*'? O, ho, ho!
Do you think to fool a gendarme so?"

"But, sir, here's a watch that a friend, one day
(My father's friend), just over the way,
Lent me; and if you'll let me free,
— It still lacks seven minutes of *Three*, —
I'll come, on the word of a soldier's son,
Straight back into line, when my errand's done."

"Ha, ha! No doubt of it! Off! Begone!
(Now, good Saint Denis, speed him on!
The work will be easier since *he's* saved;
For I hardly see how I could have braved
The ardor of that innocent eye,
As he stood and heard,
While I gave the word,
Dooming him like a dog to die.")

"In time! Well, thanks, that my desire
Was granted; and now, I am ready: — Fire!
One word! — that's all!
— You'll let me turn my *back* to the wall?"

[1] An oath.

"Parbleu![1] Come out of the line, I say,
Come out! (who said that his name was *Ney?*)
Ha! France will hear of him yet one day!"

DR. FRANCIS ORRERY TICKNOR

[Dr. Ticknor was born in Baldwin County, Georgia, in 1822, and died near Columbus, Georgia, in December, 1874. He came of mingled New England and Southern stock, was given a good education by his widowed mother, studied medicine in New York and Philadelphia, married early, and settled on a farm near Columbus. There, at "Torch Hill," he led the life of a much beloved country doctor. He had two special passions, the cultivation of fruits and flowers and the writing of poetry, and he was accomplished as a musician and a draftsman. His success as a horticulturist and his poems secured him some local reputation, and "The Viginians of the Valley" and "Little Giffen" were printed in the chief Southern collections of war poetry. He was only an occasional poet, however, and no collection of his verses was made until 1879, when one appeared with an introduction by Hayne. It was edited by Miss Kate Mason Rowland, since known as the biographer of George Mason of Virginia, and was not complete. Perhaps with more leisure, Ticknor would have secured a considerably higher place in Southern literature; yet the work he did, despite its limitations, ought to have given him more fame during his life and secured him much more consideration from posterity than has been allotted him. For criticism of Ticknor, see Hayne's "Introductory Notice" and Dr. Samuel A. Link's "Pioneers of Southern Literature," No. 3.]

LITTLE GIFFEN[2]

Out of the focal and foremost fire —
Out of the hospital's walls as dire —
Smitten of grape-shot and gangrene —
Eighteenth battle and he sixteen —
Spectre, such as you seldom see
Little Giffen of Tennessee.

[1] A mild exclamation.

[2] The text of all the poems of Dr. Ticknor quoted in this volume was kindly furnished by his daughter-in-law, Mrs. Leonore M. Ticknor of Columbus, Georgia, with whom the editor was put in communication through the courtesy of Professor W. L. Weber. All the poems quoted except "Page Brook" are to be found with variations in the volume of 1879.

Take him and welcome, the surgeons said,
Not the Doctor can help the dead ! —
So we took him and brought him where
The balm was sweet in our summer air,
And we laid him down on a wholesome bed
Utter Lazarus, heel to head !

And we watched the war with abated breath
Skeleton boy against skeleton death ! —
Months of torture how many such ! —
Weary weeks of the stick and crutch, —
And still a glint in the steel-blue eye
Told of a spirit that wouldn't die.

And didn't ! — Nay ! More ! in death's despite
The crippled skeleton learned to write —
" Dear Mother " ! at first, of course, and then
" Dear Captain " ! — enquiring about the men !
Captain's answer of eighty and five,
Giffen and I are left alive !

" Johnson pressed, at the front " — they say ; —
Little Giffen was up and away ! —
A tear, his first, as he bade good-bye
Dimmed the glint of his steel-blue eye ; —
" I'll write, if spared ! " — there was news of fight
But none of Giffen ! — he did not write !

I sometimes fancy that were I King
Of the courtly knights of Arthur's ring,
With the voice of the minstrel in mine ear
And the tender legend that trembles here —
I'd give the best on his bended knee —
The whitest soul of my chivalry —
For Little Giffen of Tennessee.[1]

[1] Dr. Link learned from a member of the Ticknor family that the story here given is almost literally true. The boy was Isaac Giffen, the son of an East Tennessee blacksmith. He was brought back to life through the care of Dr. and

THE VIRGINIANS OF THE VALLEY

THE Knightliest of the Knightly race,
That since the days of old,
Have kept the lamp of chivalry
Alight in hearts of gold.
The kindliest of the kindly band
That rarely hated ease!
That rode with Raleigh[1] round the land,
With Smith[2] around the seas.

Who climbed the blue embattled hills
Against uncounted foes,
And planted there, in valleys fair,
The Lily and the Rose!
Whose fragrance lives in many lands,
Whose beauty stars the earth;
And lights the hearths of happy homes
With loveliness and worth!

We thought they slept! the men who kept
The names of noble sires,
And slumbered, while the darkness crept
Around their vigil fires!
But aye! the golden horse-shoe[3] Knights
Their Old Dominion keep,
Whose foes have found enchanted ground
But not a Knight asleep.

Mrs. Ticknor. It is believed that he was subsequently killed in the battles around Atlanta. His career is a remarkable illustration of the loyalty shown by the poorer classes in the South to the cause of the Confederacy.

[1] Sir Walter Raleigh never came to Virginia.

[2] Captain John Smith (*q.v.*).

[3] Golden horseshoes are said to have been given by Governor Spotswood to the gentlemen who accompanied him on his expedition to the Valley of Virginia.

VIRGINIA

Treble Triumph to thy spears,
Daughter of the Cavaliers!
Virginia!
Let the timbrell and the dance
Tell the terrors of thy lance,[1]
Tell thy great deliverance,
Virginia!

On the land and on the sea,
Thou hast triumphed gloriously,[1]
Virginia!
Loftier head of haughtier foe
Laid in dust of battle, low,
Never decked thy saddle-bow,[1]
Virginia.

Blazed the light of buried years
Awful through thy blinding tears,
Virginia.
Spirits of the mighty Dead
Summoned by thy battle-tread,
Followed where thy falchion led,
Virginia!

Hand to hand they smote again
The Savage and the Saracen!
Virginia!
Heart to heart as son and sire,
Sword of wrath and soul of fire,
Swept to vengeance, swift and dire,
Virginia.

[1] The comma has been inserted by the editor.

Mailed in thine immortal wrong,
In thy matchless sorrows, strong;
Virginia;
Harness thee from head to heel —
Gird thee, quarter-deck to keel
In massy oak and sheeted steel,[1]
Virginia!

First in Freedom's fight of old —
Foremost, now, thou heart of gold,
Virginia!
Forward! and the grace that flings
The heart to death above a king's
Shall follow where thy bugle sings,
Virginia.

LEE

This wondrous valley! hath it spells
And golden alchemies —
That so its chaliced splendor dwells
In these imperial eyes?

This man hath breathed all balms of light,
And quaffed all founts of grace,
Till Glory, on the mountain height,
Has met him, face to face!

Ye kingly hills! ye dimpled dells!
Haunt of the Eagle-Dove!
Grant us your wine of woven spells,
To grow like Him we love.

UNKNOWN

The prints of feet are worn away,
No more the mourners come;

[1] The comma has been inserted by the editor.

The voice of wail is mute to-day
As his whose life is dumb.

The world is bright with other bloom;
Shall the sweet summer shed
Its living radiance o'er the tomb
That shrouds the doubly dead?

Unknown! Beneath our Father's face
The star-lit hillocks lie;
Another rosebud! lest His grace
Forget us when we die.[1]

LOYAL[2]

The Douglas — in the days of old —
The gentle minstrels sing,
Wore at his heart, encased in gold,[3]
The heart of Bruce,[4] his King.

Through Paynim lands to Palestine,
Befall what peril might,

[1] This poem belongs to Ticknor's group of "Martial and Chivalrous Lyrics," but it also fits well with his "Memorial and Religious Poems," some of which have the merits of felicitous expression and true feeling. "Songs of Home" and "Poems of Sentiment and Humor" contain a few good pieces among many trifles. They show Ticknor's kindly sympathies and his love of flowers and animals. Special mention may be made of "Poeta in Rure" and "Gelert," an elegy on a pet hound.

[2] This poem was highly praised by Hayne and it has been reprinted by Professor Weber in his "Selections from the Southern Poets," and by Dr. Link. The latter tells us how it came to be written: —

"It has reference to the fall of General Patrick R. Cleburne, in the battle fought near the close of the war in the vicinity of Franklin, Tennessee. Perhaps no battle of the war cost the South so many of her best soldiers, in proportion to the number engaged. Cleburne had seen a better way than to fight that battle, but was overruled by his commander. Though a son of Erin, he had command of Tennessee troops, many of whom, as mere lads, had left their mothers and sweethearts nearly four years before. These boys were anxious to go home, "let fall what peril might." When the commander sent Cleburne against the well-manned works at Franklin, he smiled and said: 'General, I will take the works or fall in the effort.' After having two horses killed, he fell, rushing on the works."

[3] The comma has been added by the editor.

[4] The famous Robert Bruce (1210–1295).

To lay that heart on Christ, his shrine,[1]
His Knightly word he plight.

A weary way, by night and day,
Of vigil and of fight,
Where never rescue came by day
Nor ever rest by night.

And one by one the valiant spears,
They faltered from his side;
And one by one his heavy tears
Fell for the Bruce who died.

All fierce and black, around his track,
He saw the combat close,
And counted but a single sword
Against uncounted foes.

He drew the casket from his breast,[1]
He bared his solemn brow,
Oh, Kingliest and Knightliest,
Go first in battle, now!

Where leads my Lord of Bruce, the sword
Of Douglas shall not stay!
Forward — and to the feet of Christ[2]
I follow thee, to-day.

The casket flashed!—The Battle clashed,
Thundered and rolled away.
And dead above the heart of Bruce
The heart of Douglas, lay.

"Loyal!" — Methinks the antique mould
Is lost! — or Theirs alone,
Who sheltered Freedom's heart of Gold,
Like Douglas with their own.

[1] The comma has been added by the editor.

[2] In the copy furnished, the words "the sword" and "Christ" make separate lines.

PAGE BROOK[1]

THERE is dust on the door-way —
There is mould on the wall —
There's a chill at the hearthstone —
A hush through the hall,
And the stately old mansion
Stands darkened and cold
By the leal loving hearts
That it sheltered of old.

No light at the lattice —
No smile at the door —
No cheer at its table,
No dance on its floor;
But "Glory departed," and silence alone;[2]
"Dust unto dust"
Upon pillar and stone!

No laughter of childhood;
No shout on the lawn;
No footstep to echo
The feet that are gone —
Feet of the Beautiful!
Forms of the Brave —
Failing in other lands,
Gone to the Grave.

No Anthem of Morning,[3]
No Hymn rising clear,
Nor Song at the Bridal,
Nor Wail at the Bier!

[1] This poem, which is furnished by Mrs. Ticknor, seems to have previously appeared in "The Land We Love," and to have been copied from that into Miss Mason's "Southern Poems of the War," with a text differing slightly from the present.

[2] The semicolon has been added by the editor.

[3] The comma has been added by the editor.

All the chords of its symphonies
Scattered and riven,
Its Altar in ashes;
Its Incense — in Heaven.

'Tis an ache at the heart,
Thus lonely to stand
By the wreck of a Home
Once the pride of the land;
Its chambers unfilled as its children depart,
The melody stilled in its desolate heart.

Yet softly the sunlight still rests on the grass
That lightly and swiftly,
The cloud-shadows pass,
And still the wide meadow exults in the sheen
With its foam crest of snow,
And its billows of green!

And the verdure shall creep to the mouldering wall
And the sunlight shall sleep
On the desolate hall —
And the foot of the pilgrim
Shall find till the last
Some fragrance of Home,
At this Shrine of the Past.

JOHN REUBEN THOMPSON

[JOHN REUBEN THOMPSON was born in Richmond, Virginia, October 23, 1823, and died in New York, April 30, 1873. He went to school in Connecticut, graduated in law at the University of Virginia in 1844, practised law in Richmond, and became editor of *The Southern Literary Messenger* in 1847. In this position he repeated to some extent the success of Poe, but was handicapped by weak health. In 1860 he removed to Augusta, Georgia, where he edited *The Southern Field and Fireside*. The next year he returned to Richmond and was made Assistant Secretary of the Commonwealth. He had previously (1854) sought health in Europe; in 1864 he went abroad again for that purpose. Slightly restored, he spent some time in

London, occupied in literary work and mingling with distinguished people. Then he returned dispirited to America (1866), and soon became literary editor of the New York *Evening Post*. A visit to Colorado did him no good, and he came back to die in the East — not in the South, to whose literary interests the best years of his life had been devoted. His poems, some of which were written for special occasions, such as the unveiling of the statue of Washington at Richmond in 1858, have never been collected, but the two here given and a few others which are accessible in anthologies, such as Duyckinck's "Cyclopædia of American Literature," revised edition, 1875, Davidson's "Living Writers of the South," and Miss Mason's "Southern Poems of the War," should suffice, with his friendship for Poe, to lend interest to his career.[1] See a good article by Charles Marshall Graves in *The Lamp* for October, 1904, and Mrs. Preston's poem, "A Grave in Hollywood Cemetery, Richmond."]

ASHBY[2]

To the brave all homage render ![3]
Weep, ye skies of June !
With a radiance pure and tender,
Shine, O saddened moon ;
"*Dead upon the field of glory !*" —
Hero fit for song and story —
Lies our bold dragoon !

Well they learned, whose hands have slain him,
Braver, knightlier foe
Never fought 'gainst Moor nor Paynim —
Rode at Templestowe :[4]
With a mien how high and joyous,
'Gainst the hordes that would destroy us,
Went he forth, we know.

[1] Among Thompson's other war poems the student will find "The Battle Rainbow," "The Death of Stuart," and "The Burial of Latané" worthy of his attention. It may be remarked that Thompson is said to have been an excellent lecturer, especially when he dealt with the genius of Poe.

[2] Turner Ashby of Virginia (1824–1862), a dashing brigadier-general of cavalry, was killed in a skirmish near Harrisonburg, Virginia, June 6, 1862. He was also made the subject of a good lyric by Mrs. Preston.

[3] From "The Southern Poems of the War. Collected and arranged by Miss Emily V. Mason, of Virginia." Fifth edition, 1889. Copyright, 1867, by John Murphy. By kind permission of John Murphy Company.

[4] See "Ivanhoe," Chap. XLIII.

Nevermore, alas ! shall sabre
  Gleam around his crest —
Fought his fight, fulfilled his labor,
  Stilled his manly breast —
All unheard sweet Nature's cadence,
Trump of fame and voice of maidens,
  Now he takes his rest.

Earth, that all too soon hath bound him,
  Gently wrap his clay !
Linger lovingly around him,
  Light of dying day !
Softly fall the[1] summer showers —
Birds and bees among the flowers
  Make the gloom seem gay !

There, throughout the coming ages,
  When his sword is rust,
And his deeds in classic pages —
  Mindful of her trust,
Shall Virginia, bending lowly,
Still a ceaseless vigil holy
  Keep above his dust !

MUSIC IN CAMP[2]

Two armies covered hill and plain,
  Where Rappahannock's waters
Ran deeply crimsoned with the stain
  Of battle's recent slaughters.

The summer clouds lay pitched like tents
  In meads of heavenly azure ;
And each dread gun of the elements
  Slept in its hid embrasure.

[1] Sometimes printed, "fall, ye."

[2] The text follows with slight changes that given in the Stedman-Hutchinson "Library of American Literature."

The breeze so softly blew, it made
No forest leaf to quiver;
And the smoke of the random cannonade
Rolled slowly from the river.

And now, where circling hills looked down
With cannon grimly planted,
O'er listless camp and silent town
The golden sunset slanted.

When on the fervid air there came
A strain — now rich, now tender;
The music seemed itself aflame
With day's departing splendor.

A Federal band, which, eve and morn,
Played measures brave and nimble,
Had just struck up, with flute and horn
And lively clash of cymbal.

Down flocked the soldiers to the banks,
Till, margined by its pebbles,
One wooded shore was blue with "Yanks,"
And one was gray with "Rebels."

Then all was still, and then the band,
With movement light and tricksy,
Made stream and forest, hill and strand,
Reverberate with "Dixie."

The conscious stream with burnished glow
Went proudly o'er its pebbles,
But thrilled throughout its deepest flow
With yelling of the Rebels.

Again a pause, and then again
The trumpets pealed sonorous,

And "Yankee Doodle" was the strain
To which the shore gave chorus.

The laughing ripple shoreward flew,
To kiss the shining pebbles;
Loud shrieked the swarming Boys in Blue
Defiance to the Rebels.

And yet once more the bugles sang
Above the stormy riot;
No shout upon the evening rang —
There reigned a holy quiet.

The sad, slow stream its noiseless flood
Poured o'er the glistening pebbles;
All silent now the Yankees stood,
And silent stood the Rebels.

No unresponsive soul had heard
That plaintive note's appealing,
So deeply "Home, Sweet Home" had stirred
The hidden founts of feeling.

Or Blue or Gray, the soldier sees,
As by the wand of fairy,
The cottage 'neath the live-oak trees,
The cabin by the prairie.

Or cold or warm, his native skies
Bend in their beauty o'er him;
Seen through the tear-mist in his eyes,
His loved ones stand before him.

As fades the iris after rain,
In April's tearful weather,
The vision vanished, as the strain
And daylight died together.

But memory, waked by music's art
Expressed in simplest numbers,
Subdued the sternest Yankee's heart,
Made light the Rebel's slumbers.

And fair the form of music shines,
That bright, celestial creature,
Who still, 'mid war's embattled lines,
Gave this one touch of Nature.

JAMES RYDER RANDALL

[James Ryder Randall was born in Baltimore, Maryland, January 1, 1839, a descendant on his mother's side of an Acadian family. After studying at Georgetown College, entering business in Baltimore, and teaching in Florida, he became professor of literature at Poydras College in Louisiana. In April, 1861, he read in the New Orleans *Sunday Delta* an account of how the Massachusetts troops had been fired on in their passage through Baltimore. Rendered sleepless by excitement, he rose at midnight and composed "My Maryland" — or rather, dashed it off. He read it the next day to his students, at their suggestion sent it to the *Delta*, and soon found himself famous. He wrote other excellent war poems, such as "John Pelham," and toward the close of the war gave himself up to journalism at Augusta, Georgia, which is still his home. He is connected with the Augusta *Chronicle*, and for many years was its Washington correspondent. His numerous poems have not been collected, but a volume is promised shortly.]

MY MARYLAND[1]

The despot's heel is on thy shore,
Maryland!
His torch is at thy temple door,
Maryland!
Avenge the patriotic gore
That flecked the streets of Baltimore,

[1] The text of this and the two poems that follow has been kindly revised by Mr. Randall.

And be the battle-queen of yore,
Maryland, my Maryland!

Hark to an exiled son's appeal,
Maryland!
My Mother State, to thee I kneel,
Maryland!
For life and death, for woe and weal,
Thy peerless chivalry reveal,
And gird thy beauteous limbs with steel,
Maryland, my Maryland!

Thou wilt not cower in the dust,
Maryland!
Thy beaming sword shall never rust,
Maryland!
Remember Carroll's[1] sacred trust,
Remember Howard's[2] warlike thrust,
And all thy slumberers with the just,
Maryland, my Maryland!

Come! 'tis the red dawn of the day,
Maryland!
Come with thy panoplied array,
Maryland!
With Ringgold's[3] spirit for the fray,
With Watson's[4] blood at Monterey,
With fearless Lowe[4] and dashing May,[5]
Maryland, my Maryland!

[1] Charles Carroll of Carrollton (1737–1832), the last of the Signers of the Declaration of Independence to pass away.

[2] John Eager Howard of Baltimore County (1752–1827), a distinguished Revolutionary soldier and United States Senator.

[3] Samuel Ringgold (1800–1846), mortally wounded at Palo Alto.

[4] Watson and Lowe, according to information kindly furnished by Mr. Randall, were Colonel William Henry Watson of the Baltimore Battalion, who was killed at Monterey, and Enoch Lewis Lowe, afterward governor of Maryland.

[5] Charles Augustus May (1817–1864), distinguished for gallantry in the Mexican War, especially at the battle of Monterey.

Dear Mother, burst the tyrant chain,
Maryland!
Virginia should not call in vain,
Maryland!
She meets her sisters on the plain, —
"*Sic semper!*" 'tis the proud refrain
That baffles minions back amain,
Maryland!
Arise in majesty again,
Maryland, my Maryland!

Come! for thy shield is bright and strong,
Maryland!
Come! for thy dalliance does thee wrong,
Maryland!
Come to thine own heroic throng
Stalking with Liberty along,
And chant thy dauntless slogan-song,
Maryland, my Maryland!

I see the blush upon thy cheek,
Maryland!
For thou wast ever bravely meek,
Maryland!
But lo! there surges forth a shriek,
From hill to hill, from creek to creek,
Potomac calls to Chesapeake,
Maryland, my Maryland!

Thou wilt not yield the Vandal toll,
Maryland!
Thou wilt not crook to his control,
Maryland!
Better the fire upon thee roll,
Better the shot, the blade, the bowl,
Than crucifixion of the soul,
Maryland, my Maryland!

I hear the distant thunder hum,
Maryland!
The Old Line bugle, fife, and drum,
Maryland!
She is not dead, nor deaf, nor dumb;
Huzza! she spurns the Northern scum!
She breathes! She burns! She'll come! She'll come!
Maryland, my Maryland![1]

JOHN PELHAM[2]

JUST as the spring came laughing through the strife,
With all its gorgeous cheer,

[1] Mr. Davidson, in "Living Writers of the South" (p. 440), seems to imply that as the hopes of the South began to fail "My Maryland" became less popular. He states categorically that it was parodied and burlesqued by the troopers in camp — a fact scarcely so creditable to them as the fact, also vouched for by Mr. Davidson, that the soldiers, amused by the particularly bloodthirsty poems written by non-combatants, used to call these sanguinary effusions "humorous poetry." Whatever decline in popularity "My Maryland" may once have had, it is now securely fixed in the highest rank of martial lyrics, although some persons prefer to it the excellent but very different poem "John Pelham." Among Mr. Randall's other war poems were "There's Life in the Old Land Yet" (not to be confused with the spirited song of the same name by F. K. Howard), "The Battle-Cry of the South," "At Fort Pillow," and "The Lone Sentry." Specimens of verse of quite a different kind, such as "Cobra Capello" and "The Cameo Bracelet," are given by Davidson. For many of Randall's war lyrics, see Miss Mason's collection.

[2] The editor had great difficulty in securing information with regard to Pelham, but was finally much helped by a sketch contributed to the Richmond *Times-Dispatch*, in 1903, by Captain William Gordon McCabe, a reprint of which was kindly furnished by the author. Pelham was born in Calhoun County, Alabama, about 1841, and was a lad at West Point when the war broke out. He was commissioned first lieutenant of artillery, and did so well that General "Jeb" Stuart secured permission for him "to recruit a battery of horse artillery to be attached to the cavalry." His services were highly commended by Jackson, Longstreet, and Lee, and he was specially distinguished by his skill and daring at the battle of Fredericksburg, winning from Lee the sobriquet of "the gallant Pelham." He was killed at the cavalry fight at Kelly's Ford, March 17, 1863, and his death caused profound grief throughout the army. His body lay in state for two days in the capitol at Richmond, and his promotion to be lieutenant-colonel was allowed to take effect after his death — a rare honor. He was only twenty-two, but Lee and Stuart praised him as though he were a scarred veteran, and all felt that the praise was deserved

In the bright April of historic life
Fell the great cannoneer.

The wondrous lulling of a hero's breath
His bleeding country weeps;
Hushed, in the alabaster arms of Death,
Our young Marcellus[1] sleeps.

Nobler and grander than the child of Rome,
Curbing his chariot steeds,
The knightly scion of a Southern home
Dazzled the land with deeds.

Gentlest and bravest in the battle-brunt —
The Champion of the Truth —
He bore his banner to the very front
Of our immortal youth.

A clang of sabres mid Virginian snow,
The fiery pang of shells, —
And there's a wail of immemorial woe
In Alabama dells:

The pennon droops, that led the sacred band
Along the crimson field;
The meteor blade sinks from the nerveless hand,
Over the spotless shield.

We gazed and gazed upon that beauteous face,
While, round the lips and eyes,
Couched in their marble slumber, flashed the grace
Of a divine surprise.

O mother of a blessed soul on high,
Thy tears may soon be shed!

[1] The nephew and son-in-law of Augustus, and his intended successor, whose early death caused great lamentation. For Virgil's celebrated tribute to him, see Æneid, VI, 883.

Think of thy boy, with princes of the sky,
Among the Southern dead.

How must he smile on this dull world beneath,
Fevered with swift renown, —
He, with the martyr's amaranthine wreath,
Twining the victor's crown!

WHY THE ROBIN'S BREAST IS RED

THE Saviour, bowed beneath his cross, clomb up the dreary hill,
While from the agonizing wreath ran many a crimson rill;
The cruel Roman thrust him on with unrelenting hand,
Till, staggering slowly mid the crowd, He fell upon the sand.

A little bird that warbled near, that memorable day,
Flitted around and strove to wrench one single thorn away;
The cruel spike impaled his breast, — and thus, 'tis sweetly said,
The Robin has his silver vest incarnadined with red.

Ah, Jesu! Jesu! Son of man! My dolor and my sighs
Reveal the lesson taught by this winged Ishmael of the skies.
I, in the palace of delight or cavern of despair,
Have plucked no thorns from thy dear brow, but planted thousands there!

ABRAM JOSEPH RYAN

[ABRAM JOSEPH RYAN was born in Norfolk, Virginia, August 15, 1839, and died in Louisville, Kentucky, April 22, 1886. He entered the Roman Catholic priesthood in 1861, was a chaplain in the Confederate army, and wrote patriotic lyrics under the *nom de plume* of "Moina." After the war he served his church in various Southern cities, mainly in Mobile (1868–1880), wrote much verse, did some lecturing, and edited religious journals, displaying throughout his career a restless spirit. During the last five years of his life he was excused from his clerical work on account of his ill-health, and he devoted himself mainly to literature. He was widely known throughout the South as

"Father" Ryan, and his patriotic and devotional pieces were esteemed by many readers, though not awarded high critical praise. He left an unfinished "Life of Christ" and published three volumes of verse.]

THE CONQUERED BANNER[1]

[From "Poems: Patriotic, Religious, Miscellaneous." By Abram J. Ryan. 1880.]

Furl that Banner, for 'tis weary;
Round its staff 'tis drooping dreary;
Furl it, fold it, it is best;
For there's not a man to wave it,
And there's not a sword to save it,
And there's not one left to lave it
In the blood which heroes gave it;
And its foes now scorn and brave it;
Furl it, hide it — let it rest!

Take that Banner down! 'tis tattered;
Broken is its staff and shattered;
And the valiant hosts are scattered
Over whom it floated high.
Oh! 'tis hard for us to fold it;
Hard to think there's none to hold it;
Hard that those who once unrolled it
Now must furl it with a sigh.

Furl that Banner! furl it sadly!
Once ten thousands hailed it gladly,
And ten thousands wildly, madly,
Swore it should forever wave;
Swore that foeman's sword should never
Hearts like theirs entwined dissever,
Till that flag should float forever
O'er their freedom or their grave!

[1] This and the following poem are copyrighted, and are here reprinted through the courtesy of Mr. P. J. Kenedy, owner of the copyright.

Furl it! for the hands that grasped it,
And the hearts that fondly clasped it,
Cold and dead are lying low;
And that Banner — it is trailing!
While around it sounds the wailing
Of its people in their woe.

For, though conquered, they adore it!
Love the cold, dead hands that bore it!
Weep for those who fell before it!
Pardon those who trailed and tore it!
But, oh! wildly they deplore it,
Now who furl and fold it so.

Furl that Banner! True, 'tis gory,
Yet 'tis wreathed around with glory,
And 'twill live in song and story,
Though its folds are in the dust:
For its fame on brightest pages,
Penned by poets and by sages,
Shall go sounding down the ages —
Furl its folds though now we must.

Furl that Banner, softly, slowly!
Treat it gently — it is holy —
For it droops above the dead.
Touch it not — unfold it never,
Let it droop there, furled forever,
For its people's hopes are dead!

THE SWORD OF ROBERT LEE

[From the Same.]

Forth from its scabbard, pure and bright,
Flashed the sword of Lee!
Far in the front of the deadly fight,
High o'er the brave in the cause of Right,

Its stainless sheen, like a beacon light,
Led us to Victory.

Out of its scabbard, where, full long,
It slumbered peacefully,
Roused from its rest by the battle's song,
Shielding the feeble, smiting the strong,
Guarding the right, avenging the wrong,
Gleamed the sword of Lee.

Forth from its scabbard, high in air
Beneath Virginia's sky —
And they who saw it gleaming there,
And knew who bore it, knelt to swear
That where that sword led they would dare
To follow — and to die.

Out of its scabbard ! Never hand
Waved sword from stain as free,
Nor purer sword led braver band,
Nor braver bled for a brighter land,
Nor brighter land had a cause so grand,
Nor cause a chief like Lee !

Forth from its scabbard ! how we prayed
That sword might victor be ;
And when our triumph was delayed,
And many a heart grew sore afraid,
We still hoped on while gleamed the blade
Of noble Robert Lee.

Forth from its scabbard all in vain
Forth flashed the sword of Lee ;
'Tis shrouded now in its sheath again,
It sleeps the sleep of our noble slain,
Defeated, yet without a stain,
Proudly and peacefully.

WILLIAM GORDON McCABE

[WILLIAM GORDON McCABE, a son of the poet, the Rev. John Collins McCabe, was born at Richmond, Virginia, August 4, 1841. He studied at the University of Virginia, entered the artillery of the Army of Northern Virginia in 1861, and rose from private to captain. After the war he established, in Petersburg, a classical school which became widely known and, after some years, was removed to Richmond. He has published Latin text-books and numerous literary and historical articles, and is noted as a speaker and raconteur.]

DREAMING IN THE TRENCHES[1]

I PICTURE her there in the quaint old room,
Where the fading fire-light starts and falls,
Alone in the twilight's tender gloom
With the shadows that dance on the dim-lit walls.

Alone, while those faces look silently down
From their antique frames in a grim repose —
Slight scholarly Ralph in his Oxford gown,
And stanch Sir Alan, who died for Montrose.[2]

There are gallants gay in crimson and gold,
There are smiling beauties with powdered hair,
But she sits there, fairer a thousand-fold,
Leaning dreamily back in her low arm-chair.

And the roseate shadows of fading light
Softly clear steal over the sweet young face,
Where a woman's tenderness blends to-night
With the guileless pride of a knightly race.

[1] The text of these selections has been kindly furnished by Captain McCabe.

[2] James Graham, Marquis of Montrose (1612–1650), the poet, and great soldier and supporter of Charles I.

Her small hands lie clasped in a listless way
On the old *Romance* — which she holds on her knee—
Of Tristram, the bravest of knights in the fray,
And Iseult, who waits by the sounding sea.

And her proud, dark eyes wear a softened look
As she watches the dying embers fall:
Perhaps she dreams of the knight in the book,
Perhaps of the pictures that smile on the wall.

What fancies I wonder are thronging her brain,
For her cheeks flush warm with a crimson glow!
Perhaps — ah! me, how foolish and vain!
But I'd give my life to believe it so!

Well, whether I ever march home agen
To offer my love and a stainless name,
Or whether I die at the head of my men, —
I'll be true to the end all the same.

PETERSBURG TRENCHES, 1864.

CHRISTMAS NIGHT OF '62

THE wintry blast goes wailing by,
The snow is falling overhead;
I hear the lonely sentry's tread,
And distant watch-fires light the sky.

Dim forms go flitting through the gloom;
The soldiers cluster round the blaze
To talk of other Christmas days,
And softly speak of home and home.

My sabre swinging overhead
Gleams in the watch-fire's fitful glow,
While fiercely drives the blinding snow,
And memory leads me to the dead.

My thoughts go wandering to and fro,
Vibrating 'twixt the Now and Then;
I see the low-browed home agen,
The old hall wreathed with mistletoe.

And sweetly from the far off years
Comes borne the laughter faint and low,
The voices of the Long Ago!
My eyes are wet with tender tears.

I feel agen the mother-kiss,
I see agen the glad surprise
That lighted up the tranquil eyes
And brimmed them o'er with tears of bliss,

As, rushing from the old hall-door,
She fondly clasped her wayward boy—
Her face all radiant with the joy
She felt to see him home once more.

My sabre swinging on the bough
Gleams in the watch-fire's fitful glow,
While fiercely drives the blinding snow
Aslant upon my saddened brow.

Those cherished faces all are gone!
Asleep within the quiet graves
Where lies the snow in drifting waves,—
And I am sitting here alone.

There's not a comrade here to-night
But knows that loved ones far away
On bended knees this night will pray:
"God bring our darling from the fight."

But there are none to wish me back,
For me no yearning prayers arise.
The lips are mute and closed the eyes—
My home is in the bivouac.

IN THE ARMY OF NORTHERN VIRGINIA.

JOHN PEGRAM[1]

FELL AT THE HEAD OF HIS DIVISION, FEBRUARY 6, 1865

ÆTAT XXXIII

WHAT shall we say now of our gentle knight?
Or how express the measure of our woe
For him who rode the foremost in the fight,
Whose good blade flashed so far amid the foe?

Of all his knightly deeds what need to tell —
That good blade now lies fast within its sheath —
What can we do but point to where he fell,
And, like a soldier, met a soldier's death.

We sorrow not as those who have no hope,
For he was pure in heart as brave in deed —
God pardon us, if blind with tears we grope,
And love be questioned by the hearts that bleed.

And yet — O foolish and of little faith! —
We cannot choose but weep our useless tears —
We loved him so! we never dreamed that Death
Would dare to touch him in his brave young years.

Ah! dear bronzed face, so fearless and so bright!
As kind to friend as thou wast stern to foe —
No more we'll see thee radiant in the fight,
The eager eyes — the flush on cheek and brow.

No more we'll greet the lithe, familiar form
Amid the surging smoke with deaf'ning cheer —
No more shall soar above the iron storm
Thy ringing voice in accents sweet and clear.

[1] Born in Petersburg, Virginia, January 24, 1832; killed near Hatcher's Run. He was a graduate of West Point, served on the frontier, and gained distinction in the Civil War as a cavalry leader. At the time of his death he had risen to the grade of major-general.

Aye! he has fought the fight and passed away —
Our grand young leader smitten in the strife,
So swift to seize the chances of the fray,
And careless only of his noble life.

He is not dead but sleepeth! Well we know
The form that lies to-day beneath the sod
Shall rise what time the golden bugles blow
And pour their music through the courts of God.

And there amid our great heroic dead,
The war-worn sons of God whose work is done! —
His face shall shine, as they with stately tread
In grand review sweep past the jasper throne.

Let not our hearts be troubled! Few and brief
His days were here, yet rich in love and faith;
Lord, we believe, help Thou our unbelief,
And grant Thy servants such a life and death!

BIVOUAC ON THE RIGHT OF PETERSBURG, February 8, 1865.

ONLY A MEMORY[1]

— old times, they cling, they cling. — OWEN MEREDITH.

I

STILL I can see her before me,
As in the days of old,
Her lips of serious sweetness,
Hair of the richest gold.

II

The rings on her dainty fingers,
Love in her tender eyes,
And the sweet young bosom heaving
With low delicious sighs.

[1] Published in *The Southern Literary Messenger*, November, 1861 — the editor prefacing it with: "Isn't this a little gem? Pity the soldier-poet should have cause to write it."

III

Is it a wonder I love her?
That through long years of pain,
I still am true to the old love —
The love alas! in vain.

HOWITZER CAMP, YORKTOWN, September, 1861.

ANONYMOUS

THE SOLDIER BOY[1]

[BY H. M. L.]

I GIVE my soldier boy a blade,
In fair Damascus fashioned well;
Who first the glittering falchion swayed,
Who first beneath its fury fell,
I know not: but I hope to know
That for no mean or hireling trade,
To guard no feeling, base or low,
I give my soldier boy a blade.

Cool, calm, and clear the lucid flood
In which its tempering work was done;
As calm, as cool, as clear of mood
Be thou whene'er it sees the sun;
For country's claim, at honor's call,
For outraged friend, insulted maid,
At mercy's voice to bid it fall,
I give my soldier boy a blade.

The eye which marked its peerless edge,
The hand that weighed its balanced poise,

[1] From "The Southern Poems of the War. Collected and arranged by Miss Emily V. Mason, of Virginia." Fifth edition, 1889. Copyright, 1867, by John Murphy. By kind permission of John Murphy Company.

Anvil and pincers, forge and wedge,
Are gone with all their flame and noise;
And still the gleaming sword remains.
So when in dust I low am laid,
Remember by these heartfelt strains
I give my soldier boy a blade.

LYNCHBURG, May 18, 1861.

"THE BRIGADE MUST NOT KNOW, SIR!"[1]

"WHO'VE ye got there?" "Only a dying brother,
Hurt in the front just now."
"Good boy! he'll do. Somebody tell his mother
Where he was killed, and how."

"Whom have you there?" "A crippled courier, Major,
Shot by mistake, we hear.
He was with Stonewall." "Cruel work they've made here;
Quick with him to the rear!"

"Well, who comes next?" "Doctor, speak low, speak low, sir;
Don't let the men find out!
It's STONEWALL!" "God!" "The brigade must not know, sir,
While there's a foe about!"

Whom have we here — shrouded in martial manner,
Crowned with a martyr's charm?
A grand dead hero, in a living banner,
Born of his heart and arm:

The heart whereon his cause hung — see how clingeth
That banner to his bier!

[1] The text is in the main that of the Stedman-Hutchinson "Library of American Literature."

The arm wherewith his cause struck — hark! how ringeth
His trumpet in their rear!

What have we left? His glorious inspiration,
His prayers in council met;
Living, he laid the first stones of a nation;
And dead, he builds it yet.

1863.

THIRD PERIOD

THE LITERATURE OF THE NEW SOUTH

1866–1904

INTRODUCTION

The energy which has marked what is called the New South has shown itself in no more pronounced form than in the interest the Southern people have manifested in education and in the success with which they have described their life and expressed their aspirations in literature. The war was scarcely over before the surviving writers, Simms, Hayne, Esten Cooke, Mrs. Preston, and their companions, were endeavoring to reach the public of the changed country. In some respects they were unsuccessful, for the tastes of readers had essentially changed. Prose increased the lead it had gained on poetry. Romance of the type supplied by Cooper, Bird, Simms, and Kennedy gave place to realistic stories, descriptive of life in a country that had just fought a great war, and had come to take an intelligent, not a merely boastful, pride in itself. Leisurely essays and history of the type furnished by Irving; old-fashioned, elegant scholarship; dignified, eulogistic biography, also gave way slowly in face of the growing interest in science, in economics, in language study, — especially in English, in which Southern scholars were pioneers,[1] — and in history and biography based on a minute study of documentary sources. At first the South was not well prepared to meet the new demands; not for lack of energy, since literary and scholarly enterprise was manifested in many ways, notably in the establishment of short-lived journals and reviews,[2] but for lack of properly trained and

[1] See an article by Professor J. B. Henneman, entitled "The Study of English in the South," in *The Sewanee Review* for February, 1894. In this article the work of that erudite scholar and noble man, the late Professor Thomas R. Price, is adequately commemorated.

[2] Very few persons realize how great was the literary activity of the South immediately after the war. Most of the work produced was of merely temporary value or else of no value whatsoever; but the phenomenon of an avalanche of litera-

equipped writers and scholarly investigators. Soon, however, this deficiency was in considerable measure overcome. New writers appeared who described the life of the South with a success that placed them on a level with the writers, particularly of fiction, who were describing the life of the East and the West. Many young Southerners went to German universities and came back prepared to do specialistic work in various lines of study, and after the Johns Hopkins University was opened at Baltimore, in 1876, such a training was obtainable at their own doors.

It was not until the close of the disastrous period of Reconstruction that the literary renaissance of the South began in earnest. Then Sidney Lanier, who had labored heroically since the war on his favorite arts of music and poetry, was spared for a few years of fine achievement, which, in the opinion of many persons, have sufficed to place him at the head of the American poets of the last half-century. Then Mr. Cable began to write his

ture in a devastated region that had never been notably given over to literary pursuits is worthy of study. Probably the main cause of the phenomenon is to be found in the fact that every one needed money and turned to the employment that requires the least outlay of capital. This does not, however, account entirely for the foundation of numerous periodicals, such as General D. H. Hill's *The Land We Love*, published at Charlotte, N.C., Dr. Bledsoe's *Southern Review*, published at Baltimore and St. Louis, *The New Eclectic* with its sequel *The Southern Magazine*, edited by Dr. William Hand Browne at Baltimore, with Richard Malcolm Johnston and Lanier as contributors, and *The Nineteenth Century* of Charleston. There was also a most stimulating effect produced on the Southern mind by the events of the war, to say nothing of the effect upon the emotions, and poetry, fiction, and history, and periodicals in which these could appear, were the natural forms in which the stimulated minds and hearts expressed themselves. The chief monument of this literary renaissance, if the stilted phraseology may be pardoned, is the curious volume, published in 1869, by James Wood Davidson of South Carolina, entitled "The Living Writers of the South." Professor Davidson included two hundred and forty-one writers, at a little more than the proportion of two men to one woman. He chose authors of one or many books in any field of thought, and was hospitable to journalists and writers of fugitive verse. As was to be expected, scarcely one in ten of his writers is so much as a name to-day. Yet his book furnishes abundant proof of the post-bellum literary activity of the South, and the student may find in it many useful facts and a greater number of the "curiosities of literature." It also contains poems by interesting writers which have either never been collected or are rather inaccessible — such writers as Dr. Bruns, Mr. Randall, Judge Requier, Mrs. Von Weiss (Miss Susan Archer Talley, the friend of Poe), John R. Thompson, and others.

unique stories of Creole life in Louisiana;[1] Mr. Harris discovered Uncle Remus and Brer Rabbit, and continued the tradition of Longstreet as a depicter of the humors of Georgia life; Colonel Richard Malcolm Johnston also described Georgia life, and carried over to the new period much of the genial culture of the old; Irwin Russell brought out the picturesqueness of the negro and the fitness of his dialect for use in humorous verse; Mr. Thomas Nelson Page began those stories of Old Virginia before and during the war which he has developed into elaborate novels dealing with Reconstruction and its problems; and in the wake of these now distinguished pioneers followed a large number of worthy emulators. The North and West read the new stories with delight, and the South was charmed and encouraged to find its writers famous throughout the nation.

[1] It should not be forgotten in this connection that the Creoles of Louisiana, many of whom have objected to Mr. Cable's descriptions of their life, have for over a century been expressing their ideals in a literature of prose and verse which occupies an isolated position. It belongs to the colonial literature of France, which counts some very distinguished names; yet it also belongs in many respects, especially as regards its spirit of loyalty, to Louisiana and the South and the United States, to Southern — nay more, to American literature. One distinguished Creole writer, who wrote fluently in both French and English, has already been included in this volume, — M. Charles Gayarré. Other devoted citizens of New Orleans will be represented or else mentioned later. But many really worthy and interesting writers must remain unnamed here, and it is to be feared that they will continue to remain unknown to their fellow Southerners and Americans. The student who does not wish to be entirely ignorant of this Louisiana literature should by all means consult the first part of Professor Alcée Fortier's "Louisiana Studies." Professor Fortier, who holds the chair of the French language and literature in Tulane University, is not only the author of a recent elaborate history of his native state and of studies in its folk-lore, but is the chief authority upon its literature. He gives the names of many Creole authors and fairly copious selections from their very inaccessible works. Professor Davidson's recently mentioned "Living Writers of the South" also mentions and quotes from a number of them. It must be sufficient here to say that poetry, fiction, history, have been extensively cultivated by the Creoles, and especially the drama, — the genius of their parent country remaining strong in this respect, — and to name as probably worthy of attention the poet and dramatist Placide Canonge (two of whose songs written in exile during the Civil War seem to the present editor excellent), the better-known poets Adrian and François Rouquette, the dramatist Victor Séjour, and the poets Dr. Alfred Mercier, Dr. Charles Testut, Charles Oscar Dugué, Camille Thierry, and Alexandre Latil. The elegies of the last-named poet are certainly suggestive of those of Millevoye, as Professor Fortier declares.

Meanwhile Katharine Sherwood Bonner of Mississippi (1849–1883), later Mrs. Edward McDowell, had shown in her short stories, and her novelette of Reconstruction days "Like unto Like," as well as in her attractive personality, powers of humorous and realistic description, which made her early death a matter of great regret not only to the South, but to her many Northern friends.[1] Miss Murfree also had introduced the Tennessee mountaineer to literature, and added herself to the group of well-known Southern women who had succeeded in attracting attention to their books, — Mrs. Preston, Mrs. Terhune ("Marion Harland"), and the popular novelists Mrs. Tiernan ("Christian Reid") and Mrs. Augusta Evans Wilson. Before Miss Murfree, Miss Sarah Barnwell Elliott had published her strong story "The Felmeres," and both Miss Elliott, in subsequent books such as "Jerry" and "John Paget," and Miss Grace King, Miss Glasgow, Mrs. Burton Harrison, the Princess Troubetskoy (formerly Miss Amélie Rives), Mrs. Virginia Frazer Boyle, Mrs. Ruth McEnery Stuart, and Miss Mary Johnston, to name no others, have made important contributions to the fiction of the South and of the country. It is almost needless to add that in that careful artist, Mr. James Lane Allen, and in Mr. John Fox, Kentucky has produced two writers of fiction who have added much to Southern, or perhaps we should say Southwestern, literary prestige. It is scarcely to be denied that the last ten years, in the number of new novelists and of notable novels produced, have not continued the high level of promise and achievement attained between 1880 and 1895; but in some cases the older writers have added to their laurels and new novelists of merit, like Mr. W. N. Harben of Georgia, have come forward. It is equally undeniable that no Southern poet of the rank of Lanier has made his appearance, but the work of "Father" Tabb, Mr. Peck, Mr. Cawein, and others has been widely admired; and the selections given at the end of this volume will suffice to show that the living poets of the South hold their own with those of the other sections in that careful technique which is the chief merit of latter-day verse throughout the English-speaking world.

[1] See the good sketch of her career by B. M. Drake in "Southern Writers," Second Series (1903).

In history and scholarship the New South has probably not made so impressive a showing in the eyes of the world as in fiction; but its work in these fields as well as in that field of oratory in which the Old South excelled, has been, all things considered, very creditable. Classical scholarship has its notable exemplar in Professor Basil L. Gildersleeve of Johns Hopkins, who is also an essayist worthy of being much better known. Among public men who have continued the tradition of the past, two stand out conspicuously, the late Senator L. Q. C. Lamar and the early lost reconciler of the sections, the eloquent Henry Grady. In history, biography, and kindred subjects the work of the late William Wirt Henry, the late Edward McCrady, and the late Charles C. Jones, as well as that of Woodrow Wilson, Hannis Taylor, Philip A. Bruce, and others, has been cordially received by scholars and by the public; and a school of careful historical investigators is at work throughout the South.[1] In literary criticism the showing is not so good, but the work of the late Professor William M. Baskervill, of Vanderbilt University, should be mentioned as pointing the way to a careful study of latter-day native writers; and it should be remembered that for some years the South has shown itself able to maintain two quarterly reviews of a scholarly type.[2] Perhaps in no clearer way has the true intellectual advance of the South been illustrated than by the growth of the critical spirit, especially in matters relating to past and present politics. For obvious reasons the South has long been solidified in political thought and feeling, and it must for long continue so. Such solidarity, however, always represses the critical spirit and the free play of mind. That it is possible in spite of this condition of affairs for Southern men to speak and write freely on every issue of importance — and that this is possible has been frequently shown — is the best of proofs that the New South has made

1 Much attention has been paid, of course, to the military history of the Civil War. Distinguished soldiers have written accounts of their campaigns, *e.g.* Generals J. E. Johnston and Longstreet; studies of the careers of leaders like Lee and Forrest have been made; volumes have been devoted to special campaigns, the siege of Charleston, and similar themes. Note particularly General Richard Taylor's "Destruction and Reconstruction" (1879).

2 *The Sewanee Review* and *The South Atlantic Quarterly.*

great intellectual progress and that the future of Southern literature and scholarship is bright.

Authoritative works dealing extensively with a literature so recent as that of the New South are not, of course, to be had. The student will do well, however, to read Book VI, Chapter III, of Wendell's "A Literary History of America," and the chapter entitled "The South," in Woodberry's "America in Literature," for the views of representative critics not to the section born on a few of the later Southern writers. Professor Baskervill's "Southern Writers," and the supplementary volume written by his pupils and friends, will afford the most sympathetic criticism available in a collected form. Chapter XI of the present editor's "Brief History of American Literature" gives a sketch of the recent literary work of the entire country. An article by Professor J. B. Henneman on "The National Element in Southern Literature," in *The Sewanee Review* for July, 1903, will prove helpful. Such volumes as Mr. Walter H. Page's "The Rebuilding of Old Commonwealths" and Mr. Edgar Gardiner Murphy's "The Present South" should prove useful as collateral reading. It is almost needless to add that it has seemed best to avoid criticism of most of the authors of this period, and that the large number of current writers, and the difficulty of maintaining an unbiassed attitude toward them, has rendered the task of making selections particularly onerous and ungrateful. In some cases — including three of the writers of prime importance — copyright obstacles were in the way of adequate representation; in others, inclusion would have meant an excess of fiction or poetry of a special type. It is hoped, however, that the selections, while not exhaustive, are fairly representative of the work of the period.[1]

[1] Students wishing elaborate lists of Southern writers will find useful the appendix to Miss Louise Manly's "Southern Literature" (1895, 1900).

RICHARD MALCOLM JOHNSTON[1]

[Richard Malcolm Johnston was born in Hancock County, Georgia, March 8, 1822, and died in Baltimore, September 23, 1898. He was graduated from Mercer University, Georgia, in 1841, taught school a year, studied and practised law, married early, and returned to school teaching; took up the law again; taught and practised once more; and finally settled down as professor of English Literature in the University of Georgia from 1857 to 1861. He was popular and successful in his college work, but gave it up to open a boarding school for boys in his native county, and kept it going through the war. In 1867, dissatisfied with the condition of affairs in the Georgia of Reconstruction days, he removed his school to the neighborhood of Baltimore and succeeded for about six years. Then he kept a day school and took pupils in Baltimore, being known chiefly as an educator, although he had begun to write in the fifties and had published a volume of stories during the war.[2] In 1871, his racy stories of Georgia, the "Dukesborough[3] Tales," by "Philemon Perch," which had appeared in *The Southern Magazine*, were collected in an edition printed at Baltimore; but although they passed to a second edition in 1874 they did not gain much recognition until presented in a new form nine years later. He collaborated with Dr. William Hand Browne (now and for many years a professor in Johns Hopkins University) in a sketch of English literature (1872) and in a biography of Alexander H. Stephens (1878). He contributed stories to the leading magazines, and after the success of the "Dukesborough Tales" had been assured, that is, when he was over sixty years old, he displayed remarkable literary activity, confining himself chiefly to faithful and often truly humorous pictures of various phases of Georgia life. A complete list of his works of fiction is unnecessary, but "Old Mark Langston" (1884), "Mr. Absalom Billingslea and Other Georgia Folk" (1888), "Widow Guthrie" (1890), and "Mr. Billy Downes and his Likes" (1892) may be named. His last story was entitled "Pearse Amerson's Will" (1898). Besides writing his baker's dozen of novels and volumes of tales, he delivered many lectures and read from his own writings. Some of his lectures were published as volumes of literary and social papers and were

[1] Colonel Johnston is placed among the writers of the New South on account of the date at which he began to attain popularity as an author. The early date of his birth would place him before J. M. Legaré, if a strictly chronological order were followed. For much the same reasons Senator Lamar is transferred to this period.

[2] "Georgia Sketches. By an Old Man," Augusta, 1864.

[3] "Dukesborough" was Powelton, Georgia, four miles from the author's birthplace.

of pleasant quality. In 1895 he secured employment in the Bureau of Education at Washington, and besides his labors there wrote in his last years an autobiography, which was published posthumously (1900). It may be mentioned that the title of colonel by which Mr. Johnston was generally known was acquired by him as staff officer to a war governor of Georgia, in which position he rendered efficient service to the state militia. It may be worth while to mention also that just after the war Mr. Johnston, who was brought up as a Baptist, became a Roman Catholic. The account of his conversion given in his "Autobiography," and his descriptions of those good people from whom he had separated himself, are marked by a fine spirit of kindliness, which accords entirely with the recollections of those who, like the present writer, were permitted, if but for a brief space, to come in contact with his gracious, cultured personality. For sympathetic appreciation of his talents, see William Morton Payne's "Editorial Echoes" (1902) and William A. Webb's essay in "Southern Writers" (Vol. II, 1903).]

ON THE MORROW OF SECESSION[1]

[From "Autobiography of Colonel Richard Malcolm Johnston." Second Edition, 1901.]

When the Ordinance of Secession was accepted by the State Convention I felt profound, painful solicitude, and did not forbear on proper occasions to give expression to it. Heartiest congratulations were felt and indulged among the townspeople and the students, and it was proposed that on some night all the houses should be illuminated in witness of the universal joy. A dear friend of mine among the faculty, who was an ardent secessionist, first mentioned that matter to me, expressing the hope that I would not make myself the only exception among the citizens, and expressed apprehensions of insult offered to me if I did. I said at once that nothing could induce me to join in a public manifestation of delight on an occasion so solemn and, in my opinion, destined to lead to misfortune. I never asked, and never knew what, if any, influence my position had with the abandonment of the purpose.

The trustees passed unanimously a resolution of regret when my resignation was acted upon. Not long after the beginning of the

[1] Copyright, 1900, by the Neale Company. The two extracts are printed by kind permission of the Neale Company, Washington, D.C., and Miss Effie E. Johnston.

next year the college exercises were suspended, most of the students having gone into military service. At the end of the year I retired to the new settlement made upon the plantation in Hancock, my native county, preparatory to opening a school for boys. I gave it the name of "Rockby," suggested by the many huge granite boulders on the hillside above the spring in the rear of the mansion.

THE "DUKESBOROUGH" COUNTRY

[From the Same.]

It was always a gratification to me that among the surviving acquaintances of my earliest youth, even the plainest, not one, so far as I have heard, ever suspected me of meaning to ridicule them, either in class or in individual. Instead, whenever one or even many of my sketches may have seemed familiar, and not infrequently some have said confidently that they knew whom and to what I referred, they have recognized not only the affection I have always had for them, but the respect, admiration, and oft reverence. I never heard complaint that I had done injustice to any man of his memory. In the particular neighborhood wherein I was born, and the period of my childhood was spent, I often recur in this latest time to the high standards, then obtaining in domestic and social life, regarding them as the more noteworthy because education in books was so little diffused. It was about the time of my birth that academies were established in a few villages, notably in Powelton and Mount Zion, in our county. These within a few years rose to great importance, and were widely known and patronized by leading families in several counties. But the rural people in general received no higher instruction in books than was to be obtained in what were known as Old Field schools, wherein besides spelling, reading and writing, geography, arithmetic, and English grammar were taught after fashions varying with the particular make-up of the schoolmaster, a class of beings as

unique as perhaps were to be found in the world. . . . Hospitality was regarded as indispensable, even sacred, duty. The most leading citizens not infrequently sat at the board of their less gifted neighbors, and had the latter perhaps more often at their own. Thus a sense of freedom was in every man's mind, and this led to the evolution of those numerous individualities by which that and the region around was particularly distinguished. Interchanges of visits, general rendering of helpful services in cases of sickness or other needs, contributed their part to the development of loyalty to every duty, to charitableness, veracity, and courage. The people all laughed at one another's eccentricities and instances of overweening aspirations, and equally despised meanness, stinginess, cowardice, lying, and other such defalcations from integrity and manfulness of life.

A large majority of the purely rural population were Baptists. Quite a number of men were members of some church; the women were so almost without exception; the nonprofessing husbands being as zealous as the others in all things needed for the maintenance of the meeting-house, and as ardent partisans for the tenets of the faith practised by their wives. Under the lead of the greatest preachers of the period, Jesse Mercer [1] of the Baptists, and Lovick Pierce [2] of the Methodists, was a good deal of asperity in discussion both inside of the pulpit and out. Men, sometimes women, freely engaged in animated argumentations upon doctrinal points, the very subtlest and knottiest; men who were not members perhaps counting for the salvation of their souls upon their being at least not Methodists or not Baptists according to the membership enrollment of their wives. Among these people generally, especially among the women, was piety that was as sincere as it was in the main cheerful. Many had read the whole Bible over and over again, and were able to quote freely its recorded doings and sayings.

[1] Born in North Carolina in 1769, died at Washington, Georgia, in 1841. He was a diligent preacher and religious editor and a leader of his church. Mercer University, largely endowed by him, was named in his honor.

[2] Born in North Carolina in 1785, died at Sparta, Georgia, in 1879. He was both a physician and a preacher, and a man of much influence. His son, George Foster Pierce (1811–1884), was an eloquent Methodist bishop.

A TOWN DARKY IN THE COUNTRY[1]

[FROM "WIDOW GUTHRIE. A NOVEL." 1890.]

MARCUS, as most of his race were usually, was an ardent admirer and partisan of his master. He well knew his sentiments and feelings toward the Stapletons. Besides, being a genuine negro, he had for poor white people a contempt that was graded by the degree of their poverty. He had laughed inwardly at the idea of driving his fine team ten miles just to see a baby newly born to those who, compared with his own people, although of the same blood, were poor folks. Yet he was a skillful coachman and in every respect trustworthy in his business. He said to the other servants at home, and to others that, of course, it would be hard, but he hoped to be able to stand it for one night, and neither get snake-bit nor come back with loss of all town manners. In the afternoon he walked about the premises, taking a lofty vague interest in what was to be seen. The dinner he had eaten was far more satisfactory than he had counted upon, and, upon the whole, things were not as bad as he had expected. At night the male negroes, very few in number, tired from the day's work, not long after supper left off listening to his talk, and went to their beds. But Clarissy, who, notwithstanding her having come from the Stapleton side, had looks and manners for no town negro, male or female, to pretend to despise, politely lingered in the kitchen until her services would be needed in the house. Marcus thought he would make an impression upon her and Ritter, the cook, her mother, and thus he began:

"Must be monstrous lonesome livin' down here, Miss Clarissy, so fur away from town."

"*Miss* Clarsy! Umph!" muttered the mother, whose back was turned, as she was kneading her dough for to-morrow's breakfast rolls. She shifted her work so that she could face the guest, and,

[1] Copyright, 1890, by D. Appleton & Co. By kind permission of D. Appleton & Co. and Miss Johnston.

as if it was her special task to try to maintain the conversation with one so distinguished, said:

"Lonesome! What 'bout? We all gits a plenty, jes as much as dem dat lives in town en think dey got to think more o' dey self den what we country niggers does."

Marcus had hoped rather to engage Clarissy in the conversation; still, he knew that he could more than hold his own with any one of a people so benighted, and so he blandly replied:

"Yes'm, Aun' Ritter; but people does natchul love to see somebody besides home folks sometimes, ef for nothin' else, fur to enjoy deyself."

"Yes; ah ha! now I understands you, Markis, en dat is jes what we does down here, when its conwenant, en we wants ter, white folks *en* niggers."

"Yes'm, but den in town, you know, Aun' Ritter, dey is some fun."

"What sort o' fun, man? Don't you en dem tother niggers dar have no work to do dat you has all your time exceptin' when you eat'n en sleep'en to have your fun?"

"Oh, yes'm, we has our work; but when it through wid en night come, a body ken step out en git some fresh ar, en have a little talk along wid 'quaint'ces en — en females, en dat make whut we calls town sisciety."

She grabbed her dough as if she would squeeze every breath out of it, but did not delay in her words.

"Town 'siety! Markis, does you want to try to make me b'lieve white folks lets you niggers go trompin' about all over dat town uv a night, havin' your 'siety, as you call it, long o' your 'quaint'ces en — en — whut wus dem tother folks you said?"

"I said females."

"Does you mean women, Markis? Beca'se ef you does, en we all lived dar, I wouldn't let Clarsy have nothin' to do wid it. Dat I wouldn't! 'Quain'ces en females! My Lord! Whut will niggers come ter when dey gits togedder in swarms dat way, and ain' got white folks follerin' 'em 'bout all de time!"

"Oh, laws o' me, Aun' Ritter, no ma'am," said Marcus, deprecatingly, "we don't do no *trompin'*, because we has de manners to

not do sich *as* dat. But we walks out, en may be, en may be not, jes as it happens, we draps in en has convisation wid genelmen en ladies."

"Umph, umph! but, Markis, in dat town does dee call nigger women — does dee call 'em females en ladies?" Then she paused in her work for a moment and looked at him searchingly.

"Yes'm, course we calls 'em females en ladies, des like dee does ev'ywhar!"

"No, *sir*, none o' dem big words out here. We calls niggers here jes whut dee is, ef its men, er ef its women, er ef its boys en gals, includin' children. En whut time does you break up wid your con'gations you're talkin' 'bout, Markis?"

"We, in gen'l, Aun' Ritter, we manages to be home by nine o'clock, en may be a leetle befo'; beca'se den de bell ring, when its agin de law for colored people to not to be at dey home."

"En s'posen you ain' notice de time 'mong dem females, en you git berlated, den whut? You has ter dodge en cut dirt, don't yer?"

"Oh, in dat case, we does de bes' we ken, Aun' Ritter; but we in gen'l always knows de time, en its monsous sildom anybody git took up."

By this time Ritter's work was over, and she said:

"Clarsy, time you goin' in de house."

The daughter obeyed instantly, then going out for a few moments her mother found and brought in a young man and said:

"Markis, I hope you ken try to put up for one night with sich as dis place can 'ford. 'Pears like your Miss Alice kin."

"Oh, Aun' Ritter, law me, ma'am! I been perfec' delighted down here. I jes run on jes to spen' de evenin' wid you en Miss Clarsy."

"*Miss* Clarsy!" She laughed heartily, then said to the young man: "Lias, take Markis 'long wid you for de res' o' de night. You kin give him dat cot in your house, er you can give him your bed en you take de cot, whichever you en him moughtn't to do betwix' you. You kin bofe go now."

Marcus, on his return, reported having had quite a lively time of it, especially, as he described, "wid ole Aun' Ritter, a high ole case."

L. Q. C. LAMAR

[Lucius Quintus Cincinnatus Lamar was born in Putnam County, Georgia, September 1, 1825, and died at Vineville near Macon, Georgia, January 23, 1893. He was a son of a jurist of the same name and nephew of the poet Mirabeau B. Lamar (*q.v.*). He was taken early to Oxford, Mississippi, and partly educated there. He studied at Emory College, Georgia, and graduated there in 1845, after which he prepared for the bar at Macon and began practice. In 1849, after a disappointment in love, he returned to Oxford, Mississippi, and taught mathematics at the state university, but after a short period he resumed the practice of the law in Georgia, where, in 1853, he was elected to the legislature. He had previously married a daughter of Judge Longstreet (*q.v.*). In 1854 he again removed to Mississippi, and from 1857 to 1860 he was in Congress from that state. After a short period of teaching in the University of Mississippi he served in the army during the early years of the war, rising to the rank of colonel. Ill-health compelled him to accept less active service, and he was sent as a commissioner to Russia — a post which the course of events rendered much less useful than it at first promised to be. After the war he was again a professor in the University of Mississippi, but soon took up law once more. In 1872 he was elected to Congress, where he was a leader of the Southern Democrats. In 1877 he became Senator from Mississippi, displaying great ability and independence in the position. Being instructed in 1878 by the legislature of Mississippi how to vote on the Bland Bill for remonetizing silver, he refused to obey, and his course was ultimately sustained by the people of the state. In connection with this crucial vote, he was subjected to much censure that hurt him, but he bore it manfully, and his speeches and letters reflected the greatest credit upon him. In 1881, although his health was becoming poor, he made a fine canvass and was reëlected to the Senate. In 1885 he was appointed Secretary of the Interior in President Cleveland's Cabinet. Late in 1887 he was nominated to a vacancy in the Supreme Court. There was some partisan opposition in the Senate, and, in order to leave the administration unembarrassed, Mr. Lamar resigned from the Cabinet. Finally he was confirmed and took his seat on the bench, laboring hard there just as he had done in the Cabinet, despite his increasing infirmities. Upon his death North and South vied with one another in expressing their esteem for his noble character and admirable powers as patriot, orator, and statesman. His biography has been written by Dr. Edward Mayes, ex-chancellor of the University of Mississippi (1896), and in the appendix to this volume the student will find his chief speeches and letters. The most noted of the speeches is the eulogy of Sumner here given, but those on the

Electoral Count (1877) and the silver question, as well as the address on Calhoun (1887), should be taken into account in any estimate of Lamar's powers as a speaker. His greatest services to his countrymen were, however, rendered by him in his capacity as a brave, intelligent, fair-minded, patriotic man. See the article by Clara Morris in *The Cosmopolitan* for March, 1904.]

THE EULOGY OF SUMNER[1]

[From Mayes' "L. Q. C. Lamar," etc., 1896.]

Mr. Speaker, — In rising to second the resolutions just offered, I desire to add a few remarks which have occurred to me as appropriate to the occasion. I believe that they express a sentiment which pervades the hearts of all the people whose representatives are here assembled. Strange as, in looking back upon the past, the assertion may seem, impossible as it would have been ten years ago to make it, it is not the less true that to-day Mississippi regrets the death of Charles Sumner, and sincerely unites in paying honors to his memory. Not because of the splendor of his intellect, though in him was extinguished one of the brightest of the lights which have illustrated the councils of the government for nearly a quarter of a century; not because of the high culture, the elegant scholarship, and the varied learning which revealed themselves so clearly in all his public efforts as to justify the application to him of Johnson's felicitous expression, "He touched nothing which he did not adorn";[2] not this, though these are qualities by no means, it is to be feared, so common in public places as to make their disappearance, in even a single instance, a matter of indifference; but because of those peculiar and strongly marked moral traits of his character which gave the coloring to the whole tenor of his singularly dramatic public career; traits which made him for a long period to a large portion of his countrymen the object of as deep and passionate a hostility as to another he was one of enthusiastic admiration, and which are not

[1] The speech was delivered in the House of Representatives April 28, 1874, in seconding the resolution for a suspension of the consideration of public business offered by the Honorable E. R. Hoar of Massachusetts. Thanks are due to ex-Chancellor Mayes for permission to follow the text given in his volume.

[2] From Dr. Johnson's epitaph for Oliver Goldsmith.

the less the cause that now unites all these parties, ever so widely differing, in a common sorrow to-day over his lifeless remains.

It is of these high moral qualities which I wish to speak; for these have been the traits which in after years, as I have considered the successive acts and utterances of this remarkable man, fastened most strongly my attention, and impressed themselves most forcibly upon my imagination, my sensibilities, my heart. I leave to others to speak of his intellectual superiority, of those rare gifts with which nature had so lavishly endowed him, and of the power to use them which he had acquired by education. I say nothing of his vast and varied stores of historical knowledge, or of the wide extent of his reading in the elegant literature of ancient and modern times, or of his wonderful power of retaining what he had read, or of his readiness in drawing upon these fertile resources to illustrate his own arguments. I say nothing of his eloquence as an orator, of his skill as a logician, or of his powers of fascination in the unrestrained freedom of the social circle, which last it was my misfortune not to have experienced. These, indeed, were the qualities which gave him eminence not only in our country, but throughout the world; and which have made the name of Charles Sumner an integral part of our nation's glory. They were the qualities which gave to those moral traits of which I have spoken the power to impress themselves upon the history of the age and of civilization itself; and without which those traits, however intensely developed, would have exerted no influence beyond the personal circle immediately surrounding their possessor. More eloquent tongues than mine will do them justice. Let me speak of the characteristics which brought the illustrious Senator who has just passed away into direct and bitter antagonism for years with my own State and her sister States of the South.

Charles Sumner was born with an instinctive love of freedom, and was educated from his earliest infancy to the belief that freedom is the natural and indefeasible right of every intelligent being having the outward form of man. In him, in fact, this creed seems to have been something more than a doctrine imbibed from teachers, or a result of education. To him it was a grand intuitive truth, inscribed in blazing letters upon the tablet

of his inner consciousness, to deny which would have been for him to deny that he himself existed. And along with this all-controlling love of freedom he possessed a moral sensibility keenly intense and vivid, a conscientiousness which would never permit him to swerve by the breadth of a hair from what he pictured to himself as the path of duty. Thus were combined in him the characteristics which have in all ages given to religion her martyrs, and to patriotism her self-sacrificing heroes.

To a man thoroughly permeated and imbued with such a creed, and animated and constantly actuated by such a spirit of devotion, to behold a human being or a race of human beings restrained of their natural right to liberty, for no crime by him or them committed, was to feel all the belligerent instincts of his nature roused to combat. The fact was to him a wrong which no logic could justify. It mattered not how humble in the scale of rational existence the subject of this restraint might be, how dark his skin, or how dense his ignorance. Behind all that lay for him the great principle that liberty is the birthright of all humanity, and that every individual of every race who has a soul to save is entitled to the freedom which may enable him to work out his salvation. It mattered not that the slave might be contented with his lot; that his actual condition might be immeasurably more desirable than that from which it had transplanted him; that it gave him physical comfort, mental and moral elevation, and religious culture not possessed by his race in any other condition; that his bonds had not been placed upon his hands by the living generation; that the mixed social system of which he formed an element had been regarded by the fathers of the republic, and by the ablest statesmen who had risen up after them, as too complicated to be broken up without danger to society itself, or even to civilization; or, finally, that the actual state of things had been recognized and explicitly sanctioned by the very organic law of the republic. Weighty as these considerations might be, formidable as were the difficulties in the way of the practical enforcement of his great principle, he held none the less that it must sooner or later be enforced, though institutions and constitutions should have to give way alike before it. But here let me do this great man the

justice which, amid the excitement of the struggle between the sections — now past — I may have been disposed to deny him. In this fiery zeal, and this earnest warfare against the wrong, as he viewed it, there entered no enduring personal animosity toward the men whose lot it was to be born to the system which he denounced.

It has been the kindness of the sympathy which in these later years he has displayed toward the impoverished and suffering people of the Southern States that has unveiled to me the generous and tender heart which beat beneath the bosom of the zealot, and has forced me to yield him the tribute of my respect — I might even say of my admiration. Nor in the manifestation of this has there been anything which a proud and sensitive people, smarting under the sense of recent discomfiture and present suffering, might not frankly accept, or which would give them just cause to suspect its sincerity. For though he raised his voice, as soon as he believed the momentous issues of this great military conflict were decided, in behalf of amnesty to the vanquished; and though he stood forward, ready to welcome back as brothers, and to reëstablish in their rights as citizens, those whose valor had nearly riven asunder the Union he loved; yet he always insisted that the most ample protection and the largest safeguards should be thrown around the liberties of the newly enfranchised African race. Though he knew very well that of his conquered fellow-citizens of the South by far the larger portion, even those who most heartily acquiesced in and desired the abolition of slavery, seriously questioned the expediency of investing, in a single day, and without any preliminary tutelage, so vast a body of inexperienced and uninstructed men with the full rights of freemen and voters, he would tolerate no halfway measures upon a point to him so vital.

Indeed, immediately after the war, while other minds were occupying themselves with different theories of reconstruction, he did not hesitate to impress most emphatically upon the administration, not only in public, but in the confidence of private intercourse, his uncompromising resolution to oppose to the last any and every scheme which should fail to provide the surest guaran-

tees for the personal freedom and political rights of the race which he had undertaken to protect. Whether his measures to secure this result showed him to be a practical statesman or a theoretical enthusiast, is a question on which any decision we may pronounce to-day must await the inevitable revision of posterity. The spirit of magnanimity, therefore, which breathes in his utterances and manifests itself in all his acts affecting the South during the last two years of his life, was as evidently honest as it was grateful to the feelings of those toward whom it was displayed.

It was certainly a gracious act toward the South — though unhappily it jarred upon the sensibilities of the people at the other extreme of the Union, and estranged from him the great body of his political friends — to propose to erase from the banners of the national army the mementos of the bloody internecine struggle, which might be regarded as assailing the pride or wounding the sensibilities of the Southern people.[1] That proposal will never be forgotten by that people so long as the name of Charles Sumner lives in the memory of man. But, while it touched the heart of the South, and elicited her profound gratitude, her people would not have asked of the North such an act of self-renunciation.

Conscious that they themselves were animated by devotion to constitutional liberty, and that the brightest pages of history are replete with evidences of the depth and sincerity of that devotion, they cannot but cherish the recollections of sacrifices endured, the battles fought, and the victories won in defense of their hapless cause. And respecting, as all true and brave men must respect, the martial spirit with which the men of the North vindicated the integrity of the Union, and their devotion to the principles of human freedom, they do not ask, they do not wish the North to strike the mementos of her heroism and victory from either records or monuments or battle flags. They would rather that both sections should gather up the glories won by each section: not envious, but proud of each other, and regard them a common heritage of American valor.

[1] Sumner introduced a bill for this purpose in December, 1872. He was already unpopular with the Republicans, particularly on account of his opposition to the second election of Grant.

Let us hope that future generations, when they remember the deeds of heroism and devotion done on both sides, will speak not of Northern prowess and Southern courage, but of the heroism, fortitude, and courage of Americans in a war of ideas; a war in which each section signalized its consecration to the principles, as each understood them, of American liberty and of the constitution received from their fathers.

It was my misfortune, perhaps my fault, personally never to have known this eminent philanthropist and statesman. The impulse was often strong upon me to go to him and offer him my hand, and my heart with it, and to express to him my thanks for his kind and considerate course toward the people with whom I am identified. If I did not yield to that impulse, it was because the thought occurred that other days were coming in which such a demonstration might be more opportune, and less liable to misconstruction. Suddenly, and without premonition, a day has come at last to which, for such a purpose, there is no to-morrow. My regret is therefore intensified by the thought that I failed to speak to him out of the fulness of my heart while there was yet time.

How often is it that death thus brings unavailingly back to our remembrance opportunities unimproved: in which generous overtures, prompted by the heart, remain unoffered; frank avowals which rose to the lips remain unspoken; and the injustice and wrong of bitter resentments remain unrepaired! Charles Sumner, in life, believed that all occasion for strife and distrust between the North and South had passed away, and that there no longer remained any cause for continual estrangement between these two sections of our common country. Are there not many of us who believe the same thing? Is not that the common sentiment — or if it is not, ought it not to be — of the great mass of our people, North and South? Bound to each other by a common constitution, destined to live together under a common government, forming unitedly but a single member of the great family of nations, shall we not now at last endeavor to grow *toward* each other once more in heart, as we are already indissolubly linked to each other in fortunes?

Shall we not, over the honored remains of this great champion of human liberty, this feeling sympathizer with human sorrow, this earnest pleader for the exercise of human tenderness and charity, lay aside the concealments which serve only to perpetuate misunderstandings and distrust, and frankly confess that on both sides we most earnestly desire to be one; one not merely in community of language and literature and traditions and country; but more, and better than all that, one also in feeling and in heart? Am I mistaken in this?

Do the concealments of which I speak still cover animosities which neither time nor reflection nor the march of events have yet sufficed to subdue? I cannot believe it. Since I have been here I have watched with anxious scrutiny your sentiments as expressed not merely in public debate, but in the *abandon* of personal confidence. I know well the sentiments of these, my Southern brothers, whose hearts are so enfolded that the feeling of each is the feeling of all; and I see on both sides only the seeming of a constraint, which each apparently hesitates to dismiss. The South — prostrate, exhausted, drained of her lifeblood, as well as of her material resources, yet still honorable and true — accepts the bitter award of the bloody arbitrament without reservation, resolutely determined to abide the result with chivalrous fidelity; yet, as if struck dumb by the magnitude of her reverses, she suffers on in silence. The North, exultant in her triumph, and elated by success, still cherishes, as we are assured, a heart full of magnanimous emotions toward her disarmed and discomfited antagonist; and yet, as if mastered by some mysterious spell, silencing her better impulses, her words and acts are the words and acts of suspicion and distrust.

Would that the spirit of the illustrious dead whom we lament to-day could speak from the grave to both parties to this deplorable discord in tones which should reach each and every heart throughout this broad territory: "My countrymen! *Know* one another, and you will *love* one another."[1]

[1] Lamar's biographer, ex-Chancellor Mayes, tells us that most of the persons gathered to hear the speeches upon Sumner expected little more than a conventional tribute of respect from the Representative from Mississippi. The House was

CHARLES COLCOCK JONES, JR.

[Charles Colcock Jones, the son of a clergyman of the same name, was born in Savannah, Georgia, October 28, 1831, and died near Augusta, July 19, 1893. He graduated at Princeton, studied law at Harvard, and began practice in his native city, being associated with Henry R. Jackson (*q.v.*). He was mayor of Savannah the year the Civil War began. He joined the army in 1862 and served until 1865, being colonel of artillery under General Joseph E. Johnston. After the war he practised law in New York City for twelve years, and then returned to Georgia, settling in Augusta. Here he gave himself up to the study of Georgia history and archæology, making extensive collections and issuing many monographs and books. His chief work is his "History of Georgia," in two volumes, published in Boston in 1883. Other publications which show the range of his interests are: "Monumental Remains of Georgia" (1861), "Reminiscences of the Last Days, Death, and Burial of General Henry Lee" (1870), "Dead Towns of Georgia" (1878), "Life, Labors, and Neglected Grave of Richard Henry Wilde" (1885), and the very interesting book from which our extract is taken, "Negro Myths from the Georgia Coast told in the Vernacular" (1888). His rank among Southern historical scholars of his day was high, and was attested by honorary degrees from both Northern and Southern colleges.]

THE NEGRO AND THE ALLIGATOR[1]

[From "Negro Myths from the Georgia Coast told in the Vernacular," 1888.]

Foremost among the reptiles which excited the curiosity and aroused the fears of the Georgia colonists, upon their first acquaintance with them, were the alligators. Francis Moore, keeper of the stores, describing them in 1736, says: "They are terrible to

throngèd, but a hush came over the audience as the orator warmed to his great task. Speaker Blaine turned his face away to hide his tears. Republican and Democratic members throughout the hall were seen weeping. When Mr. Lamar finished, there came a storm of applause, and the name of the orator within a day was famous throughout the country. Whatever opinion may now be held as to the justice of his eulogium of Sumner, too much praise can scarcely be given the spirit in which it was delivered.

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look at, stretching open an horrible large mouth big enough to swallow a Man, with Rows of dreadful large sharp Teeth, and Feet like Draggons, armed with great Claws, and a long Tail which they throw about with great Strength, and which seems their best Weapon, for their Claws are feebly set on, and the Stiffness of their Necks hinders them from turning nimbly to bite." In order to dissipate the general terror which these strange saurians inspired, Mr. Oglethorpe,[1] having wounded and caught one of them, caused it to be carried to Savannah, where he "made the boys bait it with sticks, and finally pelt and beat it to death."

To the Europeans, newly landed on these shores, the alligator was indeed a novelty, repulsive and provocative of dread. Not so with the negro. His ancestors were well acquainted with the African crocodile, and their descendants, dwelling in this marish region filled with swamps and cypress ponds, and permeated with lagoons, creeks, and rivers — the habitat of this formidable reptile — were from childhood familiar with its roar, and entirely accustomed to its unsightly appearance and habits. Among these sable myth-makers it figured as an important *dramatis persona*. Of the dogs, geese, ducks, and hogs of the plantation hands it was an avowed and voracious enemy. When skinned and thoroughly boiled, its tail was esteemed by many as a savory article of food. For the cure of rheumatism its oil was held in special repute, and the exuded musk was collected for medical uses. Its skin, rudely tanned, entered largely into the composition of home-made pouches and shoes. Whistles and powder-charges were fabricated from the tusks, which also served a good turn for the pickaninnies to rub their swollen gums against, and to cut their first teeth upon. A constant depredator was the alligator upon the fish-traps which guarded the mouths of the short creeks emptying into the rivers. Upon the reflux of the tide, entering the inclosure, this reptile gorged itself upon the fishes there detained, and incurred the wrath of Cuffee, whose frying-pan was thus cheated out of its anticipated evening broil. Hence it came to pass that the alligator was regarded by the negro both as an enemy and as desirable game. During the spring and summer they frequently met, and

[1] James Edward Oglethorpe (1698–1785), the founder of Georgia.

whenever the former could be taken at a disadvantage its life was forfeit to the opportunity. It was killed in rice-field ditches, in shallow ponds, and occasionally upon land. The hoe, the axe, a fence rail, and the club were the offensive weapons; and loud were the cries and great was the fun while the struggling reptile was being beaten to death. In the back-waters and in swamps where the alligators made their nests, reared their young, and dug their holes, the negroes, during their leisure hours, were fond of capturing them by means of a heavy iron hook fastened to the end of a long, stout pole. This was thrust into the hole where the reptile lay. While snapping at the hook, with its irritating prong, the alligator was in the end securely caught with the barb, and then came the tug of war. It was in no wise an easy operation to draw from its hiding-place one of these reluctant, excited, and revolving monsters. For this purpose the combined strength of several stalwart men barely sufficed. The frolic was joyous, and the exultant shouts of those engaged in the sport awakened strange echoes in the depth of the dank and moss-clad swamps. . . .

During the period of hibernation the negroes often dug these reptiles out of their holes. Sometimes the alligators attained huge proportions, measuring, from the tip of the nose to the end of the tail, fourteen feet. It was fond of a given locality, and exercised exclusive dominion over some favorite bend in the river, some chosen part of a lake, or some attractive pool in the swamp. The patriarch, with its attendant consort and progeny, there reigned supreme, unless, after severe battle, it was driven away by one more powerful.

In ante-bellum days, when firearms were denied to the negro population, alligators were far more numerous than they are at present. The great demand for their skins which has arisen of late, the use of the rifle in the hands of tourists, and the employment of the shot-gun by the freedmen has united in causing a frightful mortality among these reptiles. Bartram[1] says that

[1] William Bartram (1739–1823), the Pennsylvanian botanist. The quotation is made from his "Travels," etc. (Philadelphia, 1791), p. 123. This interesting work was very popular in England and Europe and has left its traces on the poetry of Wordsworth and other distinguished writers of the time.

when he visited the river St. John the alligators at one point "were in such incredible numbers, and so close together from shore to shore, that it would have been easy to have walked across on their heads, had the animals been harmless."

For the capture of animals drinking at the water's edge, or swimming in lake or river, the tail was employed. A stunning blow having thus been delivered, the victim was caught in the open jaws, and thence transported to the dwelling-place of the reptile, where it was guarded until decomposition had fairly supervened. It was then eaten at leisure with apparent relish. Sometimes days were allowed to elapse before the slain animal or bird became suitably seasoned for the feast.

While hogs, dogs, calves, sheep, geese, and ducks were often captured by alligators, they seldom attacked human beings. Of mankind they apparently entertained an inborn fear, and would quit the part of the river or lagoon in which men or even boys were swimming. Instances are rare in which human life has been sacrificed to the voracity of these monsters. The writer remembers several occasions, however, on which men and children were attacked by alligators. He will be pardoned for recalling one of them.

Sawney had a wife who resided upon a neighboring plantation. It was his habit to visit his wife every Saturday night, and remain with her until Monday morning. On these journeys he would carry a bag containing provisions and such choice morsels as he had been able, during the week, to accumulate for his better half. Near the negro quarter, where he resided on the home-plantation, was a small creek, in which the tide ebbed and flowed. A large log furnished convenient means for crossing it. On the night in question, shortly after dark, Sawney shouldered his well-filled bag and set out for his wife's house. The tide was flowing into the creek. Instead of crossing on the log, he saw fit to descend the gentle bank and wade through the water. It was not more than half-leg deep, and the creek was only some ten yards wide. When he was in the middle of the stream his attention was attracted by a movement in the water. Instead of getting out upon the bank, which he could readily have done, he paused, and began to

parley with what, in the darkness, he conceived to be a "sperit." "Tan back, Mossa Sperit, an lemme pass. Tan back, Mossa Sperit; me do you no harm." In this idiotic and frightened manner he stood idly talking, until what proved to be a large alligator approached and laid violent hold of his right leg. He was quickly thrown down by the reptile. In the confusion which ensued, and amid the struggles and yells of the negro, the alligator for the moment relaxed his hold, and was attracted by the fallen bag, which it tore in pieces. Sawney had so completely lost his wits, was so terrified, and was suffering so much pain, that he neglected to improve the opportunity thus afforded, and betake himself to flight. He remained rooted to the spot, howling, praying, and calling for help. Having in a little while disposed of the bag, the alligator renewed its attack upon the frightened negro, threw him down, broke his left arm, and frightfully lacerated it and one of his legs.

The negroes at the quarters hard by, hearing the noise and cries for help, armed with torches, hoes, axes, and billets, rushed to the spot just in time to save the life of the unfortunate man. The alligator was beaten to death. It measured nearly eleven feet, and was very stout. Sawney's wounds proved well-nigh fatal. He was confined to his cabin for quite three months, and, during that time, required and received the careful attention of a competent surgeon.

The lazy way in which the negro was in the habit of fishing, perched upon a tussock, with feet and rod trailing in the water, somnolent and in utter silence, did sometimes invite and receive a flirt from the tail of the reigning alligator, defending its preserves against all poachers.

The old memories are fast drifting away into the shadows, and the modern negro and the alligator of the present are but partial types of things that were.

MRS. SUSAN DABNEY SMEDES

[Mrs. Smedes was born at Raymond, Hinds County, Mississippi, August 10, 1840, the daughter of Mr. Thomas S. Dabney, a planter whose life forms the central feature of her well-known volume descriptive of Southern charac-

ter and modes of life, entitled "Memorials of a Southern Planter" (1887). She was early married to Mr. Lyell Smedes, but was soon left a widow. She has devoted herself to philanthropical work, and has resided in the far West, in Baltimore, where she finished her book, and in the mountains of Tennessee. Her present home is Sewanee, Tennessee, the seat of the University of the South. Her "Memorials of a Southern Planter" was highly praised upon its appearance, and drew a most appreciative letter from Mr. Gladstone. An English edition, entitled "A Southern Planter," with a prefatory note by Mr. Gladstone, was issued in 1889. It should be remarked that Mrs. Smedes is not the only member of her family noted for the possession of literary ability. Her brother, the late Virginius Dabney, is remembered for his brilliant qualities and as the author of "Don Miff" (1886), an interesting and uncommon story of Virginia life.]

A HERO OF THE OLD SOUTH[1]

[From "Memorials of a Southern Planter," 1887.]

And now a great blow fell on Thomas Dabney. Shortly before the war he had been asked by a trusted friend to put his name as security on some papers for a good many thousand dollars. At the time he was assured that his name would only be wanted to tide over a crisis of two weeks, and that he would never hear of the papers again. It was a trap set, and his unsuspicious nature saw no danger, and he put his name to the papers. Loving this man, and confiding in his honor as in a son's, he thought no more of the transaction.

It was now the autumn of 1866. One night he walked upstairs to the room where his children were sitting with a paper in his hand. "My children," he said, "I am a ruined man. The sheriff is down-stairs. He has served this writ on me. It is for a security debt. I do not even know how many more such papers have my name to them." His face was white as he said these words. He was sixty-eight years of age, with a large and helpless family on his hands, and the country in such a condition that young men scarcely knew how to make a livelihood.

[1] Copyright, 1887. Here printed by kind permission of Mrs. Smedes and of James Pott & Co.

The sheriff came with more writs. Thomas roused himself to meet them all. He determined to pay every dollar.

But to do this he must have time. The sale of everything that he owned would not pay all these claims. He put the business in the hands of his lawyer, Mr. John Shelton, of Raymond, who was also his intimate friend. Mr. Shelton contested the claims, and this delayed things till Thomas could decide on some way of paying the debts.

A gentleman to whom he owed personally several thousand dollars courteously forbore to send in his claim. Thomas was determined that he should not on this account fail to get his money, and wrote urging him to bring a friendly suit, that, if the worst came, he should at least get his proportion. Thus urged, the friendly suit was brought, the man deprecating the proceeding, as looking like pressing a gentleman.

And now the judgments, as he knew they would, went against him one by one. On the 27th of November, 1866, the Burleigh plantation was put up at auction and sold, but the privilege of buying it in a certain time reserved to Thomas. At this time incendiary fires were common. There was not much law in the land. We heard of the gin-houses and cotton-houses that were burned in all directions. One day as Thomas came back from a business journey the smouldering ruins of his gin-house met his eye. The building was itself valuable and necessary. All the cotton that he owned was consumed in it. He had not a dollar. He had to borrow the money to buy a postage stamp, not only during this year, but during many years to come. It was a time of deepest gloom. Thomas had been wounded to the bottom of his affectionate heart by the perfidy of the man who had brought this on his house. In the midst of the grinding poverty that now fell in full force on him, he heard of the reckless extravagance of this man on the money that should have been used to meet these debts.

Many honorable men in the South were taking the benefit of the bankrupt law. Thomas's relations and friends urged him to take the law. It was madness, they said, for a man of his age, in the condition the country was then in, to talk of settling

the immense debts that were against him. He refused with scorn to listen to such proposals. But his heart was wellnigh broken.

He called his children around him, as he lay in bed, not eating and scarcely sleeping.

"My children," he said, "I shall have nothing to leave you but a fair name. But you may depend that I shall leave you that. I shall, if I live, pay every dollar that I owe. If I die, I leave these debts to you to discharge. Do not let my name be dishonoured. Some men would kill themselves for this. I shall not do that. But I shall die."

The grief of betrayed trust was the bitterest drop in his cup of suffering. But he soon roused himself from this depression and set about arranging to raise the money needed to buy in the plantation. It could only be done by giving up all the money brought in by the cotton crop for many years. This meant rigid self-denial for himself and his children. He could not bear the thought of seeing his daughters deprived of comforts. He was ready to stand unflinchingly any fate that might be in store for him. But his tenderest feelings were stirred for them. His chivalrous nature had always revolted from the sight of a woman doing hard work. He determined to spare his daughters all such labor as he could perform. General Sherman had said that he would like to bring every Southern woman to the wash-tub.[1] "He shall never bring my daughters to the wash-tub," Thomas Dabney said. "I will do the washing myself." And he did it for two years. He was in his seventieth year when he began to do it.

This may give some idea of the labors, the privations, the hardships, of those terrible years. The most intimate friends of Thomas, nay, his own children, who were not in the daily life at Burleigh, have never known the unprecedented self-denial, carried to the extent of acutest bodily sufferings, which he practised during this time. A curtain must be drawn over this part of the life of my lion-hearted father!

[1] Thomas had read this in one of the papers published during the famous march to the sea. Whether General Sherman was correctly reported I know not. — S. D. S.

SIDNEY LANIER

[Sidney Lanier was born in Macon, Georgia, February 3, 1842, and died at Lynn, in the mountains of North Carolina, September 7, 1881. He was of Huguenot extraction, and from his childhood was marked by an overpowering passion for music. He learned to play practically without instruction on almost every instrument, especially the flute. At fourteen he entered the Sophomore class of Oglethorpe University (at Midway, Georgia), was absent a year doing clerical work in the post-office at home, and graduated at eighteen, with the highest honors of the class. He was made a tutor in the college, but the war broke out and he soon entered the army, going with his battalion to Virginia. He saw the great battles around Richmond, serving as a private, for he refused promotion in order not to be separated from his brother Clifford — himself a poet. Toward the end of the struggle they were separated and each was placed in charge of a blockade-running vessel. Sidney was captured and confined for five months in Point Lookout Prison. His flute was his comforter during this weary period, and it cheered him on his return journey to Georgia, which he began in February, 1865, with a twenty-dollar gold piece in his pocket. His war experiences were shortly after described in his only novel, "Tiger Lilies" (1867), a work which failed and has not been reprinted. He reached home exhausted, and the seeds of consumption were developed. Recovering some of his strength, he became a clerk in a hotel at Montgomery, Alabama; then in May, 1867, he went to New York to publish "Tiger Lilies," which had been written in April. In the fall of the same year he began to teach a country school in Prattville, Alabama; and in December he experienced the greatest joy of his life in his marriage to Miss Mary Day of Macon — who still survives as his widow, and in her devotion to his memory and fame is as constant as she was in her ministrations to his suffering body and aspiring spirit through the brief span of years Providence permitted them to pass together.

Previous to his marriage Lanier had written a few poems now made accessible to students, and interesting from the glimpses they give of his development under untoward circumstances, apart from books and the encouragement of kindred spirits. In the spring of 1868 he returned to Macon much reduced in health. Here he studied law and practised with his father, but was unhappy both because he felt that his genius called him to higher work and because he was given little respite by his dreadful disease. In November, 1872, he left his wife and children and went to San Antonio, Texas, seeking but not finding a favorable climate. Then with magnificent courage he determined that come what might he would finish his life in the service of the two arts of

his love, — music and literature. This meant that he must live in the North, for the South in Reconstruction times offered few opportunities to musician or author. After visiting New York for the third time — his second visit in 1870 was made for the purpose of consulting physicians — he settled in Baltimore in December, 1873, as first flute in the Peabody Symphony Concerts. The selections that have been made from his correspondence throw a clear light upon his feelings when he first had an opportunity to hear great music, to converse with musicians and literary people, and to secure the books he needed. It is a fine record of true genius struggling with inexorable but not altogether unrelaxing fate. He made firm friends, among them Mr. Gibson Peacock, editor of the Philadelphia *Evening Bulletin*, Charlotte Cushman, the great actress, and Bayard Taylor, the devoted poet, versatile man of letters, and charming companion. He began to study more deeply his two arts, being specially interested in the relations between them and in the earlier monuments of English literature. The bent of his studies showed that his mind "was peculiarly sensitive to the intellectual and artistic tendencies of his time, and that if he had lived, he would have received the honors due to pioneers in new movements." But this was not to be. His studies were interrupted by attacks of his disease which sent him North and South, to Pennsylvania, North Carolina, and Florida in search of health, and also by the demands made upon his energy and his time by the poverty that confronted him. He had to lecture to schools, to write poems for magazines, to compose articles on not specially congenial subjects in order to support his family frugally. But he never thought of despairing. His father and brother and friends and above all his wife stood by him, and some encouragement was given him by the public. His fine reflective poem "Corn" — in the category of Bryant's "Song of the Sower" and Timrod's "Cotton Boll," though individual in manner — was written in the summer of 1874, while he was writing a Florida guide-book for a railway company, and was published in *Lippincott's Magazine*, where it attracted much attention. It led to Bayard Taylor's interest in him, and this led to his being selected to write the cantata for the opening of the Centennial Exposition of 1876. It was about this time that he felt justified in having his wife and children join him in the North. His health again broke down, however, and he had to hurry South; but the next year he tried the colder climate once more, publishing a small volume of his poems and making his home in Baltimore, where he played in concerts for the next three winters. He also gave courses of lectures — one of them on Shakespeare and only recently published — which led to his appointment early in 1879 to a lectureship in literature in Johns Hopkins University. This promised a permanent source of income and greatly cheered him. One result was his delivery of courses, which were developed into two books, his important "Science of English Verse" (1880) and his less valuable "English Novel" (1883); another was his inspiration to write some of his most noteworthy poems, "The Revenge of Hamish," "The Song of the Chattahoochee," and

his most ambitious attempt to fuse music and poetry, and one might add the colors of painting, his now famous "Marshes of Glynn," the precursor of his unfinished "Hymns of the Marshes," the poetical quality of which is indicated by "Sunrise." While this work was doing, the poet's health had been steadily deteriorating, and in April, 1881, he broke down with his course of lectures on the novel but little more than half finished. Yet ever hopeful he went to New York to arrange for companion volumes to his "Boy's Froissart" (1878) and "Boy's King Arthur" (1880). "The Boy's Mabinogion" (1881) and "The Boy's Percy" (1882) did appear, but only after the death of the man who had wished that young people should be able to share the joy he had taken in the writers and the legends of the past.

The rest of the sad story is quickly told. His physicians suggested that he try tent life in the mountains of North Carolina, and a railroad company asked him to write a description of the region. Accordingly, with his brother Clifford, he went into camp near Asheville in May, 1881. Then Mrs. Lanier and her infant replaced the brother, and the poet's parents came later. No improvement being shown, he was removed to Lynn, and there, a gleam of hope having been given, Mrs. Lanier was left alone with her dying husband. He lingered for a week and then the brave fight was over.

Since his death his reputation has steadily risen, until to-day he is generally regarded as the most important Southern man of letters since Poe. Some of his admirers consider him the greatest poet America has produced since the New England poets were in their prime. The publication of his complete poems with a memoir (1884), followed by several posthumous volumes, — such as the miscellaneous prose collections entitled "Music and Poetry" (1898) and "Retrospects and Prospects" and his "Letters" (1899), many items of which had been previously published in magazines, — brought at various times before the critics and the public a mass of work that revealed the scope of his genius and made necessary a careful consideration of his claims to eminence. On the whole the verdict of the critics has been decidedly in his favor, and the number of his admirers has apparently increased, which is a favorable sign. The chief doubt expressed by critics who are only moderately impressed by his powers centres in the question whether his genius was not rather musical than poetical, and whether he was not led in consequence to attempt high flights of song that obviously strained his strength. The harmonies, the colors, the spiritual aspirations of "Sunrise" are exhilarating and enrapturing to some readers; others feel that in this and some of its companion poems Lanier's genius did not move with the sure mastery of poetic art but rather with spasmodic power. The matter cannot be decided yet and perhaps never will be; and surely there is enough admirable poetry in "Corn," "My Springs," "Opposition," and in some of the exquisite snatches of song such as the "Evening Song" and "Night and Day," to say nothing of sonnets and occasional poems and of the juvenile poetry, which contains early work in the negro dialect and other promising things, to warrant the claim that Lanier's place in American poetry

will be high and permanent. If the memory of his noble life ever ceases to be precious to his countrymen it will be because they have lost their sense of the heroic and the pathetic.

For the study of Lanier the student will find Professor Morgan Callaway's "Select Poems of Sidney Lanier" (1895), with its introduction and notes, distinctly helpful. There is a sympathetic essay in Thomas Wentworth Higginson's "Contemporaries" (1898). There is a "study" of the poems by Professor C. W. Kent of the University of Virginia in the Publications of the Modern Language Association of America for 1892 (Vol. 7). Baskervill's "Southern Writers" (1898) should also be consulted, as well as articles by W. P. Woolf and L. W. Payne, Jr., in *The Sewanee Review* for July, 1900, July, 1902, and October, 1903. See also "Sidney Lanier, Recollections and Letters," by M. H. Northrop, in *Lippincott's Monthly Magazine*, March, 1905, and "Sidney Lanier: Reminiscences and Letters," by ex-President D. C. Gilman, in *The South Atlantic Quarterly*, April, 1905. A biography of Lanier is being prepared for the "American Men of Letters" series by Professor Edwin Mims of Trinity College, Durham, North Carolina.]

OPPOSITION [1]

[From "Poems of Sidney Lanier. Edited by his Wife." 1888.]

Of fret, of dark, of thorn, of chill,
  Complain no more; for these, O heart,
Direct the random of the will
  As rhymes direct the rage of art.

The lute's fixed fret, that runs athwart
  The strain and purpose of the string,
For governance and nice consort
  Doth bar his wilful wavering.

The dark hath many dear avails;
  The dark distils divinest dews;
The dark is rich with nightingales,
  With dreams, and with the heavenly Muse.

Bleeding with thorns of petty strife,
  I'll ease (as lovers do) my smart

[1] Copyright, 1884 and 1891, by Mary D. Lanier, and published by Charles Scribner's Sons. By kind permission of Mrs. Lanier and the publishers.

With sonnets to my lady Life
Writ red in issues from the heart.

What grace may lie within the chill
Of favor frozen fast in scorn!
When Good's a-freeze, we call it Ill!
This rosy Time is glacier-born.

Of fret, of dark, of thorn, of chill,
Complain thou not, O heart; for these
Bank-in the current of the will
To uses, arts, and charities.

BALTIMORE, 1878–80.

EVENING SONG[1]

[FROM THE SAME.]

LOOK off, dear Love, across the shallow sands,
And mark yon meeting of the sun and sea,
How long they kiss in sight of all the lands.
Ah! longer, longer, we.

Now in the sea's red vintage melts the sun,
As Egypt's pearl dissolved in rosy wine,
And Cleopatra night drinks all. 'Tis done,
Love, lay thine hand in mine.

Come forth, sweet stars, and comfort heaven's heart;
Glimmer, ye waves, round else unlighted sands.
O night! divorce our sun and sky apart
Never our lips, our hands.[2]

1876.

[1] From "Poems of Sidney Lanier." Copyright, 1884 and 1891, by Mary D. Lanier, and published by Charles Scribner's Sons. By kind permission of Mrs. Lanier and the publishers.

[2] Set to music by Dudley Buck.

THE MARSHES OF GLYNN[1]

[From the Same.]

Glooms of the live-oaks, beautiful-braided and woven
With intricate shades of the vines that myriad-cloven
Clamber the forks of the multiform boughs, —
Emerald twilights, —
Virginal shy lights,
Wrought of the leaves to allure to the whisper of vows,
When lovers pace timidly down through the green colonnades
Of the dim sweet woods, of the dear dark woods,
Of the heavenly woods and glades,
That run to the radiant marginal sand-beach within
The wide sea-marshes of Glynn[2]; —

Beautiful glooms, soft dusks in the noon-day fire, —
Wildwood privacies, closets of lone desire,
Chamber from chamber parted with wavering arras of leaves, —
Cells for the passionate pleasure of prayer to the soul that grieves,
Pure with a sense of the passing of saints through the wood,
Cool for the dutiful weighing of ill with good; —

O braided dusks of the oak and woven shades of the vine,
While the riotous noon-day sun of the June-day long did shine
Ye held me fast in your heart and I held you fast in mine;
But now when the noon is no more, and riot is rest,
And the sun is a-wait at the ponderous gate of the West,
And the slant yellow beam down the wood-aisle doth seem
Like a lane into heaven that leads from a dream, —
Ay, now, when my soul all day hath drunken the soul of the oak
And my heart is at ease from men, and the wearisome sound of the stroke

[1] From "Poems of Sidney Lanier." Copyright, 1884 and 1891, by Mary D. Lanier, and published by Charles Scribner's Sons. By kind permission of Mrs. Lanier and the publishers.

[2] "In Glynn County, Georgia, near Brunswick" (Weber).

Of the scythe of time and the trowel of trade is low,
And belief overmasters doubt, and I know that I know,
And my spirit is grown to a lordly great compass within,
That the length and the breadth and the sweep of the marshes of Glynn
Will work me no fear like the fear they have wrought me of yore
When length was fatigue, and when breadth was but bitterness sore,
And when terror and shrinking and dreary unnamable pain
Drew over me out of the merciless miles of the plain, —

Oh, now, unafraid, I am fain to face
The vast sweet visage of space.
To the edge of the wood I am drawn, I am drawn,
Where the gray beach glimmering runs, as a belt of the dawn,
For a mete and a mark
To the forest-dark: —
So:
Affable live-oak, leaning low, —
Thus — with your favor — soft, with a reverent hand,
(Not lightly touching your person, Lord of the land!)
Bending your beauty aside, with a step I stand
On the firm-packed sand,
Free
By a world of marsh that borders a world of sea.
Sinuous southward and sinuous northward the shimmering band
Of the sand-beach fastens the fringe of the marsh to the folds of the land.
Inward and outward to northward and southward the beach-lines linger and curl
As a silver-wrought garment that clings to and follows the firm sweet limbs of a girl.
Vanishing, swerving, evermore curving again into sight,
Softly the sand-beach wavers away to a dim gray looping of light.

And what if behind me to westward the wall of the woods stands high?
The world lies east: how ample, the marsh and the sea and the sky!
A league and a league of marsh-grass, waist-high, broad in the blade,
Green, and all of a height, and unflecked with a light or a shade,
Stretch leisurely off, in a pleasant plain,
To the terminal blue of the main.

Oh, what is abroad in the marsh and the terminal sea?
Somehow my soul seems suddenly free
From the weighing of fate and the sad discussion of sin,
By the length and the breadth and the sweep of the marshes of Glynn.

Ye marshes, how candid and simple and nothing-withholding and free
Ye publish yourselves to the sky and offer yourselves to the sea!
Tolerant plains, that suffer the sea and the rains and the sun,
Ye spread and span like the catholic man who hath mightily won
God out of knowledge and good out of infinite pain
And sight out of blindness and purity out of a stain.

As the marsh-hen secretly builds on the watery sod,
Behold I will build me a nest on the greatness of God:
I will fly in the greatness of God as the marsh-hen flies
In the freedom that fills all the space 'twixt the marsh and the skies:
By so many roots as the marsh-grass sends in the sod
I will heartily lay me a-hold on the greatness of God:
Oh, like to the greatness of God is the greatness within
The range of the marshes, the liberal marshes of Glynn.

And the sea lends large, as the marsh: lo, out of his plenty the sea
Pours fast: full soon the time of the flood-tide must be:
Look how the grace of the sea doth go
About and about through the intricate channels that flow
Here and there,
Everywhere,
Till his waters have flooded the uttermost creeks and the low-lying lanes,
And the marsh is meshed with a million veins,
That like as with rosy and silvery essences flow
In the rose-and-silver evening glow.
Farewell, my lord Sun!
The creeks overflow: a thousand rivulets run
'Twixt the roots of the sod; the blades of the marsh-grass stir;
Passeth a hurrying sound of wings that westward whir;
Passeth, and all is still; and the currents cease to run;
And the sea and the marsh are one.

.

How still the plains of the waters be!
The tide is in his ecstasy.
The tide is at his highest height:
And it is night.
And now from the Vast of the Lord will the waters of sleep
Roll in on the souls of men,
But who will reveal to our waking ken
The forms that swim and the shapes that creep
Under the waters of sleep?
And I would I could know what swimmeth below when the tide comes in
On the length and the breadth of the marvellous marshes of Glynn.[1]

BALTIMORE, 1878.

[1] The first of six proposed hymns on the subject of these marshes. Only four were completed. This poem was first published in "The Masque of the Poets" (1879).

EXTRACTS FROM LANIER'S CORRESPONDENCE[1]

[From "Letters of Sidney Lanier." 1899.]

I returned from Baltimore late on Saturday. Mr. Gilman, President of Johns Hopkins University, received me with great cordiality. I took tea with him on Thursday, and he devoted his entire evening to discussing with me some available method of connecting me with the University officially. The main difficulty was in adjusting the special work which I wish to do to the existing scheme of the institution. I found that Mr. Gilman was familiar with all my poems, and he told me that he had thought of inviting me to a position in the University last winter, but did not know whether I had ever pursued any special studies. He had been greatly attracted by the Cantata, and its defence. It was finally agreed that a proposition should be made to the Trustees to create for me a sort of nondescript chair of "Poetry and Music," giving me leave to shape my lectures into any mould I desired. He is to choose whatever time may seem suitable to him, in which to broach the project, and will then write me the result. I have no doubt of his sincere desire for the favorable consummation of the business; and inasmuch as the most happy relations have heretofore existed between him and the Trustees, it would seem that the prospect is good.[2]

New York, August 15, 1870.

Ah, how they have belied Wagner! I heard Theodore Thomas' orchestra play his overture to "Tannhäuser." The "Music of the Future" is surely thy music and my music. Each harmony was a chorus of pure aspirations. The sequences flowed along, one after another, as if all the great and noble deeds of time had formed a procession and marched in review

[1] Copyright, 1899, by Charles Scribner's Sons. By kind permission of Mrs. Lanier and the publishers.

[2] From the letter to Mr. Gibson Peacock (a Philadelphia editor very friendly to Lanier), dated West Chester, Pennsylvania, October 4, 1876. The appointment discussed was not made until three years later.

before one's *ears*, instead of one's *eyes*. These "great and noble deeds" were not deeds of war and statesmanship, but majestic victories of inner struggles of a man. This unbroken march of beautiful-bodied Triumphs irresistibly invites the soul of a man to create other processions like it. I would I might lead a so magnificent file of glories into heaven.[1]

NEW YORK, 1871.

And to-night I come out of what might have been heaven. . . . 'Twas opening night of Theo. Thomas' orchestra, at Central Park Garden, and I could not resist the temptation to go and bathe in the sweet amber seas of the music of this fine orchestra, and so I went, and tugged me through a vast crowd, and, after standing some while, found a seat, and the *bâton* tapped and waved, and I plunged into the sea, and lay and floated. Ah! the dear flutes and oboes and horns drifted me hither and thither, and the great violins and small violins swayed me upon waves, and overflowed me with strong lavations, and sprinkled glistening foam in my face, and in among the clarinetti, as among waving water-lilies with flexile stems, I pushed my easy way, and so, even lying in the music-waters, I floated and flowed, my soul utterly bent and prostrate. . . .[2]

33 DENMEAD STREET, BALTIMORE, MD.,
February 3, 1878.

MY DEAR FRIEND:[3] I was sorry to miss you and Mrs. Taylor when I called on Monday. My cold had taken such possession of me on Sunday evening that I found it prudent to keep my room. I delivered your books to the servant. I read through the three volumes on Sunday: and upon a sober comparison I think Walt Whitman's "Leaves of Grass" worth at least a million of "Among My Books"[4] and "Atlanta in Calydon."[5] In the two latter I could not find anything which has not been much better said before; but "Leaves of Grass" was

[1] From a letter to Mrs. Lanier. [2] *Ibid.* [3] To Bayard Taylor.
[4] James Russell Lowell's well-known critical essays.
[5] Swinburne's lyrical drama is "Atalanta in Calydon."

a real refreshment to me — like rude salt spray in your face — in spite of its enormous fundamental error that a thing is good because it is natural, and in spite of the world-wide difference between my own conceptions of art and its author's.

I did not find a fitting moment to mention to you a matter in which I am much interested. I have an unconquerable longing to stop all work for a few months except the study of Botany, French and German, and the completion of a long poem which I have been meditating. In order to do this I hoped it might be possible to utilize a tract of timber land containing about a thousand acres which I own in Georgia. I have somewhere heard that there was an association, or institution of some sort, in New York, for helping literary people; and it occurred to me that such a corporation might take my lands in pledge for a loan of five or six hundred dollars. I should want it for twelve months. The lands lie immediately on a railroad which runs to Savannah, and whose main business is the transportation of lumber and timber to that port. They are in a portion of the state which is now attracting much attention from the North Carolina turpentine-distillers and lumbermen, and which has recently developed great capacities for sheep-raising. They are also valuable for agricultural purposes, after all the timber is cut off.

Tell me if any such institution exists. I asked Mr. Bryant[1] about it while in New York; he did not know of it at all. He added that if he were now as prosperous as he was five or six years ago he would have offered to advance the money himself on the lands: which was a very kindly thought.

Don't give yourself the least concern about this. Of course it isn't at all probable that any such association exists if Mr. Bryant does not know of it; and I don't suppose I would mention it to you at all except for the anxiety with which I long to draw my breath after a hard fight, and to get the ends of my thoughts together — as Carlyle says.

I hope Mrs. Taylor is quite recovered from her cold. As for you — you range over such an enormous compass both of liter-

[1] The poet, William Cullen Bryant.

ary and terrestrial ground that I would not be at all surprised to hear at any moment that you were off for

"The long wash of Australasian seas," [1]

in order to deliver a lecture at Sydney upon Limoges Enamel, thence to Capetown for the purpose of reading a dissertation on the Elohistic Division of the Book of Genesis,[2] thence home by way of Reikiavik (I deny any obligation to spell this dreadful word correctly [3]), where you were to recite an original poem (in Icelandic) on the Relation of Balder [4] to Pegasus.

Your friend,

SIDNEY L.

Bayard Taylor's death slices a huge cantle out of the world for me. I don't yet *know* it, at all; it only seems that he has gone to some other Germany, a little farther off. How strange it all is: he was such a fine fellow, one almost thinks he might have talked Death over and made him forego his stroke. Tell me whatever you may know, outside the newspaper reports, about his end.[5]

. . . Are you, by the way, a musician? Strange, that I have never before asked this question, — when so much of my own life consists of music. I don't know that I've ever told you, that whatever turn I have for art, is purely musical; poetry being, with me, a mere tangent into which I shoot sometimes. I could play passably on several instruments before I could write legibly; and since then, the very deepest of my life has been

[1] From Tennyson's "The Brook."

[2] Possibly Lanier transported Taylor to Capetown because thinking of the so-called "higher criticism" of the Old Testament made him think of Bishop Colenso, who brought the subject before the English mind, and thinking of the Bishop of Natal made him think of Africa and of Capetown as a good place to suggest to send the much-travelled Taylor.

[3] Lanier seems to have succeeded, however, in spelling correctly this name of the capital of Iceland. He was having fun with Taylor on the score of the latter's fondness for Teutonic things and his general versatility and love of travel.

[4] Cf. Matthew Arnold's poem "Balder Dead."

[5] From the letter to Mr. Gibson Peacock, dated 180 St. Paul Street, Baltimore, December 21, 1878.

filled with music, which I have studied and cultivated far more than poetry. I only mention this in order that you may understand the delight your poetry gives me. It is so rarely *musical*, so melodiously pure and silvery in flow: it occupies in poetry the place of Mendelssohn in music, or of Franz Abt or of Schubert. It is, in this respect, simply unique in modern poetry: William Morris [1] comes nearest to it, but Morris lives too closely within hearing of Tennyson to write unbroken music: for Tennyson (let me not blaspheme against the Gods!) is not a musical, though in other respects (particularly in that of phrase-making) a very wonderful writer.[2]

GEORGE WASHINGTON CABLE

[BORN in New Orleans, Louisiana, October 12, 1844, of Virginia descent. He left school early and was employed as a clerk, then served in the Fourth Mississippi Cavalry from 1863 to 1865. After the war he was a surveyor and began writing sketches of Louisiana life for New Orleans newspapers. He was connected with the *Picayune* until he refused, from religious scruples, to attend and criticise a theatrical performance. Then he entered a cotton factor's office and wrote for *Scribner's Magazine*. In 1879 he adopted literature as his exclusive profession and collected his stories in "Old Creole Days." He published "The Grandissimes" (1880), "Madame Delphine" (1881), "Dr. Sevier" (1884), and attained much popularity throughout the country, although he was criticised in Louisiana with respect to the faithfulness of his descriptions. He took great interest in the negro question, abandoning the normal Southern attitude toward the race, and published "The Silent South" (1885) and "The Negro Question" (1890), which alienated his native section. In 1885 he removed to Connecticut and in 1886 to Northampton, Massachusetts, where he still resides. In 1887 he founded the Home Culture Clubs, and, as lecturer and editor, he has devoted much of his time to the furtherance of philanthropical causes. He published "Strange True Stories of Louisiana" in 1889, and was for some time silent in his capacity of novelist. "John March, Southerner" appeared in 1894, and then after several years the long famous author broke his silence with "The Cavalier" (1901), a story of the Civil War which was widely read. His latest work is

[1] The author, by the time this letter was written, of "The Defense of Guinevere," "The Life and Death of Jason," and of "The Earthly Paradise."

[2] From a letter to Paul H. Hayne, dated Marietta, Georgia, May 26, 1873.

"Bylow Hill" (1902). For criticism, see Baskervill's "Southern Writers" (1898). See also "The Scenes of Cable's Romances" by Lafcadio Hearn in *The Century*, November, 1883.]

SOME CREOLE CHARACTERS[1]

[From "Old Creole Days." 1883.]

Just adjoining the old Café de Poésie on the corner, stood the little one-story, yellow-washed tenement of Dr. Mossy, with its two glass doors protected by batten shutters, and its low, weed-grown tile roof sloping out over the sidewalk. You were very likely to find the Doctor in, for he was a great student and rather negligent of his business — as business. He was a small, sedate, Creole gentleman of thirty or more, with a young-old face and manner that provoked instant admiration. He would receive you — be you who you may — in a mild, candid manner, looking into your face with his deep-blue eyes, and reassuring you with a modest, amiable smile, very sweet and rare on a man's mouth.

To be frank, the Doctor's little establishment was dusty and disorderly — very. It was curious to see the jars, and jars, and jars. In them were serpents and hideous fishes and precious specimens of many sorts. There were stuffed birds on broken perches; and dried lizards, and eels, and little alligators, and old skulls with their crowns sawed off, and ten thousand odd scraps of writing-paper strewn with crumbs of lonely lunches, and interspersed with long-lost spatulas and rust-eaten lancets.

All New Orleans, at least all Creole New Orleans, knew, and yet did not know, the dear little Doctor. So gentle, so kind, so skilful, so patient, so lenient; so careless of the rich and so attentive to the poor; a man, all in all, such as, should you once love him, you would love him forever. So very learned, too, but with apparently no idea of how to *show himself* to his social

[1] From "Old Creole Days." Copyright, 1879, 1881, 1883, by Charles Scribner's Sons. By kind permission of the publishers and the author. The extract forms the opening of "Madame Délicieuse."

profit, — two features much more smiled at than respected, not to say admired, by a people remote from the seats of learning, and spending most of their esteem upon animal heroisms and exterior display.

"Alas!" said his wealthy acquaintances, "what a pity; when he might as well be rich."

"Yes, his father has plenty."

"Certainly, and gives it freely. But intends his son shall see none of it."

"His son? You dare not so much as mention him."

"Well, well, how strange! But they can never agree — not even upon their name. Is not that droll? — a man named General Villivicencio, and his son, Dr. Mossy!"

"Oh, that is nothing; it is only that the Doctor drops the *de Villivicencio*."

"Drops the *de Villivicencio?* but I think the *de Villivicencio* drops him, ho, ho, ho, — *diable!*"

Next to the residence of good Dr. Mossy towered the narrow, red-brick-front mansion of young Madame Délicieuse, firm friend at once and always of those two antipodes, General Villivicencio and Dr. Mossy. Its dark, covered carriage-way was ever rumbling, and, with nightfall, its drawing-rooms always sent forth a luxurious light from the lace-curtained windows of the second-story balconies.

It was one of the sights of the Rue Royale to see by night its tall, narrow outline reaching high up toward the stars, with all its windows aglow.

The Madame had had some tastes of human experience; had been betrothed at sixteen (to a man she did not love, "being at that time a fool," as she said); one summer day at noon had been a bride, and at sundown — a widow. Accidental discharge of the tipsy bridegroom's own pistol. Pass it by! It left but one lasting effect on her, a special detestation of quarrels and weapons.

The little maidens whom poor parentage has doomed to sit upon street door-sills and nurse their infant brothers have a game of "choosing" the beautiful ladies who sweep by along

the pavement; but in Rue Royale there was no choosing; every little damsel must own Madame Délicieuse or nobody, and as that richly adorned and regal favorite of old General Villivicencio came along they would lift their big, bold eyes away up to her face and pour forth their admiration in a universal — "Ah-h-h-h!"

But, mark you, she was good Madame Délicieuse as well as fair Madame Délicieuse: her principles, however, not constructed in the austere Anglo-Saxon style, exactly (what need, with the lattice of the Confessional not a stone's-throw off?). Her kind offices and beneficent schemes were almost as famous as General Villivicencio's splendid alms; if she could at times do what the infantile Washington said he could not, why, no doubt she and her friends generally looked upon it as a mere question of enterprise.

She had charms, too, of intellect — albeit not such a sinner against time and place as to be an "educated woman" — charms that, even in a plainer person, would have brought down the half of New Orleans upon one knee, with both hands on the left side. *She* had the *whole* city at her feet, and, with the fine tact which was the perfection of her character, kept it there contented. Madame was, in short, one of the kind that gracefully wrest from society the prerogative of doing as they please, and had gone even to such extravagant lengths as driving out in the Américain faubourg,[1] learning the English tongue, talking national politics, and similar freaks whereby she provoked the unbounded worship of her less audacious lady friends. In the centre of the cluster of Creole beauties which everywhere gathered about her, and, most of all, in those incomparable companies which assembled in her own splendid drawing-rooms, she was always queen lily. *Her* house, *her* drawing-rooms, etc.; for the little brown aunt who lived with her was a mere piece of curious furniture.

There was this notable charm about Madame Délicieuse, she improved by comparison. She never looked so grand as when, hanging on General Villivicencio's arm at some gorgeous ball,

[1] The American section of the city.

these two bore down on you like a royal barge lashed to a ship-of-the-line. She never looked so like her sweet name as when she seated her prettiest lady adorers close around her, and got them all a-laughing.

Of the two balconies which overhung the *banquette*[1] on the front of the Délicieuse house, one was a small affair, and the other a deeper and broader one, from which Madame and her ladies were wont upon gala days to wave handkerchiefs and cast flowers to the friends in the processions. There they gathered one Eighth of January[2] morning to see the military display. It was a bright blue day, and the group that quite filled the balcony had laid wrappings aside, as all flower-buds are apt to do on such Creole January days, and shone resplendent in spring attire.

The sight-seers passing below looked up by hundreds and smiled at the ladies' eager twitter, as, flirting in humming-bird fashion from one subject to another, they laughed away the half-hours waiting for the pageant. By and by they fell a-listening, for Madame Délicieuse had begun a narrative concerning Dr. Mossy. She sat somewhat above her listeners, her elbow on the arm of her chair, and her plump white hand waving now and then in graceful gesture, they silently attending with eyes full of laughter and lips starting apart.

"*Vous savez*," she said (they conversed in French of course), "you know it is now long that Dr. Mossy and his father have been in disaccord. Indeed, when have they not differed? For, when Mossy was but a little boy, his father thought it hard that he was not a rowdy. He switched him once because he would not play with his toy gun and drum. He was not *so* high when his father wished to send him to Paris to enter the French army; but he would not go. We used to play often together on the *banquette* — for I am not so very many years younger than he, no indeed — and, if I wanted some fun, I had only to pull his hair and run into the house; he would cry, and monsieur papa would come out with his hand spread open and" ——

Madame gave her hand a malicious little sweep, and joined heartily in the laugh which followed.

[1] Sidewalk. [2] Jackson won the battle of New Orleans on January 8, 1815.

"That was when they lived over the way. But wait! you shall see; I have something. This evening the General" ——

The houses of Rue Royale gave a start and rattled their windows. In the long, irregular line of balconies the beauty of the city rose up. Then the houses jumped again and the windows rattled; Madame steps inside the window and gives a message which the housemaid smiles at in receiving. As she turns the houses shake again, and now again; and now there comes a distant strain of trumpets, and by and by the drums and bayonets and clattering hoofs, and plumes and dancing banners; far down the long street stretch out the shining ranks of gallant men, and the fluttering, over-leaning swarms of ladies shower down their sweet favors and wave their countless welcomes.

In the front, towering above his captains, rides General Villivicencio, veteran of 1814–15, and, with the gracious pomp of the old-time gentleman, lifts his cocked hat, and bows, and bows.

Madame Délicieuse's balcony was a perfect maze of waving kerchiefs. The General looked up for the woman of all women: she was not there. But he remembered the other balcony, the smaller one, and cast his glance onward to it. There he saw Madame and one other person only. A small blue-eyed, broad-browed, scholarly-looking man whom the arch lady had lured from his pen by means of a mock professional summons, and who now stood beside her, a smile of pleasure playing on his lips and about his eyes.

"*Vite!*"[1] said Madame, as the father's eyes met the son's. Dr. Mossy lifted his arm and cast a bouquet of roses. A girl in the crowd bounded forward, caught it in the air, and, blushing, handed it to the plumed giant. He bowed low, first to the girl, then to the balcony above; and then, with a responsive smile, tossed up two splendid kisses, one to Madame, and one, it seemed ——

"For what was that cheer?"

"Why, did you not see? General Villivicencio cast a kiss to his son."

[1] Quickly, or "hurry up."

JOEL CHANDLER HARRIS

[Born at Eatonton, Putnam County, Georgia, December 8, 1848. He was employed at twelve by the publisher of a country newspaper and learned the printer's trade, contributing also, like Franklin, "Artemus Ward," and other American authors, to the paper he printed. After the war he worked for editors in Macon, Georgia, and in New Orleans,[1] then he edited a paper in Forsyth, Georgia, and from 1871 to 1876, having attracted the notice of William Tappan Thompson (*q.v.*), he was engaged on the staff of the Savannah *Daily News*. In 1876 he became an editor on the Atlanta *Constitution* and held his position for twenty-five years. He wrote for this paper folk-lore sketches which were gathered in "Uncle Remus: his Songs and Sayings" (1880), which gave its author at once a national reputation. He has since published many volumes dealing with negro folk-lore and with the life of Georgia country people, such as "Nights with Uncle Remus" (1883), "Mingo" (1884), "Free Joe" (1887), "Little Mr. Thimble Finger" (1894), "Tales of the Home Folks in Peace and War" (1898). In 1890 Mr. Harris edited an elaborate memorial volume to that much lamented orator, Henry W. Grady (*q.v.*). He has recently retired from his editorial work and devoted himself to literature. For criticism, see Baskervill's "Southern Writers" (1898). It may be worth while to note that in this essay our attention is called to the fact that Mr. Harris's love for the great classics of our literature is sincere and deep. "The Vicar of Wakefield" in particular has been a delight to him since his earliest years. See also his short but interesting "Literary Autobiography" in Vol. XXXVII of *Lippincott's Magazine*.]

MR. BENJAMIN RAM AND HIS WONDERFUL FIDDLE[2]

[From "Nights with Uncle Remus." Eleventh Edition, 1889.]

"I 'speck you done year tell er ole man Benjermun Ram," said Uncle Remus, with a great affectation of indifference, after a pause.

[1] It is interesting to observe that in Davidson's "Living Writers of the South" (1869) Mr. Harris figures chiefly as a poet. Some of his latest dialect work has been in rhyme.

[2] Copyright, 1881, by the Century Company, and, 1883, by Joel Chandler Harris. By kind permission of the author and Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

"Old man who?" asked the little boy.

"Old man Benjermun Ram. I 'speck you done year tell er him too long 'go ter talk 'bout."

"Why, no, I haven't, Uncle Remus!" exclaimed the little boy, protesting and laughing. "He must have been a mighty funny old man."

"Dat's ez may be," responded Uncle Remus, sententiously. "Fun deze days wouldn't er counted fer fun in dem days; en many's de time w'at I see folks laughin'," continued the old man, with such withering sarcasm that the little boy immediately became serious, — "many's de time w'at I sees um laughin' en laughin', w'en I lay dey ain't kin tell w'at deyer laughin' at deyse'f. En 'tain't der laughin' w'at pesters me, nudder," — relenting a little, — "hit's dish yer ev'lastin' snickle en giggle, giggle en snickle."

Having thus mapped out, in a dim and uncertain way, what older people than the little boy might have been excused for accepting as a sort of moral basis, Uncle Remus proceeded:

"Dish yer Mr. Benjermun Ram, w'ich he done come up inter my min', wus one er deze yer ole-timers. Dey tells me dat he 'uz a fiddler fum away back yander — one er dem ar kinder fiddlers w'at can't git de chune down fine 'less dey pats der foot. He stay all by he own-alone se'f 'way out in de middle un a big new-groun', en he sech a handy man fer ter have at a frolic dat de yuther creeturs like 'im mighty well, en w'en dey tuck a notion fer ter shake der foot, w'ich de notion tuck'n' struck um eve'y once in a w'ile, nuthin' 'ud do but dey mus' sen' fer ole man Benjermun Ram en he fiddle; en dey do say," continued Uncle Remus, closing his eyes in a sort of ecstasy, "dat w'en he squar' hisse'f back in a cheer, en git in a weavin' way, he kin des snatch dem ole-time chunes fum who lay de rail.[1] En den, w'en de frolic wuz done, dey'd all fling in, dem yuther creeturs would, en fill up a bag er peas fer ole Mr. Benjermun Ram fer ter kyar home wid 'im.

"One time, des 'bout Christmas, Miss Meadows en Miss Motts en de gals, dey up' n' say dat dey'd sorter gin a blow-out,

[1] That is, from the foundation, or beginning (author's note).

en dey got wud ter ole man Benjermun Ram w'ich dey 'speckted 'im fer ter be on han'. W'en de time done come fer Mr. Benjermun Ram fer ter start, de win' blow cole en de cloud 'gun ter spread out 'cross de elements — but no marter fer dat; ole man Benjermun Ram tuck down he walkin'-cane, he did, en tie up de fiddle in a bag, en sot out fer Miss Meadows. He thunk he know de way, but hit keep on gittin' col'er, en col'er, en mo' cloudy, twel bimeby, fus' news you know, ole Mr. Benjermun Ram done lose de way. Ef he'd er kep' on down de big road fum de start, it moughter bin diffunt, but he tuck a nigh-cut, en he aint git fur 'fo' he done los' sho' 'nuff. He go dis away, en he go dat away, en he go de yuther way, yit all de same he wus done los'. Some folks would er sot right flat down whar dey wus en study out de way, but ole man Benjermun Ram ain't got wrinkle on he hawn fer nothin', kaze he done got de name er ole Billy Hardhead long 'fo' dat. Den a'g'in, some folks would er stop right still in der tracks en holler en bawl fer ter see ef dey can't roust up some er de neighbors, but ole Mr. Benjermun Ram, he des stick he jowl in de win', he did, en he march right on des 'zackly like he know he ain't gwine de wrong way. He keep on, but 'twan't long 'fo' he 'gun ter feel right lonesome, mo' speshually w'en hit come up in he min' how Miss Meadows en de gals en all de comp'ny be bleedz ter do de bes' dey kin bidout any fiddlin'; en hit kinder make he marrer git cole w'en he study 'bout how he gotter sleep out dar in de woods by hisse'f.

"Yit, all de same, he keep on twel de dark 'gun ter drap down, en den he keep on still, en bimeby he come ter a little rise whar dey wuz a clay-gall.[1] W'en he git dar he stop en look 'roun', he did, en 'way off down in de holler, dar he see a light shinin', en w'en he see dis, ole man Benjermun Ram tuck he foot in he han', en make he way todes it des lak it de ve'y place w'at he bin huntin'. 'Twan't long 'fo' he come ter de house whar de light is, en, bless you soul, he don't make no bones er knockin'. Den somebody holler out:

"'Who dat?'

[1] Apparently a bare patch that has resisted erosion.

"'I'm Mr. Benjermun Ram, en I done lose de way, en I come fer ter ax you ef you can't take me in fer de night,' sezee.

"In common," continued Uncle Remus, "ole Mr. Benjermun Ram wuz a mighty rough-en-spoken somebody, but you better b'leeve he talk monst'us perlite dis time.

"Den some un on t'er side er de do' ax Mr. Benjermun Ram fer ter walk right in, en wid dat he open de do' en walk in, en make a bow like fiddlin' folks does w'en dey goes in comp'ny; but he aint no sooner made he bow en look 'roun' twel he 'gun ter shake en shiver lak he done bin stricken wid de swamp-ager, kaze, settin' right dar 'fo' de fier wuz ole Brer Wolf, wid his toofies showin' up all w'ite en shiny like dey wuz bran new. Ef ole Mr. Benjermun Ram ain't bin so ole en stiff I boun' you he'd er broke en run, but 'mos' 'fo' he had time fer ter study 'bout gittin' 'way, ole Brer Wolf done bin jump up en shet de do' en fassen' 'er wid a great big chain. Ole Mr. Benjermun Ram he know he in fer't, en he tuck'n put on a bol' face ez he kin, but he des nat'ally hone[1] fer ter be los' in de woods some mo'. Den he make 'n'er low bow, en he hope Brer Wolf and all his folks is well, en den he say, sezee, dat he des drap in fer ter wom hisse'f, en 'quire uv de way ter Miss Meadows', en ef Brer Wolf be so good ez ter set 'im in de road ag'in, he be off putty soon en be much 'blige in de bargains.

"'Tooby sho', Mr. Ram,' sez Brer Wolf, sezee, w'iles he lick he chops en grin; 'des put yo' walkin'-cane in de cornder over dar, en set yo' bag down on de flo', en make yo'se'f at home,' sezee. 'We ain't got much,' sezee, 'but w'at we is got is yone w'iles you stays, en I boun' we'll take good keer un you,' sezee; en wid dat Brer Wolf laugh en show his toofies so bad dat ole man Benjermun Ram come mighty nigh havin' 'n'er ager.

"Den Brer Wolf tuck'n flung 'n'er lighter'd-knot on de fier, en den he slip inter de back room, en present'y, w'iles ole Mr. Benjermun Ram wuz settin' dar shakin' in he shoes, he year Brer Wolf whispun' ter he ole 'oman:

"'Ole 'oman! ole 'oman! Fling 'way yo' smoke meat — fresh

[1] To pine or long for anything. This is a good old English word which has been retained in the plantation vocabulary (author's note).

meat fer supper! Fling 'way yo' smoke meat — fresh meat fer supper!'

"Den ole Miss Wolf, she talk out loud, so Mr. Benjermun Ram kin year:

"'Tooby sho' I'll fix 'im some supper. We er 'way off yer in de woods, so fur fum comp'ny dat goodness knows I'm mighty glad ter see Mr. Benjermun Ram.'

"Den Mr. Benjermun Ram year ole Miss Wolf whettin' 'er knife on a rock — *shirrah! shirrah! shirrah!* — en ev'y time he year de knife say *shirrah!* he know he dat much nigher de dinner-pot. He know he can't git 'way, en w'iles he settin' dar studyin', hit 'come 'cross he min' dat he des mought ez well play one mo' chune on he fiddle 'fo' de wuss come ter de wuss. Wid dat he ontie de bag en take out de fiddle, en 'gun ter chune 'er up — *plink, plank, plunk, plink! plunk, plank, plink, plunk!*"

Uncle Remus's imitation of the tuning of a fiddle was marvellous enough to produce a startling effect upon a much less enthusiastic listener than the little boy. It was given in perfect good faith, but the serious expression on the old man's face was so irresistibly comic that the child laughed until the tears ran down his face. Uncle Remus very properly accepted this as a tribute to his wonderful resources as a story-teller, and continued, in great good-humor:

"W'en ole Miss Wolf year dat kinder fuss, co'se she dunner w'at is it, en she drap 'er knife en lissen. Ole Mr. Benjermun Ram ain't know dis, en he keep on chunin' up — *plank, plink, plunk, plank!* Den ole Miss Wolf, she tuck'n' hunch Brer Wolf wid'er elbow, en she say, sez she:

"'Hey, ole man! w'at dat?'

"Den bofe un um cock up der years en lissen, en des 'bout dat time, ole Mr. Benjermun Ram he sling de butt er de fiddle up und' he chin, en struck up one er dem ole-time chunes."

"Well, what tune was it, Uncle Remus?" the little boy asked, with some display of impatience.

"Ef I ain't done gone en fergit dat chune off'n my min'," continued Uncle Remus; "hit sorter went like dat ar song 'bout 'Sheep shell co'n wid de rattle er his ho'n;' en yit hit

mout er been dat ar yuther one 'bout 'Roll de key, ladies, roll dem keys.' Brer Wolf en ole Miss Wolf, dey lissen en lissen, en de mo' w'at dey lissen de skeerder dey git, twel bimeby dey tuck ter der heels en make a break fer de swamp at de back er de house des lak de patter-rollers[1] wuz atter um.

"W'en ole man Benjermun Ram sorter let up wid he fiddlin', he don't see no Brer Wolf, en he don't year no ole Miss Wolf. Den he look in de back room; no Wolf dar. Den he look in de back po'ch; no Wolf dar. Den he look in de closet en de cubberd; no Wolf aint dar yit. Den ole Mr. Benjermun Ram, he tuck 'n' shot all de do's en lock um, en he s'arch, 'roun' en he fine some peas en fodder in de lof', w'ich he et um fer he supper, en den he lie down front er de fier en sleep soun' ez a log.

"Nex' mawnin' he 'uz up en stirrin' 'monst'us soon, en he put out fum dar, en he fine de way ter Miss Meadows' time 'nuff fer ter play at de frolic. W'en he git dar, Miss Meadows en de gals, dey run ter de gate fer ter meet 'im, en dis un tuck he hat, en dat un tuck he cane, en t'er 'n tuck he fiddle, en den dey up 'n' say:

"'Law, Mr. Ram! whar de name er goodness is you bin? We so glad you come. Stir 'roun' yer, folks, en git Mr. Ram a cup er hot coffee.'

"Dey make a mighty big ter-do 'bout Mr. Benjermun Ram, Miss Meadows en Miss Motts en de gals did, but 'twix' you en me en de bedpos', honey, dey'd er had der frolic wh'er de ole chap 'uz dar er not, kaze de gals done made 'rangements wid Brer Rabbit fer ter pat fer um, en in dem days Brer Rabbit wuz a patter, mon. He mos' sho'ly wuz."

BROTHER BILLY GOAT EATS HIS DINNER[2]

[From "Uncle Remus and his Friends." 1897.]

One Saturday afternoon, Uncle Remus was sitting in the door of his cabin enjoying the sunshine, while the little boy was mend-

[1] "Patrollers" (patrolmen) is probably the word Uncle Remus had in mind.

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ing, or trying to mend, a small wagon with which he had been playing. It was a half holiday on the plantation, and there were several groups of negroes loitering about the quarters. Ordinarily the little boy would have been interested in their songs or in the drolleries that were passing from lip to lip, and from group to group; but now he was too busy with his broken wagon. The old man watched the child through half-closed eyes, and with a smile that was grim only in appearance. Finally, seeing that the little chap was growing impatient, Uncle Remus cried out with some asperity:

"What you doin' longer dat waggin? Gi' me here! Fus' news you know, you won't have no waggin."

The little boy carried it to the old man very readily.

"Sump'n the matter wid de runnin' gear," Uncle Remus remarked. "I dunner how come it got any runnin' gear. If you had a i'on waggin, it wouldn't las' you twel termorrer night."

Just at that moment, Big Sam happened to get into an angry dispute with Becky's Bill. Big Sam was almost a giant, but Becky's Bill had a free mind and a loud tongue, and he made a great deal more noise than Sam. This seemed to irritate Uncle Remus.

"Hush up, you triflin' vilyun!" he said. "You talk bigger dan de Billy Goat did."

The other negroes laughed at this, and Becky's Bill soon dropped the quarrel, which was not hard to do, seeing that Big Sam was saying very little. The allusion to the Billy Goat attracted the attention of the little boy. He felt sure there was a story somewhere behind it, and when Uncle Remus had finished his wagon, he began to investigate it.

"What did the Billy Goat talk about?" he asked.

"Go en break yo' waggin; you gwine ter break it anyhow, en you des ez well go now."

"I won't break it any more, Uncle Remus," said the little boy. "I'm going to grease it and put it away. What did the Billy Goat talk about?"

"He talked 'bout deze yer little chaps what pester folks con-

stant, en he say dey better quit der 'havishness en l'arn how ter don't. Dat what he say."

"Now, Uncle Remus, you know that isn't what the Billy Goat said."

"Well, he ought ter say it if he ain't," remarked the old man.

The shrewd youngster placed himself in the attitude of a listener and patiently waited. Uncle Remus watched him a moment. Then he shook his head and said resignedly:

"You sho' does bang my time. You er wuss'n Brer Rabbit."

The little boy blushed and smiled at this, for he regarded it as a high compliment.

"Yasser," Uncle Remus went on, "wuss'n Brer Rabbit—lots wuss. Hen can't cackle widout you wanter see what kinder egg she lay; ole Brer Billy Goat can't take a chaw terbacker in jue season widout you want ter know what he talkin' 'bout. En ef dey is any tale 'bout Brer Billy Goat, 'tain't no good tale fer chilluns, kaze dey might take a notion dat big talk is de right kinder talk, en when dey take dat notion, somebody got ter frail 'em out wid a bresh broom."

The little boy said nothing, but sat listening.

"I mighty fear'd you'll hatter skuzen me," Uncle Remus remarked after a pause. "Look like my 'membunce wobblin' 'roun' like a hoss wid de blin' staggers. Yit, nigh ez I kin git at all de ins en outs er dish yer tale what we been talkin' 'bout, dey wus one time when Brer Wolf wus gwine lopin' 'roun' de settlement feelin' mighty hongry. He want some vittles fer hisse'f, en he want some fer his fambly, yit it seem like he can't fin' none nowhars. He talk wid Brer B'ar, en he hear tell dat shote meat mighty good, but he can't fin' no shote; he hear tell dat goat meat mighty good, but he can't fin' no goat.

"But bimeby, one day whiles he gwine 'long de road, he seed a big rock layin' in a fiel', en on top er dish yer rock wus Brer Billy Goat. 'Twan't none er deze yer little bit er rocks; it 'us mighty nigh ez big ez dish yer house, en ole Brer Billy Goat wus a-standin' up dar kinder ruminatin' 'bout ol' times. Brer Wolf loped up, he did, en made ready fer ter see what kinder tas'e goat meat got. Yit he took notice dat Brer Billy Goat wus

chawin' away like he eatin' sump'n. Brer Wolf sorter wait awhile, but Brer Billy Goat wus constant a-chawin' en a-chawin'. Brer Wolf look en he look, but Brer Billy Goat keep on a-chawin' en a-chawin'.

"Brer Wolf look close. He ain't see no green grass, he ain't see no shucks, he ain't see no straw, he ain't see no leaf. Brer Billy Goat keep on a-chawin' en a-chawin'. Brer Wolf study, but he dunner what de name er goodness Brer Billy Goat kin be eatin' up dar. So bimeby he hail 'im.

"He 'low, sezee. 'Howdy, Brer Billy Goat, howdy. I hope you er middlin' peart deze hard times?'

"Brer Billy Goat shake his long beard en keep on a-chawin'.

"Brer Wolf, 'low, sezee, 'What you eatin', Brer Billy Goat? Look like it tas'e mighty good.'

"Brer Billy Goat 'low, 'I'm a-eatin' dish yer rock; dat what I'm a-eatin'.'

"Brer Wolf make answer, 'I'm mighty hongry myself, — but I don't speck I kin go dat.'

"Brer Billy Goat 'low, 'Come up whar I is, en I'll break you off a hunk wid my horns.'

"Brer Wolf say, sezee, dat he mighty much erbleege, but he speck he hatter be gittin' 'long, en he 'low ter hisse'f, 'Ef Brer Billy Goat kin eat rock like dat, I speck I better go 'long en let 'im 'lone.'

"Brer Billy Goat holler at 'im en say, sezee: 'Ef you can't clime up, Brer Wolf, I kin come down dar en help you up. De rock whar I is is mo' fresher dan dat down dar. It's some harder, but it's lots mo' fresher.'

"But Brer Wolf ain't stop ter make answer. He des kep' a-gwine. He tuk it in his head dat if Brer Billy Goat kin eat rock dat away, 'twon't do to fool 'long wid 'im, kaze ef a creetur kin eat rock, he kin eat whatsomdever dey put 'fo 'im."

"What was Brother Goat chewing?" asked the little boy.

"Nothin' 'tall, honey. He wus des chawin' his cud en talkin' big, en I done seed lots er folks do dat away — niggers well ez white folks."

JAMES LANE ALLEN

[Born, of Virginia ancestry and a pioneer family, in Fayette County, near Lexington, Kentucky, in 1849. He graduated at Transylvania (now Kentucky) University in 1872; taught for some years in district schools near his home and in Missouri; became a private tutor, and then a professor in his Alma Mater; and was called to the chair of Latin and higher English in Bethany College, West Virginia. After two years he resigned his professorship (1884) and, residing part of his time in New York, devoted himself to literature, chiefly in the form of essays and letters to periodicals. Then he made his name widely known by his idealistic stories of Kentucky life published in *Harper's Magazine* and *The Century*, and he collected these stories in a volume entitled "Flute and Violin" (1891). This was followed by attractive novelettes — "A Kentucky Cardinal" (1895), and its sequel "Aftermath" (1896), and "A Summer in Arcady"[1] (1896), which increased his reputation, especially among lovers of artistic prose dealing with the charms of nature. He took his place in the front rank of living American novelists by "The Choir Invisible" (1897), an expansion of a story entitled "John Gray" published in *Lippincott's Magazine* for July, 1892. This very successful novel, of which a quarter of a million copies were sold in America and Great Britain, was followed by a book entitled "The Reign of Law, A Story of the Kentucky Hemp Fields" (1900), which was much discussed; and by "The Mettle of the Pasture" (1903). Mr. Allen, who is also the author of a volume descriptive of "The Blue-Grass Region of Kentucky" (1892), has successfully evaded being made the subject of much literary gossip; but his work has attracted serious criticism, best represented, perhaps, by the sympathetic essay by Professor J. B. Henneman in "Southern Writers" (Second Series, 1903).]

THE WOODS ARE HUSHED[2]

[From "Flute and Violin." 1904.]

It was near the middle of the afternoon of an autumnal day, on the wide, grassy plateau of Central Kentucky.

The Eternal Power seemed to have quitted the universe and

[1] Known in its magazine form as "Butterflies."

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left all nature folded in the calm of the Eternal Peace. Around the pale-blue dome of the heavens a few pearl-colored clouds hung motionless, as though the wind had been withdrawn to other skies. Not a crimson leaf floated downward through the soft, silvery light that filled the atmosphere and created the sense of lonely, unimaginable spaces. This light overhung the far-rolling landscape of field and meadow and wood, crowning with faint radiance the remoter low-swelling hill-tops and deepening into dreamy half-shadows on their eastern slopes. Nearer, it fell in a white flake on an unstirred sheet of water which lay along the edge of a mass of sombre-hued woodland, and nearer still it touched to spring-like brilliancy a level, green meadow on the hither edge of the water, where a group of Durham cattle stood with reversed flanks near the gleaming trunks of some leafless sycamores. Still nearer, it caught the top of the brown foliage of a little bent oak-tree and burned it into a silvery flame. It lit on the back and the wings of a crow flying heavily in the path of its rays, and made his blackness as white as the breast of a swan. In the immediate foreground, it sparkled in minute gleams along the stalks of the coarse, dead weeds that fell away from the legs and the flanks of a white horse, and slanted across the face of the rider and through the ends of his gray hair, which straggled from beneath his soft black hat.

The horse, old and patient and gentle, stood with low-stretched neck and closed eyes half asleep in the faint glow of the waning heat; and the rider, the sole human presence in all the field, sat looking across the silent autumnal landscape, sunk in reverie. Both horse and rider seemed but harmonious elements in the panorama of still-life, and completed the picture of a closing scene.

To the man it was a closing scene. From the rank, fallow field through which he had been riding he was now surveying, for the last time, the many features of a landscape that had been familiar to him from the beginning of memory. In the afternoon and the autumn of his age he was about to rend the last ties that bound him to his former life, and, like one who had survived his own destiny, turn his face towards a future that was void of everything he held significant or dear.

The Civil War had only the year before reached its ever-memorable close. From where he sat there was not a home in sight, as there was not one beyond the reach of his vision, but had felt its influence. Some of his neighbors had come home from its camps and prisons, aged or altered as though by half a lifetime of years. The bones of some lay whitening on its battle-fields. Families, reassembled around their hearth-stones, spoke in low tones unceasingly of defeat and victory, heroism, and death. Suspicion and distrust and estrangement prevailed. Former friends met each other on the turnpikes without speaking; brothers avoided each other in the streets of the neighboring town. The rich had grown poor; the poor had become rich. Many of the latter were preparing to move West. The negroes were drifting blindly hither and thither, deserting the country and flocking to the towns. Even the once united church of his neighborhood was jarred by the unstrung and discordant spirit of the times. At affecting passages in the sermons men grew pale and set their teeth fiercely; women suddenly lowered their black veils and rocked to and fro in their pews; for it is always at the bar of Conscience and before the very altar of God that the human heart is most wrung by a sense of its losses and the memory of its wrongs. The war had divided the people of Kentucky as the false mother would have severed the child.

It had not left the old man unscathed. His younger brother had fallen early in the conflict, borne to the end of his brief warfare by his impetuous valor, his aged mother had sunk under the tidings of the death of her latest-born; his sister was estranged from him by his political differences with her husband; his old family servants, men and women, had left him, and grass and weeds had already grown over the door-steps of the shut, noiseless cabins. Nay, the whole vast social system of the old régime had fallen, and he was henceforth but a useless fragment of the ruins.

All at once his mind turned from the cracked and smoky mirror of the times and dwelt fondly upon the scenes of the past. The silent fields around him seemed again alive with the negroes, singing as they followed the ploughs down the corn-rows or swung the

cradles through the bearded wheat. Again, in a frenzy of merriment, the strains of the old fiddles issued from crevices of cabin-doors to the rhythmic beat of hands and feet that shook the rafters and the roof. Now he was sitting on his porch, and one little negro was blacking his shoes, another leading his saddle-horse to the stiles, a third bringing his hat, and a fourth handing him a glass of ice-cold sangaree; or now he lay under the locust-trees in his yard, falling asleep in the drowsy heat of the summer afternoon, while one waved over him a bough of pungent walnut leaves, until he lost consciousness and by-and-by awoke to find that they both had fallen asleep side by side on the grass and that the abandoned fly-brush lay full across his face.

From where he sat also were seen slopes on which picnics were danced under the broad shade of maples and elms in June by those whom death and war had scattered like the transitory leaves that once had sheltered them. In this direction lay the district school-house where on Friday evenings there were wont to be speeches and debates; in that, lay the blacksmith's shop where of old he and his neighbors had met on horseback of Saturday afternoons to hear the news, get the mails, discuss elections, and pitch quoits. In the valley beyond stood the church at which all had assembled on calm Sunday mornings like the members of one united family. Along with these scenes went many a chastened reminiscence of bridal and funeral and simpler events that had made up the annals of his country life.

The reader will have a clearer insight into the character and past career of Colonel Romulus Fields by remembering that he represented a fair type of that social order which had existed in rank perfection over the blue-grass plains of Kentucky during the final decades of the old régime. Perhaps of all agriculturists in the United States the inhabitants of that region had spent the most nearly idyllic life, on account of the beauty of the climate, the richness of the land, the spacious comfort of their homes, the efficiency of their negroes, and the characteristic contentedness of their dispositions. Thus nature and history combined to make them a peculiar class, a cross between the aristocratic and the bucolic, being as simple as shepherds and as proud as kings, and

not seldom exhibiting among both men and women types of character which were as remarkable for pure, tender, noble states of feeling as they were commonplace in powers and cultivation of mind.

It was upon this luxurious social growth that the war naturally fell as a killing frost, and upon no single specimen with more blighting power than upon Colonel Fields. For destiny had quarried and chiselled him, to serve as an ornament in the barbaric temple of human bondage. There *were* ornaments in that temple, and he was one. A slave-holder with Southern sympathies, a man educated not beyond the ideas of his generation, convinced that slavery was an evil, yet seeing no present way of removing it, he had of all things been a model master. As such he had gone on record in Kentucky, and no doubt in a Higher Court; and as such his efforts had been put forth to secure the passage of many of those milder laws for which his State was distinguished. Often, in those dark days, his face, anxious and sad, was to be seen amid the throng that surrounded the blocks on which slaves were sold at auction; and more than one poor wretch he had bought to save him from separation from his family or from being sold into the Southern plantations — afterwards riding far and near to find him a home on one of the neighboring farms.

But all those days were over. He had but to place the whole picture of the present beside the whole picture of the past to realize what the contrast meant for him.

At length he gathered the bridle reins from the neck of his old horse and turned his head homeward. As he rode slowly on, every spot gave up its memories. He dismounted when he came to the cattle and walked among them, stroking their soft flanks and feeling in the palm of his hand the rasp of their salt-loving tongues; on his sideboard at home was many a silver cup which told of premiums on cattle at the great fairs. It was in this very pond that as a boy he had learned to swim on a cherry rail. When he entered the woods, the sight of the walnut-trees and the hickory-nut trees, loaded on the topmost branches, gave him a sudden pang.

Beyond the woods he came upon the garden, which he had kept

as his mother had left it — an old-fashioned garden with an arbor in the centre, covered with Isabella grape-vines on one side and Catawba on the other; with walks branching thence in four directions, and along them beds of jump-up-johnnies, sweet-williams, daffodils, sweet-peas, larkspur, and thyme, flags and the sensitive-plant, celestial and maiden's-blush roses. He stopped and looked over the fence at the very spot where he had found his mother on the day when the news of the battle came.

She had been kneeling, trowel in hand, driving away vigorously at the loamy earth, and, as she saw him coming, had risen and turned towards him her face with the ancient pink bloom on her clear cheeks and the light of a pure, strong soul in her gentle eyes. Overcome by his emotions, he had blindly faltered out the words, "Mother, John was among the killed!" For a moment she had looked at him as though stunned by a blow. Then a violent flush had overspread her features, and then an ashen pallor; after which, with a sudden proud dilating of her form as though with joy, she had sunk down like the tenderest of her lily-stalks, cut from its root.

Beyond the garden he came to the empty cabin and the great wood-pile. At this hour it used to be a scene of hilarious activity — the little negroes sitting perched in chattering groups on the topmost logs or playing leap-frog in the dust, while some picked up baskets of chips or dragged a back-log into the cabins.

At last he drew near the wooden stiles and saw the large house of which he was the solitary occupant. What darkened rooms and noiseless halls! What beds, all ready, that nobody now came to sleep in, and cushioned old chairs that nobody rocked! The house and the contents of its attic, presses, and drawers could have told much of the history of Kentucky from almost its beginning; for its foundations had been laid by his father near the beginning of the century, and through its doors had passed a long train of forms, from the veterans of the Revolution to the soldiers of the Civil War. Old coats hung up in closets; old dresses folded away in drawers; saddle-bags and buckskin-leggings; hunting-jackets, powder-horns, and militiamen hats; looms and knitting-needles; snuffboxes and reticules — what a treasure-

house of the past it was! And now the only thing that had the springs of life within its bosom was the great, sweet-voiced clock, whose faithful face had kept unchanged amid all the swift pageantry of changes.

He dismounted at the stiles and handed the reins to a gray-haired negro, who had hobbled up to receive them with a smile and a gesture of the deepest respect.

"Peter," he said very simply, "I am going to sell the place and move to town. I can't live here any longer."

With these words he passed through the yard-gate, walked slowly up the broad pavement, and entered the house.

MISS MARY NOAILLES MURFREE

[Born, of Revolutionary stock, near Murfreesboro, Tennessee, January 24, 1850. She was educated in Nashville and in Philadelphia, and being lame from childhood, devoted herself to the reading of fiction. Much of the family wealth was swept away by the war, but not before she had seen something of the old-time life of the South. For many years she spent her summers in the mountains of East Tennessee, and her imagination was permanently impressed by the wild beauty of the Great Smoky range and by the primitive life of the mountaineers. She began writing in the seventies, contributing to *Appleton's Journal* and using the pen-name "Charles E. Craddock." Then she wrote for *The Atlantic Monthly*, first during the editorship of Mr. Howells, later during that of Mr. Aldrich, neither of whom suspected that their contributor was a woman. Even after it had been discovered that M. N. Murfree and not "Charles Egbert Craddock" was the name of the author of the Tennessee stories every one was admiring, it was a great surprise to Mr. Aldrich to be called out of his office one March morning in 1885 to meet a small young woman who announced that she was "Charles Egbert Craddock." The year before she had collected her stories in her first popular book "In the Tennessee Mountains." This was followed by "Down the Ravine" (1885), "The Prophet of the Great Smoky Mountains" (1885), "In the Clouds" (1886), and about a dozen other books of fiction. After her success as a writer was established, she lived some time in the East, her home having previously been in St. Louis, whither her parents had removed in 1881. She is now a resident of her birthplace, Murfreesboro. For criticism, see Baskervill's "Southern Writers" (1898).]

A GROUP OF PIONEERS [1]

[From "The Story of Old Fort Loudon." 1898.]

Along the buffalo paths, from one salt-lick to another, a group of pioneers took a vagrant way through the dense cane-brakes. Never a wheel had then entered the deep forests of this western wilderness; the frontiersman and the packhorse were comrades. Dark, gloomy, with long, level summit-lines, a grim outlier of the mountain range, since known as the Cumberland, stretched from northeast to southwest, seeming as they approached to interpose an insurmountable barrier to further progress, until suddenly, as in the miracle of a dream, the craggy wooded heights showed a gap, cloven to the heart of the steeps, opening out their path as through some splendid gateway, and promising deliverance, a new life, and a new and beautiful land. For beyond the darkling cliffs on either hand an illuminated vista stretched in every lengthening perspective, with softly nestling sheltered valleys, and parallel lines of distant azure mountains, and many a mile of level woodland high on an elevated plateau, all bedight in the lingering flare of the yellow, and deep red, and sere brown of late autumn, and all suffused with an opaline haze and the rich, sweet languors of sunset-tide on an Indian-summer day.

As that enchanted perspective opened to the view, a sudden joyous exclamation rang out on the still air. The next moment a woman, walking beside one of the packhorses, clapped both hands over her lips, and turning looked with apprehensive eyes at the two men who followed her. The one in advance cast at her a glance of keen reproach, and then the whole party paused and with tense attention bent every faculty to listen.

Silence could hardly have been more profound. The regular respiration of the two horses suggested sound. But the wind did not stir; the growths of the limitless cane-brakes in the valley showed no slight quiver in the delicately poised fibers of their brown feathery crests; the haze, all shot through with glimmers

[1] Copyright, 1898, by The Macmillan Co.

of gold in its gauzy gray folds, rested on the mute woods; the suave sky hung above the purple western heights without a breath. No suggestion of motion in all the landscape, save the sudden melting away of a flake of vermilion cloud in a faintly green expanse of the crystal heavens.

The elder man dropped his hand that had been raised to impose silence, and lifted his eyes from the ground. "I cannot be rid of the idea that we are followed," he said. "But I hear nothing."

Although the eldest of the group, he was still young, — twenty-five, perhaps. He was tall, strong, alert, with a narrow, long face; dark, slow eyes, that had a serious, steadfast expression; dark brown hair, braided in the queue often discarded by the hunters of this day. A certain staid, cautious sobriety of manner hardly assorted with the rough-and-ready import of his garb and the adventurous place and time. Both he and the younger man, who was in fact a mere boy not yet seventeen, but tall, muscular, sinewy, — stringy, one might say, — of build, were dressed alike in loose hunting-shirts of buckskin, heavily fringed, less for the sake of ornament than the handiness of a selection of thongs always ready to be detached for use; for the same reason the deerskin leggings, reaching to the thighs over the knee-breeches and long stockings of that day, were also furnished with these substantial fringes; shot-pouch and powder-horn were suspended from a leather belt, and on the other side a knife-hilt gleamed close to the body. Both wore coonskin caps, but that of the younger preserved the tail to hang down like a plume among his glossy brown tangles of curls, which, but for a bit of restraining ribbon, resisted all semblance to the gentility of a queue. The boy was like his brother in the clear complexion and the color of the dark eyes and hair, but the expression of his eyes was wild, alert, and although fired with the earnest ardor of first youth, they had certain roguish intimations, subdued now since they were still and seriously expectant, but which gave token how acceptably he could play that cherished *rôle*, to a secluded and isolated fire-side, of family buffoon, and make gay mirth for the applause of the chimney-corner. The brothers were both shod with deerskin

buskins, but the other two of the party wore the shoe of civilization, — one a brodequin, that despite its rough and substantial materials could but reflect a grace from the dainty foot within it; the other showed the stubby shapes deemed meet for the early stages of the long tramp of life. The little girl's shoes were hardly more in evidence than the mother's, for the skirts of children were worn long, and only now and then was betrayed a facetious skip of some active toes in the blunt foot-gear. Their dresses were of the same material, a heavy gray serge, which fact gave the little one much satisfaction, for she considered that it made them resemble the cow and calf — both great personages in her mind. . . .

"I thought I heard something," said the boy, shouldering his rifle and turning westward, "but I couldn't say what."

"Ah, *quelle barbarie!*"[1] exclaimed the woman, with a sigh, half petulance, half relief.

She seemed less the kind of timber that was to build up the great structure of western civilization than did the others, — all unfitted for its hardships and privation and labor. Her gray serge gown was worn with a sort of subtle elegance hardly discounted by the plainness of the material and make. The long, pointed waist accented the slender grace of her figure; the skirt had folds clustered on the hips that gave a sort of fullness to the drapery and suggested the charm of elaborate costume. She wore a hood on her head, — a large calash,[2] which had a curtain that hung about her shoulders. This was a dark red, of the tint called Indian red, and as she pushed it back and turned her face, realizing that the interval of watching was over, the fairness of her complexion, the beauty of her dark, liquid eyes, the suggestion of her well-ordered, rich brown hair above her high forehead, almost regal in its noble cast, the perfection of the details of her simple dress, all seemed infinitely incongruous with her estate as a poor settler's wife, and the fact that since dawn and for days past she had, with the little

[1] What a barbarous way of living.

[2] A calash was a light carriage, and hoods were made in the form of a calash-top, large and full, and supported on a framework so as to cover the head-dresses of the period. See *Century Dictionary*.

all she possessed, fled from the pursuit of savage Indians. She returned with a severe glance the laughing grimace of the boy, with which, despite his own fear but a moment ago, he had, in the mobility of the moods of youth, decorated his countenance.

"If it were not for you, Hamish," she said to him, "I should not be so terrified. I have seen Indians many a time, — yes, — and when they were on the war-path, too. But to add to their fury by an act of defiance on our part! It is fatal — they have only to overtake us."

SPRING AND SUMMER IN EAST TENNESSEE[1]

[From the Same.]

The winter wore gradually away. While the snows were still on the ground, and the eastern mountain domes were glittering white against a pale blue sky, all adown the nearer slopes the dense forests showed a clear garnet hue, that betokened the swelling of congregated masses of myriads of budding boughs. Even the aspect of more distant ranges bespoke a change, in the dull soft blue which replaced the hard lapis-lazuli tint that the chill, sharp weather had known. For the cold had now a reviviscent tang — not the bleak, benumbing, icy deadness of the winter's thrall. And while the flames still flared on the hearth, and the thumping of the batten[2] and the creak of the treadle resounded most of the day from the little shed-room where Odalie worked at her loom, and the musical whir of her spinning-wheel enlivened all the fire-lit evenings as she sat in the chimney corner, the thaws came on, and brought the mountain snows down the Tennessee River with a great rushing turbulence, and it lifted a wild, imperious, chanting voice into the primeval stillness. A delicate vernal haze began to pervade the air, and a sweet placidity, as if all nature were in a dream, not dead, — an expectant moment, the crisis of development. Now and again Odalie and Fifine[3] would come to the

[1] Copyright, 1898, by The Macmillan Co.

[2] "The beam for striking the weft home." — *Century Dictionary.*

[3] The mother (Mrs. McLeod) and daughter of the first extract.

door, summoned by a loud crackling sound, as of a terrible potency, and watch wincingly the pervasive flare of the great elastic yellow and vermilion flames springing into the air from the bonfires of the piles of cane as the cleared land was transformed from the cane-break into fields. And soon the ploughs were running. Oh, it was spring in this loveliest of regions, in this climate of garnered delights! As the silvery sycamore trees, leaning over the glittering reaches of the slate-blue river, put forth the first green leaves, of the daintiest vernal hue, Odalie loved to gaze through them from the door of the cabin, perchance to note an eagle wing its splendid flight above the long, rippling white flashes of the current; or a canoe, as swift, as light, cleave the denser medium of the water; or in the stillness of the noon a deer lead down a fawn to drink. She was wont to hear the mocking-bird pour forth his thrilling ecstasy of song, the wild bee drone, and in the distance the muffled booming thunder of the herds of buffalo. Who so quick to see the moon, this vernal moon, — surely not some old dead world of lost history, and burnt-out hopes, and destroyed utilities, but fair of face, virginal and fresh as the spring itself, — come down the river in the sweet dusk, slowly, softly, pace by pace, ethereally refulgent, throwing sparse shadows of the newly-leaved sycamore boughs far up the slope, across the threshold that she loved, with the delicate traceries of this similitude of the roof-tree.

"Oh, this is home! home!" she often exclaimed, clasping her hands, and looking out in a sort of solemn delight. . . .

The season waxed to ripeness. The opulent beauty of the early summer-tide was on this charmed land. Along the heavily-wooded mountain sides the prodigal profusion of the blooming rhododendron glowed with a splendor in these savage solitudes which might discredit the treasures of all the royal gardens of Europe. Vast lengths of cabling grape-vines hung now and again from the summit of one gigantic tree to the ground, and thence climbed upward a hundred feet to the topmost boughs of another. . . . Everywhere the exquisite mountain azalea was abloom, its delicate, subtle fragrance pervading the air as the appreciation of some noble virtue penetrates and possesses the soul, so intimate,

so indissoluble, so potent of cognition. It seemed the essential element of the atmosphere one breathed. And this atmosphere — how light — how pure! sheer existence was a cherished privilege. . . . Peace upon the august mountains to the east, veiling their peaks and domes in stillness and with diaphanous cloud; peace upon the flashing rivers, infinitely clear and deep in their cliff-bound channels; and peace upon all the heavily-leaved shadowy forests to the massive westward range, level of summit, stern and military of aspect, like some gigantic rampart!

HENRY WOODFIN GRADY

[Henry Woodfin Grady was born at Athens, Georgia, May 17, 1851, and died at Atlanta, December 23, 1889. He was an active and bright boy, especially noted for his sympathetic qualities. He graduated at the University of Georgia, then studied at the University of Virginia, and soon after began writing for the Atlanta *Constitution*. His first editorial work was done on the Rome *Courier*. Wishing to denounce a political ring, he wrote an editorial which the proprietor of the *Courier* would not let him publish. Though little more than a boy, Mr. Grady at once bought two other papers of the town, consolidated them, and attacked the ring in them. Soon after he removed to Atlanta and established a paper, the *Herald*, which failed because he did not look after the financial side of the enterprise. Bankrupt, with wife and children dependent on him, he went to New York. He applied for work on the *Herald*, wrote a prescribed article on a political subject in a fashion that pleased the managing editor, and was sent back to Georgia in the employ of the *Herald*. Then he became a reporter on the *Constitution*, filling its columns with bright things and charming his colleagues by his flow of talk and spirits. In the disputed election of 1876 he did excellent work as a correspondent of the *Herald*, particularly in connection with the political situation in Florida. In 1880, with $20,000 loaned him by Cyrus W. Field, he bought a fourth interest in the *Constitution* and became its managing editor, displaying great independence of character in the position. Soon he was a moving spirit, probably the moving spirit, in the Atlanta Exposition of 1881. Then he organized the Piedmont Chautauqua, being always alive to the necessity for popular education in all its branches. Other state and city enterprises were greatly indebted to his energy and far-sightedness — indeed, he showed himself to possess not a few of the characteristics of Benjamin Franklin in the latter's capacity as a public-spirited citizen. He gave currency to Senator Ben Hill's phrase, "the New South"; he was, to

quote Mr. Joel Chandler Harris, "the prophet, if not the pioneer" of the new spirit of activity that was sweeping over the section. He talked about it and wrote about it, particularly in his contributions to Northern papers. He was on the lookout for new fields of enterprise, and often discovered them. For example, it is said that he first saw what fortunes might be made by orange-growers in Florida. But he was soon able to fill a larger and a nobler rôle. He received an invitation to address the New England Society of New York, accepted it with hesitation, felt when he rose to speak that he had a message for his hearers, and when he sat down on that evening of December 21, 1886, had probably done more than any other man of his generation to bring the long-sundered sections together. His great human sympathy and his oratorical talents had made him a real force in the unification of the American people. His personal reputation as a national figure was made also, and he was invited to deliver speeches in many places. His most important address was that on the race problem delivered before the Merchants' Association of Boston in December, 1889. The speech produced a great effect, few who heard or read it realizing that the orator's work was over forever. He returned to Atlanta and before the Christmas festival, always so dear to him, came completely round, he was dead. He was mourned by Atlanta as no other citizen had ever been, and the state, the South, and the nation joined in the lamentation. His had been, indeed, a wonderful career in many ways. He could have had any office he wanted, though he cared for none; he could move his fellow-men whenever and wherever he spoke to them; he had the genius of the organizer and the journalist; he wrought a great work of reconciliation for the nation; yet, such is the irony of fate, his extraordinarily rich life left little behind in such a permanent form as to insure his being known and loved by posterity almost as completely as by his contemporaries. Such is usually the fate of orators and of men who throw their sympathetic energy into a variety of good works — that is of men who are not artists working in some durable material or thinkers making lasting contributions to the world's stock of knowledge. Realizing, perhaps, this truth, Mr. Grady's friends at once gathered his speeches and other literary remains into a "Memorial Volume"[1] (1890) to which Mr. Joel Chandler Harris contributed a biographical sketch and in which a large number of tributes from prominent journals and men were gathered. The distinguished Kentucky editor, Henry Watterson, furnished the introduction, and struck the key-note of the entire volume when he wrote of Mr. Grady: "He was, indeed, the hope and expectancy of the young South, the one publicist of the New South, who, inheriting the spirit of the old, yet had realized the present, and looked into the future, with the eyes of a statesman and the heart of a patriot." See a tribute by Grady's fellow-editor Clark Howell in *The Chautauquan*, Vol. XXI, and an article in *The Arena*, Vol. II.]

[1] There was another collection of his writings published the same year.

THE NEW SOUTH

[Delivered before the New England Society of New York City at their Dinner of December 22, 1886.]

"There was a South of slavery and secession — that South is dead. There is a South of union and freedom — that South, thank God, is living, breathing, growing every hour." These words, delivered from the immortal lips of Benjamin H. Hill,[1] at Tammany Hall, in 1866, true then, and truer now, I shall make my text to-night.

Mr. President and Gentlemen: Let me express to you my appreciation of the kindness by which I am permitted to address you. I make this abrupt acknowledgment advisedly, for I feel that if, when I raised my provincial voice in this ancient and august presence, I could find courage for no more than the opening sentence, it would be well if, in that sentence, I had met in a rough sense my obligation as a guest, and had perished, so to speak, with courtesy on my lips and grace in my heart.

Permitted, through your kindness, to catch my second wind, let me say that I appreciate the significance of being the first Southerner to speak at this board, which bears the substance, if it surpasses the semblance of original New England hospitality, and honors a sentiment that in turn honors you, but in which my personality is lost and the compliment to my people made plain.

I bespeak the utmost stretch of your courtesy to-night. I am not troubled about those from whom I come. You remember the man whose wife sent him to a neighbor with a pitcher of milk, and who, tripping on the top step, fell, with such casual interruptions as the landings afforded, into the basement; and, while picking himself up, had the pleasure of hearing his wife call out: —

"John, did you break the pitcher?"

"No, I didn't," said John, "but I be dinged if I don't."

So, while those who call to me from behind may inspire me with energy, if not with courage, I ask an indulgent hearing

[1] The well-known Georgia Senator and orator (1823–1882).

from you. I beg that you will bring your full faith in American fairness and frankness to judgment upon what I shall say. There was an old preacher once who told some boys of the Bible lesson he was going to read in the morning. The boys, finding the place, glued together the connecting pages. The next morning he read on the bottom of one page: "When Noah was one hundred and twenty years old he took unto himself a wife, who was" then turning the page, "one hundred and forty cubits long, forty cubits wide, built of gopher wood, and covered with pitch inside and out." He was naturally puzzled at this. He read it again, verified it, and then said: "My friends, this is the first time I ever met this in the Bible, but I accept it as an evidence of the assertion that we are fearfully and wonderfully made." If I could get you to hold such faith to-night, I could proceed cheerfully to the task I otherwise approach with a sense of consecration.

* * * * * * * * * * *

Will you bear with me while I tell you of another army that sought its home at the close of the late war? An army that marched home in defeat and not in victory — in pathos and not in splendor, but in glory that equaled yours, and to hearts as loving as ever welcomed heroes home. Let me picture to you the foot-sore Confederate soldier, as, buttoning up in his faded gray jacket the parole which was to bear testimony to his children of his fidelity and faith, he turned his face southward from Appomattox in April, 1865. Think of him as ragged, half-starved, heavy-hearted, enfeebled by want and wounds; having fought to exhaustion, he surrenders his gun, wrings the hands of his comrades in silence, and, lifting his tear-stained and pallid face for the last time to the graves that dot the old Virginia hills, pulls his gray cap over his brow and begins the slow and painful journey. What does he find? — let me ask you who went to your homes eager to find, in the welcome you had justly earned, full payment for four years' sacrifice — what does he find when, having followed the battle-stained cross against overwhelming odds, dreading death not half so much as surrender he reaches the home he left so prosperous and beautiful? He finds his house in ruins, his farm devastated, his slaves free, his stock killed, his barn empty, his trade destroyed,

his money worthless; his social system, feudal in its magnificence, swept away; his people without law or legal status; his comrades slain, and the burdens of others heavy on his shoulders. Crushed by defeat, his very traditions gone; without money, credit, employment, material training; and besides all this, confronted with the gravest problem that ever met human intelligence — the establishing of a status for the vast body of his liberated slaves.

What does he do — this hero in gray, with a heart of gold? Does he sit down in sullenness and despair? Not for a day. Surely God, who had stripped him of his prosperity, inspired him in his adversity. As ruin was never before so overwhelming, never was restoration swifter. The soldier stepped from the trenches into the furrow; horses that had charged Federal guns marched before the plow, and the fields that ran red with human blood in April were green with the harvest in June; women reared in luxury cut up their dresses and made breeches for their husbands, and, with a patience and heroism that fit women always as a garment, gave their hands to work. There was little bitterness in all this. Cheerfulness and frankness prevailed. "Bill Arp"[1] struck the keynote when he said: "Well, I killed as many of them as they did of me, and now I am going to work." Or the soldier returning home after defeat and roasting some corn on the roadside, who made the remark to his comrades: "You may leave the South if you want to, but I am going to Sandersville, kiss my wife and raise a crop, and if the Yankees fool with me any more I will whip 'em again." I want to say to General Sherman — who is considered an able man in our parts, though some people think he is kind of careless about fire — that from the ashes he left us in 1864 we have raised a brave and beautiful city; that somehow or other we have caught the sunshine in the bricks and mortar of our homes, and have builded therein not one ignoble prejudice or memory.

But in all this what have we accomplished? What is the sum of our work? We have found out that in the general summary the free negro counts more than he did as a slave. We have planted the schoolhouse on the hilltop and made it free to white

[1] Charles Henry Smith, the Georgia humorist. See page 70.

and black. We have sowed towns and cities in the place of theories, and put business above politics. We have learned that the $400,000,000 annually received from our cotton crop will make us rich, when the supplies that make it are home-raised. We have reduced the commercial rate of interest from twenty-four to four per cent., and are floating four per cent. bonds. We have learned that one Northern immigrant is worth fifty foreigners, and have smoothed the path to the southward, wiped out the place where Mason and Dixon's line used to be, and hung out our latchstring to you and yours.

We have reached the point that marks perfect harmony in every household, when the husband confesses that the pies which his wife cooks are as good as those his mother used to bake; and we admit that the sun shines as brightly and the moon as softly as it did "before the war." We have established thrift in the city and country. We have fallen in love with work. We have restored comforts to homes from which culture and elegance never departed. We have let economy take root and spread among us as rank as the crab grass which sprung from Sherman's cavalry camps, until we are ready to lay odds on the Georgia Yankee, as he manufactures relics of the battlefield in a one-story shanty and squeezes pure olive oil out of his cotton seed, against any downeaster that ever swapped wooden nutmegs for flannel sausages in the valley of Vermont.

* * * * * * * * * * *

The relations of the Southern people with the negro are close and cordial. We remember with what fidelity for four years he guarded our defenseless women and children, whose husbands and fathers were fighting against his freedom. To his credit be it said that whenever he struck a blow for his own liberty he fought in open battle, and when at last he raised his black and humble hands that the shackles might be struck off, those hands were innocent of wrong against his helpless charges, and worthy to be taken in loving grasp by every man who honors loyalty and devotion.

Ruffians have maltreated him, rascals have misled him, philanthropists established a bank for him, but the South with the North protest against injustice to this simple and sincere people. To

liberty and enfranchisement is as far as the law can carry the negro. The rest must be left to conscience and common sense. It should be left to those among whom his lot is cast, with whom he is indissolubly connected, and whose prosperity depends upon their possessing his intelligent sympathy and confidence. Faith has been kept with him in spite of calumnious assertions to the contrary by those who assume to speak for us, or by frank opponents. Faith will be kept with him in the future, if the South holds her reason and integrity.

But have we kept faith with you? In the fullest sense, yes. When Lee surrendered — I don't say when Johnston surrendered, because I understand he still alludes to the time when he met General Sherman last as the time when he "determined to abandon any further prosecution of the struggle" — when Lee surrendered, I say, and Johnston quit, the South became, and has been, loyal to the Union. We fought hard enough to know that we were whipped, and in perfect frankness accepted as final the arbitrament of the sword to which we had appealed. The South found her jewel in the toad's head of defeat. The shackles that had held her in narrow limitations fell forever when the shackles of the negro slave were broken.

Under the old régime the negroes were slaves to the South, the South was a slave to the system. The old plantation, with its simple police regulations and its feudal habit, was the only type possible under slavery. Thus was gathered in the hands of a splendid and chivalric oligarchy the substance that should have been diffused among the people, as the rich blood, under certain artificial conditions, is gathered at the heart, filling that with affluent rapture, but leaving the body chill and colorless.

The old South rested everything on slavery and agriculture, unconscious that these could neither give nor maintain healthy growth. The new South presents a perfect Democracy, the oligarchs leading in the popular movement — a social system compact and closely knitted, less splendid on the surface but stronger at the core; a hundred farms for every plantation, fifty homes for every palace, and a diversified industry that meets the complex needs of this complex age.

The new South is enamored of her new work. Her soul is stirred with the breath of a new life. The light of a grander day is falling fair on her face. She is thrilling with the consciousness of a growing power and prosperity. As she stands upright, full-statured and equal among the people of the earth, breathing the keen air and looking out upon the expanding horizon, she understands that her emancipation came because in the inscrutable wisdom of God her honest purpose was crossed and her brave armies were beaten.

This is said in no spirit of time-serving or apology. The South has nothing for which to apologize. She believes that the late struggle between the States was war and not rebellion, revolution and not conspiracy, and that her convictions were as honest as yours. I should be unjust to the dauntless spirit of the South and to my own convictions if I did not make this plain in this presence. The South has nothing to take back. In my native town of Athens is a monument that crowns its central hills — a plain, white shaft. Deep cut into its shining side is a name dear to me above the names of men, that of a brave and simple man who died in a brave and simple faith. Not for all the glories of New England — from Plymouth Rock all the way — would I exchange the heritage he left me in his soldier's death. To the feet of that shaft I shall send my children's children to reverence him who ennobled their name with his heroic blood. But, sir, speaking from the shadow of that memory, which I honor as I do nothing else on earth, I say that the cause in which he suffered and for which he gave his life was adjudged by higher and fuller wisdom than his or mine, and I am glad that the omniscient God held the balance of battle in His Almighty Hand, and that human slavery was swept forever from American soil — the American Union saved from the wreck of war.

This message, Mr. President, comes to you from consecrated ground. Every foot of the soil about the city in which I live is sacred as a battle-ground of the republic. Every hill that invests it is hallowed to you by the blood of your brothers who died for your victory, and doubly hallowed to us by the blood of those who died hopeless, but undaunted, in defeat — sacred soil to all of us, rich with memories that make us purer and stronger and better,

silent but stanch witnesses in its red desolation of the matchless valor of American hearts and the deathless glory of American arms — speaking an eloquent witness, in its white peace and prosperity, to the indissoluble union of American States and the imperishable brotherhood of the American people.

Now what answer has New England to this message? Will she permit the prejudice of war to remain in the hearts of the conquerors, when it has died in the hearts of the conquered? Will she transmit this prejudice to the next generation, that in their hearts, which never felt the generous ardor of conflict, it may perpetuate itself? Will she withhold, save in strained courtesy, the hand which, straight from his soldier's heart, Grant offered to Lee at Appomattox? Will she make the vision of a restored and happy people, which gathered above the couch of your dying captain, filling his heart with grace, touching his lips with praise and glorifying his path to the grave; will she make this vision, on which the last sigh of his expiring soul breathed a benediction, a cheat and a delusion? If she does, the South, never abject in asking for comradeship, must accept with dignity its refusal; but if she does not — if she accepts with frankness and sincerity this message of good will and friendship, then will the prophecy of Webster, delivered in this very Society forty years ago, amid tremendous applause, be verified in its fullest and final sense, when he said: "Standing hand to hand and clasping hands, we should remain united as we have for sixty years, citizens of the same country, members of the same government, united all, united now, and united forever. There have been difficulties, contentions, and controversies, but I tell you that in my judgment

> "'Those opposed eyes,
> Which, like the meteors of a troubled heaven,
> All of one nature, of one substance bred,
> Did lately meet in th' intestine shock,
> Shall now, in mutual, well-beseeming ranks
> March all one way.'"[1]

[1] Cf. "1 Henry IV," I, i, 9–15.

MISS GRACE ELIZABETH KING

[Born in New Orleans in 1852, the daughter of a prominent lawyer. She was educated at home and in the French schools of New Orleans, and began her career by contributing sketches of Creole life to *The New Princeton Review* which formed the basis of her novel "Monsieur Motte" (1888). "Tales of Time and Place" (1888), "Balcony Stories" (1893), and other fiction followed, but of late she has rather given herself to historical work, having published a life of Lemoine, the founder of New Orleans (1892), a descriptive volume on that city — "New Orleans, the Place and the People" (1895) — and an account of the adventures of De Soto and his men (1898). Miss King has also been Secretary of the Louisiana Historical Society, and in 1903 she contributed a sketch of Gayarré to a new edition of the latter's well-known history. For sympathetic criticism see the essay by President Henry N. Snyder of Wofford College in "Southern Writers," Vol. II.]

THE BURIAL OF GAYARRÉ[1]

[From "New Orleans, the Place and the People." 1895.]

The old St. Louis cemetery is closed now. It opens its gates only at the knock of an heir, so to speak; gives harbourage only to those who can claim a resting-place by the side of an ancestor. Between All Saints and All Saints, its admittances are not a few, and the registry volumes are still being added to; the list of names, in the first crumbling old tome, is still being repeated, over and over again; some of them so old and so forgotten in the present that death has no oblivion to add to them. Indeed, we may say they live only in the death register.

Not a year has gone by since, on a January[2] day, one of the bleakest winter days the city had known for half a century, a file of mourners followed one of the city's oldest children, and one of the cemetery's most ancient heirs, to his last resting-place by the side of a grandfather. The silver crucifix gleamed fitfully ahead, appearing and disappearing as it led the way in the maze of irreg-

[1] Copyright, 1895, by The Macmillan Co. [2] Really in February, 1895.

ularly built tombs, through pathways, hollowed to a furrow, by the footsteps of the innumerable funeral processions that had followed the dead since the first burials there. The chanting of the priests winding in and out after the crucifix, fell on the ear in detached fragments, rising and dropping as the tombs closed in or opened out behind them. The path, with its sharp turns, was at times impassable to the coffin, and it had to be lifted above the tombs and borne in the air, on a level with the crucifix. With its heavy black draperies, its proportions in the grey humid atmosphere appeared colossal, magnified, and transfigured with the ninety-one years of life inside. It was Charles Gayarré being conveyed to the tomb of M. de Boré,[1] the historian of Louisiana making his last bodily appearance on earth — in the corner of earth he had loved so well and so poetically.

Woman and mother as she ever appeared in life to the loving imagination of her devoted son, it was but fitting that New Orleans should herself head the file of mourners and weep bitterly at the tomb; for that she lives at all in that best of living worlds, the world of history, romance, and poetry, she owes to him whom brick and mortar were shutting out forever from human eyes. As a youth, he consecrated his first ambitions to her; through manhood, he devoted his pen to her; old, suffering, bereft by misfortune of his ancestral heritage, and the fruit of his prime's vigour and industry, he yet stood ever her courageous knight, to defend her against the aspersions of strangers, the slanders of traitors. He held her archives not only in his memory but in his heart, and while he lived, none dared make public aught about her history except with his vigilant form in the line of vision.

The streets of the *vieux carré*,[2] through which he gambolled as a schoolboy, and through which his hearse had slowly rolled; the cathedral in which he was baptized, and in which his requiem was sung: and the old cemetery, the resting-place of his ancestors, parents, and forbears, and the sanctuary in which his imagina-

[1] Professor Fortier informs the editor that M. Étienne de Boré, Gayarré's grandfather, was the first mayor of New Orleans, and the first successful sugar manufacturer of Louisiana.

[2] Old square.

tion ever found inspiration and courage — they gave much to his life: but his life gave also much to them. And the human eyes looking out through their sadness of personal bereavement from the carriages of the funeral cortège, saw in them a thousand signs (according to the pathetic fallacy of humanity) of like sadness and bereavement.

Thus it is, that one beholden to him for a long life's endowment of affection, help, and encouragement, judges it meet that a chronicle begun under auspices, to which he contributed so richly from his memory, and of whose success he was so tenderly solicitous, should end, as it began, with a tribute to his memory and name.[1]

DE SOTO AND ATAHUALPA[2]

[From "De Soto and his Men in the Land of Florida." 1898.]

An unknown youth of sixteen, the son of an obscure, impecunious hidalgo of Villanueva de Barcarrota, with no possession of his own, as the saying went, but his sword, no other recommendations than his valour and good qualities, he set out from Spain, one of the thousand of motley adventurers that followed the new governor, Pedrarias d'Avila, to Darien. Twenty years later he returned a conqueror of Peru, and rich with fame and fortune; the lieutenant general and right hand of Pizarro, captor of Atahualpa and one of the spoilers of the golden city of Cuzco; his name standing only after the two Pizarros in the list of the division of the prizes; and young still, still in the prime of life and enjoyment, and good looking and unmarried, withal. Pizarro, even Cortez himself, was held by not a few in Spain to have but a closing vista of life in comparison with the career opening before him. Of medium height, a figure that appeared as well on foot as on horseback, dark complexion, regular features, expressive eyes, noble address, he looked the cavalier and soldier he had proved himself to be; inexorable of will, inexhaustible of resources, cool and daring in battle, prudent and subtle at the council board. He was by

[1] Miss King's book was dedicated "To the memory of Charles Gayarré."

[2] Copyright, 1898, by The Macmillan Co.

common consent reputed to be the best horseman in the Peruvian army, and always excepting the incomparable Pizarro himself, also the best lancer in it, his lance being ever reckoned equal to any ten of the best. He was in truth the first Spaniard — and his horse, the first of those fateful animals that the unfortunate Inca beheld — if he beheld them.

The story of the celebrated interview came with De Soto to Spain, but its truth was discredited then, as it is now. Sent as envoy to Atahualpa, in Caxamalca, De Soto found the Inca, in all his sacred majesty, seated on a throne, surrounded by attendants, awaiting him. The glittering troop of lancers galloped to the spot and halted. Atahualpa's eyes were fixed upon the ground. The troop passed and repassed before him; still he did not raise his head, nor would he look at the envoy nor receive his message nor answer him. An attendant looked, listened, and answered for him. Stung by the contemptuous disdain, De Soto spurred his horse and curveted and pranced the animal so close to the throne that the hoofs almost grazed the royal face. The Peruvian attendants fled in terror from the great, strange beast. Atahualpa then raised his eyes and spoke. He commanded the attendants to be put to death.

CABEZA DE VACA

[From the Same.]

Cabeza de Vaca[1] had made his appearance at Valladolid, too, after his adventures in America. There was no splendour of fame and wealth about him; nothing of the conqueror; his return to his native land was in striking contrast to De Soto's. He, too, guided by the lodestar of his hopes, had gone to the New World in quest of his future. He had his future but not his fortune; the expedition had been a fool's errand, and he had come back broken in health and in wealth. Massacre, ship-wreck, starvation, captivity, and hopeless wanderings through vast unknown

[1] One of the four survivors of the expedition of Narvaez that left Spain in 1527. He had many adventures among the Indians, and his description of them is important to students.

savage territories, this was the tale he brought back to Spain. Pamphilo de Narvaez had been his leader, Florida his El Dorado. Ten years afterwards he and three companions made their appearance on the frontiers of Mexico, the sole survivors of the six hundred men who had landed on the coast of Florida. Nevertheless it was observed at court that in his relation of his adventures, Cabeza de Vaca every now and then would arrest his words suddenly, as if on guard against revealing secrets, — or would add such phrases as "The rest which I saw I leave for conference between His Majesty and myself." To kinsmen who urged him to be more explicit he would say that an oath bound him revealing what he saw, but that Florida was the richest country in the world; and he gave out that he was determined to beg the conquest of the country from the emperor. The device is a well-known one, but as long as the world is peopled, its success may be relied upon.

IRWIN RUSSELL

[IRWIN RUSSELL was born of mingled Virginia and New England stock, in Port Gibson, Mississippi, June 3, 1853; and died in New Orleans, December 23, 1878. His early years were spent in St. Louis; during the civil war his parents returned to Port Gibson; after it the boy was sent to St. Louis University where he showed much aptitude for study and was graduated in 1869. He was very fond of mathematics, but chose law for a profession, being admitted to the Mississippi bar at the age of nineteen by a special act of the legislature. But he was no plodder — preferring to rove about, to try various trades like printing, and to indulge his taste for rare books. Amusing anecdotes are told of him, all illustrating a kindly, erratic nature and varied talents. He was a caricaturist, a musician, a lover of nature, a wide reader, particularly of poetry. He was one of the first to perceive the artistic possibilities of the negro dialect and to appreciate the pathos and humor of negro character, his poems, such as "Christmas Night in the Quarters," being among the earliest proofs that the New South had found a voice in literature. It was his fate, however, scarcely to enter upon the promised land of literary achievement. During the yellow fever epidemic of 1878 he lost his father and wore himself out with heroic nursing. Thrown on his own resources, he started for New York where he made friends among literary men. They nursed him through a dangerous fever, but could not prevent him, when he was convales-

cent, from yielding to his passion for roving. He wandered to the docks, shipped on a vessel for New Orleans, and worked his way there as a coal heaver. He got a place on the staff of the *New Orleans Times*, and, as always, made fast friends who grieved to see how his love of drink was dragging him to his grave. Soon the life of brilliant promise was ended in the house of a poor Irish woman who took him in for a pittance and tenderly nursed him during his delirium. Nine years later his dialect and other poems were collected, and though they make but a slender volume, it seems likely that they will preserve the memory of his name and of his pathetic life. It is worth while to remark that it is a mistake to suppose that Russell's negro dialect poems are alone worth attention. He wrote a few serious poems of promise, was humorous in plain English and in so-called Irish, and had a remarkable gift for catching the style of other writers as is clearly proved by his excellent epistle supposed to have been written by Robert Burns to the philanthropist, John Howard. For criticism, see Charles C. Marble's articles in *The Critic* for October 27 and November 3, 1888, and Baskervill, "Southern Writers"[1] (1898). See also H. C. Bunner's good sonnet in "Airs from Arcady."]

THE BANJO[2]

[From "Poems by Irwin Russell." 1888.]

Go 'way, fiddle! folks is tired o' hearin' you a-squawkin'.
Keep silence fur yo' betters! — don't you heah de banjo talkin'?
About de 'possum's tail she's gwine to lecter — ladies, listen! —
About de ha'r whut isn't dar, an' why de ha'r is missin':

[1] Baskervill remarks that in the humorous writings of Longstreet, Thompson, and others of their school "the negro is conspicuous by his absence." The only notable book in which he played an important part before the Civil War is "Uncle Tom's Cabin." This is true enough in the main, but there are indications that Poe, Kennedy, and Simms, Mrs. Gilman and other writers, were not altogether blind to the picturesqueness of the negro, and it may be remembered that Thompson in 1860 in "The Slaveholder Abroad, or Billy Buck's Visit with his Master to England," although much of the book was serious enough, gave the negro a prominent place. This is to some extent true of Longstreet's "Master William Mitten" (1864), parts of which were written as early as 1849. The witty Innis Randolph (of Virginia) also had no small sense of the value of the negro to the humorist, as appears from his poem "A Fish Story," which the curious may find in Davidson's "Living Writers of the South" (1869). Still, the tributes paid by Mr. Joel Chandler Harris and Mr. Thomas Nelson Page to Irwin Russell as a pioneer delineator of the negro character are thoroughly deserved.

[2] Copyright, 1888, by the Century Company. By kind permission of the publishers. The extract is from the excellent poem "Christmas Night in the Quarters," which was first published in *Scribner's Monthly*, January, 1878.

"Dar's gwine to be a' oberflow," said Noah, lookin' solemn —
Fur Noah tuk de "Herald," an' he read de ribber column —
An' so he sot his hands to wuk a-cl'arin' timber-patches,
An' 'lowed he's gwine to build a boat to beat de steamah *Natchez*.

Ol' Noah kep' a-nailin' an' a-chippin' an' a-sawin';
An' all de wicked neighbors kep' a-laughin' an' a-pshawin';
But Noah didn't min' 'em, knowin' whut wuz gwine to happen:
An' forty days an' forty nights de rain it kep' a-drappin'.

Now, Noah had done cotched a lot ob ebry sort o' beas'es —
Ob all de shows a-trabbelin', it beat 'em all to pieces!
He had a Morgan [1] colt an' sebral head o' Jarsey cattle —
An' druv 'em 'board de Ark as soon's he heered de thunder rattle.

Den sech anoder fall ob rain! — it come so awful hebby,
De ribber riz immejitly, an' busted troo de lebbee;
De people all wuz drownded out — 'cep' Noah an' de critters,
An' men he'd hired to work de boat — an' one to mix de bitters.

De Ark she kep' a-sailin' an' a-sailin' *an'* a-sailin';
De lion got his dander up, an' like to bruk de palin';
De sarpints hissed; de painters [2] yelled; tell, whut wid all de fussin',
You c'u'dn't hardly heah de mate a-bossin' 'roun' an' cussin'.

Now, Ham, de only nigger whut wuz runnin' on de packet,
Got lonesome in de barber-shop, an' c'u'dn't stan' de racket;
An' so, fur to amuse he-se'f, he steamed some wood an' bent it,
An' soon he had a banjo made — de fust dat wuz invented.

He wet de ledder, stretched it on; made bridge an' screws an' aprin';
An' fitted in a proper neck — 'twuz berry long an' tap'rin';
He tuk some tin, an' twisted him a thimble fur to ring it;
An' den de mighty question riz: how wuz he gwine to string it?

[1] "A breed of large draught horses" (Weber). [2] Panthers.

De 'possum had as fine a tail as dis dat I's a-singin';
De ha'r's so long an' thick an' strong, — des fit fur banjo-stringin';
Dat nigger shaved 'em off as short as wash-day-dinner graces;
An' sorted ob 'em by de size, f'om little E's to basses.

He strung her, tuned her, struck a jig, — 'twuz "Nebber min' de wedder," —
She soun' like forty-lebben bands a-playin' all togedder;
Some went to pattin'; some to dancin': Noah called de figgers;
An' Ham he sot an' knocked de tune, de happiest ob niggers!

Now, sence dat time — it's mighty strange — dere's not de slightes' showin'
Ob any ha'r at all upon de 'possum's tail a-growin';
An' curi's, too, dat nigger's ways: his people nebber los' 'em —
Fur whar you finds de nigger — dar's de banjo an' de 'possum!

NEBUCHADNEZZAR[1]

[From the Same.]

You, Nebuchadnezzah, whoa, sah!
Whar is you tryin' to go, sah?
I'd hab you fur to know, sah,
I's a-holdin' ob de lines.
You better stop dat prancin';
You's pow'ful fond ob dancin',
But I'll bet my yeah's advancin'
Dat I'll cure you ob yo' shines.

Look heah, mule! Better min' out;
Fus' t'ing you know you'll fin' out
How quick I'll wear dis line out
On yo' ugly, stubbo'n back.
You needn't try to steal up
An' lif' dat precious heel up;

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You's got to plough dis fiel' up,
  You has, sah, fur a fac'.

Dar, *dat's* de way to do it!
He's comin' right down to it;
Jes watch him ploughin' troo it!
  Dis nigger ain't no fool.
Some folks dey would 'a' beat him;
Now, dat would only heat him—
I know jes how to treat him:
  You mus' *reason* wid a mule.

He minds me like a nigger.
If he wuz only bigger
He'd fotch a mighty figger,
  He would, I *tell* you! Yes, sah!
See how he keeps a-clickin'!
He's as gentle as a chickin,
An' nebber thinks o' kickin'—
  Whoa dar! Nebuchadnezzah!

* * * * * *

Is dis heah me, or not me?
Or is de debbil got me?
Wuz dat a canon shot me?
  Hab I laid heah more'n a week?
Dat mule do kick amazin'!
De beast wuz sp'iled in raisin'—
But now I 'spect he's grazin'
  On de oder side de creek.

NORVERN PEOPLE[1]

[From the Same.]

Dem folks in de Norf is de beatin'est lot!
Wid all de brass buttons an' fixin's dey got—

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You needn't tole me ! — dey all dresses in blue :
I seed 'em de time 'at Grant's army come froo.

Dey libs up de country, whar ellyphunts grows,
Somewhar 'bout de head ob de ribber, I s'pose ;
Whar snow keeps a-drappin', spring, winter, an' fall,
An' summer-time don't nebber git dar at all.

Up dar in dey town dar's a mighty great hole
Dey dug fur to git at de silber an' gol' :
I reckon heah lately it mus' ha' cabed in —
I wish I c'u'd see a good two-bits ag'in !

Dey puts up supplies for us Christuns to eat, —
De whisky, de flouah, de meal, an' de meat ;
Dey's dreffle big-feelin', an' makes a great fuss,
But dey cain't git along widout wukin' for us.

I wouldn't be dem, not fur all you c'u'd gib :
Dey nebber tas'e 'possum as long as dey lib !
Dey w'u'dn't know gumbo, ef put in dey mouf —
Why don't dey all sell out an' come to de Souf ?

But lawsy ! dey's ign'ant as ign'ant kin be,
An' ain't got de presence ob min' fur to see
Dat ol' Marsissippi's jes ober de fence
Dot runs aroun' hebben's sarcumferymence !

Now, us dat is fabored wid wisdom an' grace,
An' had de fus' pick fur a 'sirable place,
We ought fur to 'member de duty we owes,
To sheer wid our brudders as fur as it goes.

So sometime in chu'ch I's a-gwine to serjes
Dat some-un be sent what kin talk to 'em bes' —
(An' mebbe dat's *me*) fur to open deir eyes,
Recomstruc de pore critters, an' help 'em to rise.

We'll fotch 'em down heah, de las' one ob de batch,
An' treat 'em like gemmen, an' rent 'em a patch —
Why, dat's de Merlennium! Dat's what it am;
An' us is de lion, an' dey is de lamb!

THE CEMETERY[1]

[From the Same.]

I stand within this solemn place
And think of days gone by;
I think of many an old-time face;
Here's where those faces lie.

I think of when, what time God please,
The hour shall come to me,
That, covered by the clay, like these,
My face shall masked be.

No marble monument will rise
Above that grave of mine;
No loving friends will wipe their eyes
When life I shall resign.

But when I leave my life — have left
My every present care —
I'll find a home of care bereft;
My friends are living there!

THOMAS NELSON PAGE

[Born, of distinguished Virginia stock, at Oakland Plantation, Hanover County, Virginia, April 23, 1853. He received his academic education at Washington and Lee University (1869–1872), graduated in law at the University of Virginia (1874), and practised in Richmond, from 1875 to 1893. He had meanwhile made himself famous by stories of life in Virginia, before and

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during the war, such as "Marse Chan," which appeared, after waiting nearly four years for publication, in magazine form in 1884. He gathered his stories in 1887 under the title "In Ole Virginia," which served to indicate the important rôle played in them by the old-time negro. "Two Little Confederates" followed in 1888, and the same year Mr. Page brought out, with Mr. Armistead C. Gordon, a lawyer of Staunton, Virginia, a volume of dialect verses, entitled "Befo' de War." A long series of books succeeded, among others, the critical and historical papers collected in "The Old South" (1892), and "Red Rock" (1898), an elaborate novel of Reconstruction days, which has been highly praised. "Gordon Keith" (1903) and "The Negro: the Southerner's Problem" (1904) are Mr. Page's latest important publications. He has lectured and read from his own writings, — his early readings with Mr. F. Hopkinson Smith having added much to his popularity, — has received several honorary degrees, and at present resides in Washington, D.C., where he devotes himself to writing. For appreciative criticism, see the essay by Professor Edwin Mims in "Southern Writers," Vol. II.]

THE SOUTH AND THE HISTORIAN IT NEEDS[1]

[From "The Old South, Essays Social and Political." 1892.]

A proof of the deep sincerity of their principles is the unanimity with which the South accepted the issue. From the moment that war was declared, the whole people were in arms. It was not merely the secessionist who enlisted, but the stanch Union man; not simply the slave-holder, but the mountaineer; the poor white fought as valorously as the great land-owner; the women fought as well as the men; for, whilst the men were in the field the women and children at home waited and starved without a murmur and without a doubt.

Some years ago I was shown a worn and faded letter written on old Confederate paper with pale Confederate ink. It had been taken from the breast-pocket of a dead private soldier of a Georgia regiment, after one of the battles around Richmond. It was from his sweetheart. They were plain and illiterate people,

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for it was badly written and badly spelled. In it she told him that she loved him; that she had always loved him since they had gone to school together, in the little log schoolhouse in the woods; that she was sorry she had always treated him so badly, and that now, if he would get a furlough and come home, she would marry him.

Then, as if fearful that this temptation might prove too strong to be resisted, there was a little postscript scrawled across the blue Confederate paper: "Don't come without a furlough, for if you don't come honorable, I won't marry you."

Was this the spirit of rebellion? A whole people was in arms. A nation had arisen. It was the apotheosis of a race.

When Varro lost the battle of Cannæ,[1] where the flower of the Roman knighthood was cut down, the Roman Senate voted thanks to the consul, *quod de republica non desperasset*[2]; when Lee, with tattered standards and broken battalions, recrossed the Potomac, after Gettysburg, the South exhibited greater devotion to him than when he forced Burnside staggering back across the Rappahannock.[3] When he abandoned Richmond and started on his march southward, the South still trusted him as implicitly as when, with consummate generalship and a loss to the enemy of more than his own entire army, he had at Spottsylvania wedged Grant from his prey.[4]

That last retreat surpasses in heroism the retreat of the Ten Thousand. There was but a handful left of the army of Northern Virginia. The attrition of four years of war had worn away the heroic army. Starvation had destroyed a part of what the sword had left, and had shrunken the forms of the small remnant; but the glorious courage, the indomitable spirit of the Southern soldiery gleamed forth; and it had no more thought of surrender then than when it had first burst into flame on the victorious field of Bull Run. It was the crystallization of Southern courage.

[1] Won by Hannibal in 216 B.C.

[2] Because he had not despaired of the republic.

[3] The reference is to the great Confederate victory won at Fredericksburg on December 13, 1862.

[4] In the desperate fighting from the 8th to the 20th of May, 1864.

Across the desolated land it retired like a wounded lion, sore pressed by unnumbered foes — stopping only to fight, for there was no rest nor food, until at last on that fateful morning it found the horizon filled with steel. It was hemmed in by the enemy, by the best equipped army that has stood on American soil, led by one of the greatest generals, the magnanimous Grant, and the Southern general saw that resistance was annihilation. Even in that hour of its extremity, the one cry of the little band to the adored Lee was to be led against them once more.

The chronicler, who can see in this only the perverseness of rebellion, lacks the essential spirit of the historian. The politician who can discuss it with derision or can view it with indifference will never rise to the plane of statesmanship.

The deliberate and persistent endeavor to hold in contempt the people that could produce so sublime a spectacle and to forbid them participation in the Union, is a greater wrong to the Nation than was secession. It is an attempt to keep alienated from the Union a race that has ever hated with fervor, but loved with passion; of a race that withdrew from the Union under a belief in a principle so sincere, so deep, that it was almost idolatrous; of a race that has now under new conditions turned to the Union all the devotion which under different teaching and conditions was once given to the several States; devotion which when directed against the Union shook it to its foundation, and now is destined to guard it and preserve it throughout its existence.

The history of the South is yet to be written. He who writes it need not fear for his reward. Such a one must have at once the instinct of the historian and the wisdom of the philosopher. He must possess the talisman that shall discover truth amid all the heaps of falsehood, though they were piled upon it like Pelion on Ossa. He must have the sagacity to detect whatever of evil existed in the civilization he shall chronicle, though it be gleaming with the gilding of romance; he must have the fortitude to resist all temptation to deflect by so much as a hair's breadth from the absolute and the inexorable facts, even if an angel should attempt to beguile him. He must know and tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, so help him, God!

THE OLD COLONEL[1]

[From "The Burial of the Guns." 1894.]

It is just at this point that he suddenly looms up to me as a soldier; the relation he never wholly lost to me afterwards, though I knew him for many, many years of peace. His gray coat with the red facing and the bars on the collar; his military cap; his gray flannel shirt — it was the first time I ever saw him wear anything but immaculate linen — his high boots; his horse caparisoned with a black, high-peaked saddle, with crupper and breast-girth, instead of the light English hunting-saddle to which I had been accustomed, all come before me now as if it were but the other day. I remember but little beyond it, yet I remember, as if it were yesterday, his leaving home, and the scenes which immediately preceded it; the excitement created by the news of the President's call for troops; the unanimous judgment that it meant war; the immediate determination of the old Colonel, who had hitherto opposed secession, that it must be met; the suppressed agitation on the plantation, attendant upon the tender of his services and the Governor's acceptance of them. The prompt and continuous work incident to the enlistment of the men, the bustle of preparation, and all the scenes of that time, come before me now. It turned the calm current of the life of an old and placid country neighborhood, far from any city or centre, and stirred it into a boiling torrent, strong enough, or fierce enough to cut its way and join the general torrent which was bearing down and sweeping everything before it. It seemed but a minute before the quiet old plantation, in which the harvest, the corn-shucking, and the Christmas holidays alone marked the passage of the quiet seasons, and where a strange carriage or a single horseman coming down the big road was an event in life, was turned into a depot of war-supplies, and the neighborhood became a parade-ground. The old Colonel, not a colonel yet, nor even a captain, except by

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brevet, was on his horse by daybreak and off on his rounds through the plantations and the pines enlisting his company. The office in the yard, heretofore one in name only, became one now in reality, and a table was set out piled with papers, pens, ink, books of tactics and regulation, at which men were accepted and enrolled. Soldiers seemed to spring from the ground, as they did from the sowing of the dragon's teeth in the days of Cadmus. Men came up the high road or down the paths across the fields, sometimes singly, but oftener in little parties of two or three, and, asking for the Captain, entered the office as private citizens, and came out soldiers enlisted for the war. There was nothing heard of on the plantation except fighting; white and black, all were at work, and all were eager; the servants contended for the honor of going with their master; the women flocked to the house to assist in the work of preparation, cutting out and making underclothes, knitting socks, picking lint, preparing bandages, and sewing on uniforms; for many of the men who had enlisted were of the poorest class, far too poor to furnish anything themselves, and their equipment had to be contributed mainly by wealthier neighbors. The work was carried on at night as well as by day, for the occasion was urgent. Meantime the men were being drilled by the Captain and his lieutenants, who had been militia officers of old. We were carried to see the drill at the cross-roads, and a brave sight it seemed to us: the lines marching and countermarching in the field, with the horses galloping as they wheeled amid clouds of dust, at the hoarse commands of the excited officers, and the roadside lined with spectators of every age and condition. I recall the arrival of the messenger one night, with the telegraphic order to the Captain to report with his company at "Camp Lee" immediately; the hush in the parlor that attended its reading; then the forced beginning of the conversation afterwards in a somewhat strained and unnatural key, and the Captain's quick and decisive outlining of his plans.

Within the hour a dozen messengers were on their way in various directions to notify the members of the command of the summons, and to deliver the order for their attendance at a given point next day. It seemed that a sudden and great change had

come. It was the actual appearance of what had hitherto only been theoretical — war. The next morning the Captain, in full uniform, took leave of the assembled plantation, with a few solemn words commending all he left behind to God, and galloped away up the big road to join and lead his battery to the war, and to be gone just four years.

WALTER HINES PAGE

[Born at Cary, North Carolina, August 15, 1855, a descendant of the Virginia Pages. He was educated at the well-known Bingham School, at Trinity and Randolph Macon colleges, and at Johns Hopkins University, where he was Fellow in Greek (1876–1878). After teaching a little in Louisville, he edited a paper in St. Joseph, Missouri. Then he was attached to the New York *World*, founded a paper in Raleigh, North Carolina, returned to New York in 1883 for work on *The Evening Post*, and left that for a position on *The Forum*. He edited the last-named periodical from 1890 to 1895, resigning his position to accept employment as literary adviser to Houghton, Mifflin & Co. He edited *The Atlantic Monthly* from 1896 to 1899 and then became a member of the publishing firm of Doubleday, Page & Co. in New York, and in 1900 first editor of *The World's Work*. Mr. Page is much interested in the cause of good government and especially in the promotion of education in the South. He has delivered numerous addresses, two of which may be found, along with the title-essay, in his "Rebuilding of Old Commonwealths," 1902.]

THE TYRANNY OF CASTE[1]

[From "The Rebuilding of Old Commonwealths, being Essays towards the Training of the Forgotten Man in the Southern States." 1902.]

The dominant idea of education was that it was a luxury for the rich, or a privilege of the well-born — if a necessity at all, a necessity only for the ruling class. This class-feeling in education was perceptible even within my recollection. When I was a pupil at the most famous school for boys in the State, a lad whose

[1] Copyright, 1902, by Walter H. Page. By kind permission of the author and of Doubleday, Page & Co. The first three extracts are from "The Forgotten Man," an address delivered in June, 1897, at the State Normal and Industrial School for Women, at Greensboro, North Carolina.

father had not had a military or political career, was at a certain disadvantage. I recall a scene more ludicrous than any in Dickens when a thirteen-year-old companion of mine came to my room one day, shut the door and fell on the bed and wept — because his father was not a colonel. I tried to comfort him by telling him that my father was not a colonel either. So far from consoling him this information only gave him the less respect for me. I had not seen this weeping lad for more than twenty-five years, till I recently met him on the train. He was telling me of his children and I asked if he had ever reflected that his own children's father was not a colonel. He recalled the incident as clearly as I recalled it. Learning might be acquired, but there could be no true education in an atmosphere where such an incident could happen.

These things I mention not in blame of our ancestors. It is out of such stock that the men came who to-day rule the world. But I mention these things because we ourselves have written and spoken much nonsense about ourselves and about our ancestors and have made ourselves believe that we were in some way different from other sturdy folk and that we were in some way better than other common people. Thus we have come to put a false value on our social structure, and we have never looked ourselves in the face and seen ourselves as others see us. This false view has done incalculable hurt. All social progress must begin with a clear understanding of men as they are. We are all common folk, then, who were once dominated by a little aristocracy, which, in its social and economic character, made a failure and left a stubborn crop of wrong social notions behind it — especially about education.

THE NEW EDUCATIONAL PROGRESS[1]

[From the Same.]

In my judgment there has been no other event in North Carolina since the formation of the American Union that is comparable

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in importance to this new educational progress. The movement now has such momentum that nothing can hinder the complete development of the public school system till every child is reached. When every inhabited township votes a local tax, to supplement the State tax, the taxes you now levy will seem small and will be increased. According to the last published reports of the Commissioner of Education, the total sum spent per year per pupil in the public schools was still lower in North Carolina than in any State except South Carolina. It was only $3.40. In Georgia it was nearly $6.50, in Virginia it was nearly $9, in Indiana it was $20, in Michigan nearly $20, in Wisconsin $21, in Minnesota nearly $30, in the new State of North Dakota it was nearly $33.50 — nearly ten times the expenditure per pupil that was made in North Carolina. None of these States is richer than your own in possibilities. The ability to maintain schools is in proportion rather to the appreciation of education than to the amount of wealth. We pay for schools not so much out of our purses as out of our state of mind. For example, there is a man in Moore County who had two children at school at the expense of somebody else. Although he did not pay their bills, he took them from school the other day because, he said, the charge for tuition was too high. He is the frankest and most faithful believer of our old-time economic creed that I have ever known.

As the movement to establish public schools everywhere gathers force, men of wealth will find that they can do no public service with their money so sure to bring lasting results as to build schoolhouses. The history of philanthropy shows that no public benefaction brings the same sure and permanent results as provision for the free education of the masses. The battle will be practically won when the whole State shall stand on this platform:

A public school system generously supported by public sentiment, and generously maintained by both State and local taxation, is the only effective means to develop the forgotten man, and even more surely the only means to develop the forgotten woman.[1]

[1] At a recent educational conference a speaker computed that there were in 1905 at least two thousand *high schools* in the South, with an attendance of over one hundred thousand pupils.

THE VALUE OF THE CHILD[1]

[From the Same.]

The most sacred thing in the Commonwealth and to the Commonwealth is the child, whether it be your child or the child of the dull-faced mother of the hovel. The child of the dull-faced mother may, for all you know, be the most capable child in the State. At its worst, it is capable of good citizenship and a useful life, if its intelligence be quickened and trained. Several of the strongest personalities that were ever born in North Carolina were men whose very fathers were unknown. We have all known two such, who held high places in church and state. President Eliot said a little while ago that the ablest man that he had known in many years' connection with Harvard University was the son of a brick mason. The child, whether it have poor parents or rich parents, is the most valuable undeveloped resource of the State.

THE SCHOOL THAT MADE THE TOWN[1]

[From "The School that built a Town."[2]]

In the first period of Northwood's history, you will observe, the town carried the schools — carried them as a burden. The schools of the cultivated widow, of the strenuous young lady and of the old-fashioned scholar, and the young ladies' seminary, much as the several sets and sects each boasted of its own institution, were really tolerated rather than generously supported. The principals had to beg for them in one form or other. The public school was regarded as a sort of orphan asylum for the poor. The whole educational work of the town was on a semi-mendicant basis ; or it was half a sort of social function, half a sort of charity. It really

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[2] An address delivered at the Commencement of the State Normal School at Athens, Georgia, December 11, 1901.

did not touch the intellectual life of the people. *They* supported *it*. *It* did not lift *them*. The town carried the schools as social and charitable burdens.

Now this is all changed. The school has made the town. It has given nearly every successful man in it his first impulse in his career, and it has given the community great renown. Teachers from all over the country go there to see it. More than that, many pupils go from a distance to enter the high-school. More than that, men have gone there to live because of the school. They go there to establish industries of various sorts, because the best expert knowledge of every craft can be found there. The town has prospered and has been rebuilt. The architects are high-school men; the engineers who graded the streets and made a model system of sewers are high-school men; the roads were laid out by high-school men. There is a whole county of model farms and dairies and good stock farms. High-school men have in this generation made the community a new community. They conduct all sorts of factories — they make furniture, they make things of leather, they make things of wrought iron; they have hundreds of small industries. It is said that a third of the houses in the town contain home-made furniture, after beautiful old patterns that the owners themselves have made. And there is one man who does inlaid work in wood. And all this activity clusters about the public schools. The high-school now not only affects but it may be said to dominate the life of the town; and this is the school that has built the town, for it has given everybody an impetus and has started nearly everybody towards an occupation. It has enabled them to find their own aptitudes.

Now there is all the difference in the world between the Northwood of this generation, and the Northwood of the generation before. It is a difference so great that it cannot be told in one morning. But the change is simply the result of a changed view of education.

Education, Ladies and Gentlemen, when it is dallied with, played with, tolerated, and imperfectly done, is a costly and troublesome thing. In the first place it is talked to death. It causes more discussion than politics or than bad crops. There

are many persons who do not believe in it and many more who wish they did not and could get rid of the bother of it.

But when education becomes not only part and parcel of the life of the people, but a thing that they have all profited by — a thing that underlies life as the soil underlies the growth in the garden — then education becomes cheap and easy. Nobody asks what it costs, nobody questions its benefits, nobody harbours a doubt about it.

In one case the community grudgingly supports its schools as a burden. In the other case, the schools build the community. And this is the lesson of Northwood.

LATTER-DAY POETS

THE amount of very creditable poetry, especially from the point of view of technique, that is being written in America to-day is a phenomenon not infrequently commented upon by critics, but apparently not often borne in mind by the reading public. To this latter-day poetry the South is contributing her full share, as seems proved by the selections that follow. The names of the late John Henry Boner, of Mr. Cawein, of Dr. Peck, of "Father Tabb," of Mrs. Dandridge, of Mr. Frank Stanton, of Mr. Robert Burns Wilson, and other Southern poets are known outside their section; but there are not a few Southern writers of verse worthy to bear them company whose work, for one reason or another, is not widely known, in some cases not even well known in the South itself. To include specimens of all these poets is obviously impossible; but of them all the editor may say, as he has done of contemporary American poets in general, that "criticism of their work is not so important as a cordial recognition of the service they render the cause of pure literature by their devotion to the art they have felt called to pursue. Such devotion, praiseworthy in any age, is particularly worthy of honor and emulation in a period when the rewards of popularity and pecuniary gains go in increasing measure to the purveyors of what is most aptly denominated light literature. It is proper enough that poetry should be its own reward, it is right and natural enough that it should no longer hold its prestige over prose, since it has ceased to deal with life in a large, universal way. But these facts do not excuse the utter indifference of thousands to an art that has never before been more gracefully or more reverently practised, nor should they lessen our gratitude to the artists who pursue their ideals, although deprived in a considerable measure of that pub-

lic sympathy which was as the breath of life to the master singers of the past. It is not to be believed that sympathy with our poets will ever become extinct among us; but it is well to remind ourselves that permanent excellence is not to be expected of any art the existence of which is merely tolerated by the general public."[1]

JOHN BANISTER TABB

[BORN in Amelia County, Virginia, March 22, 1845. He served on a blockade runner during the Civil War, and was kept seven months in Point Lookout prison, where he became a friend of Sidney Lanier (*q.v.*). He began to teach and write verses in 1872. In 1884 he printed privately a volume of poems, was ordained a priest in the Roman Catholic Church, and became professor of English in St. Charles College, Ellicott City, Maryland. He has issued "Poems" (1894), "Lyrics" (1897), "An Octave to Mary," "Child Verse, Poems Grave and Gay" (1899), "Two Lyrics" (1900), "Later Lyrics" (1902), and "Rosary in Rhyme" (1904). "Father" Tabb, as he is usually called, won instant and widespread recognition for his lyric work, especially in the quatrain and other restricted measures. See *The Bookbuyer*, May, 1896.]

MY STAR[2]

[FROM "POEMS BY JOHN B. TABB." SECOND EDITION, 1895.]

SINCE the dewdrop holds the star
The long night through,
Perchance the satellite afar
Reflects the dew.

And while thine image in my heart
Doth steadfast shine;
There, haply, in thy heaven apart
Thou keepest mine.

[1] From "A Brief History of American Literature," p. 234.

[2] Copyright, 1894, by Copeland & Day. All the poems selected are here printed by kind permission of the author and the present publishers and holders of copyright, Small, Maynard & Co.

THE HALF-RING MOON

[From the Same.]

Over the sea, over the sea,
My love he is gone to a far countrie;
But he brake a golden ring with me
The pledge of his faith to be.

Over the sea, over the sea,
He comes no more from the far countrie;
But at night, where the new moon loved to be,
Hangs the half of a ring for me.

CHILDHOOD

[From the Same.]

Old Sorrow I shall meet again,
And Joy, perchance — but never, never,
Happy Childhood, shall we twain
See each other's face for ever!

And yet I would not call thee back,
Dear Childhood, lest the sight of me,
Thine old companion, on the rack
Of Age, should sadden even thee.

KEATS — SAPPHO

[From the Same.]

Methinks, when first the nightingale
Was mated to thy deathless song,
That Sappho with emotion pale,
Amid the Olympian throng,

Again, as in the Lesbian grove,
Stood listening with lips apart,
To hear in thy melodious love
The pantings of her heart.

TO THE BABE NIVA

[From the Same.]

Niva, Child of Innocence,
Dust to dust *we* go:
Thou, when Winter wooed thee hence,
Wentest snow to snow.

TO SIDNEY LANIER

[From the Same.]

The dewdrop holds the heaven above,
Wherein a lark, unseen,
Outpours a rhapsody of love
That fills the space between.

My heart a dewdrop is, and thou,
Dawn-spirit, far away,
Fillest the void between us now
With an immortal lay.

CARLYLE McKINLEY

[Born at Newnan, Georgia, November 22, 1847; died at Mt. Pleasant, Charleston Harbor, August 24, 1904. He studied at the University of Georgia but left the institution to enter the Confederate Army. After the war he graduated at the Southern Presbyterian Theological Seminary at Columbia, South Carolina, in 1874, and began newspaper work the next year as Washington correspondent of *The News and Courier* of Charleston. After being employed in the railroad business he became permanently associated till his

death with *The News and Courier* as an editorial writer. He published an account of the Charleston Earthquake in the "Year Book of the City of Charleston" for 1885, and a book on the negro problem, "An Appeal to Pharaoh" in 1889, as well as miscellaneous essays and poems. A thin volume of "Selections from the Poems of Carlyle McKinley" was issued in 1904, also a small memorial pamphlet containing the tributes of his friends to his high character and exceptional talents.]

SAPELO[1]

[From "Selections from the Poems of Carlyle McKinley." 1904.]

Far from thy shores, enchanted isle,
To-night I claim a brief surcease
From toil and pain, to dream awhile
Of thy still peace —

To wander on thy shining strand,
And lose awhile life's troubled flow;
Its tumults die upon thy sand,
Blest Sapelo.

The sun is setting in the west;
The last light fades on land and sea;
The silence woos all things to rest —
And wooeth me.

So here I lie, with half-closed eye,
Careless, without one vexing thought,
While cool uncounted hours drift by
In dreamy sort.

And, ever, sweet thoughts without words,
The shadows of old memories,
Rise up and float away, as birds
Float down the skies.

[1] "Sapelo Island is on the ocean front of McIntosh County, near Darien, Georgia" (Hon. William A. Courtenay's Memorial Pamphlet).

In dreams I see the live-oak groves;
In dreams I hear the curlews cry,
Or watch the little mourning doves
Speed softly by.

I hear the surf beat on the sands,
And murmurous voices from the sea;
The wanton waves toss their white hands,
And beckon me.

* * * * * * *

The waves are murmuring on the beach,[1]
A soft wind whispers in the palm;
There is no sound of ruder speech
To mar the calm.

The happy sun comes up once more
Above the woods I know so well;
The rosy heaven, from shore to shore,
Glows like a shell.

I see the great old trees and tall,
Sheeted with tangled vines that sweep
From limb to limb — a leafy pall,
Where shadows sleep.

The long moss waves in every breeze,
Like tattered banners, old and gray;
And sigh and sigh the old, old trees
All night, all day.

With flower and fruit at once arrayed,
The orange groves are passing fair,
As though all seasons loved such shade,
And lingered there.

A mocking-bird on quivering wings
Floats up and down the woodland ways,

[1] Five stanzas are omitted at this point, and six at the end.

And, glad with me, he soars and sings
Our song of praise.

Slow, solemn cranes, with drowsy eyes,
Nod in the shallow surf, breast-high;
And snow-white gulls, with hollow cries,
Flit softly by.

The turning tide runs slowly out;
I hear the marsh-birds calling shrill;
The toiling oarsmen's song and shout
Come to me still.

I hear their boat-songs through the night;
I think it is my heart that hears
The old songs sounding yet, despite
These long, long years.

White clouds are drifting out to sea;
Like clouds the great ships come and go,
As strange, and white, and silently,
As soft and slow.

From far-off lands, like tired things,
They wander hither o'er the deep.
Here all things rest, they fold their wings
And fall asleep.

* * * * * * *

GEORGE HERBERT SASS

[Born at Charleston, South Carolina, December 24, 1845. He graduated at the College of Charleston in 1867, began to write verses during the war, one of his patriotic poems winning a prize in a competition. While he has continued to practise his art under the pseudonym of "Barton Grey," Mr. Sass has also served as a master in equity, and as literary editor of *The News and Courier*. In 1902 he received the degree of LL.D. from his alma mater. His poems were collected in 1904 under the title of "The Heart's Quest. A Book of Verses. By Barton Grey."]

THE CONFEDERATE DEAD[1]

[From "The Heart's Quest. A Book of Verses. By Barton Grey." 1904.]

How grand a fame this marble watches o'er!
Their Wars behind them — God's great Peace before.
They fought, they failed, yet, ere the bitter end,
Them, too, did Fortune wondrously befriend.
They never knew, as we who mourn them know,
How vain was all their strife, how vast their woe:
And how the land they gave their lives to save
Returns them all she has to give — a Grave.

IN A KING-CAMBYSES VEIN

[From the Same.]

Cambyses, King of the Persians,
Sat with his lords at play
Where the shades of the broad plane-branches
Slanted athwart the way.

And he listened and heard Prexaspes
Tell to his fellows there
Of a Bactrian bowman's prowess,
And skill beyond compare.

And the heart of the King was bitter,
And he turned and said to him:
"Dost see on the greensward yonder
That plane-tree's slender limb?

"It stands far off in the gloaming —
Dost think thy Bactrian could

[1] Copyright, 1904, by George Herbert Sass. The poems selected are here printed by kind permission of the author and G. P. Putnam's Sons.

With a single shaft unerring
Smite through that slender wood?"

"But nay," then said Prexaspes,
"Nor ever a mortal man
Since the days when Nimrod hunted
Where great Euphrates ran."

Then Cambyses, son of Cyrus,
Looked, and before him there
Meres, the King's cup-bearer,
Stood where the wine flowed clear.

Meres, the King's cup-bearer,
Prexaspes' only son,
And the heart of the King was hardened,
And the will of the King was done.

And he said: "Bind Meres yonder
To the plane-tree's slender stem,
And give me yon sheaf of arrows
And the bow that lies by them."

And so, when the guards had bound him,
He drew the shaft to the head;
"Give heed! give heed, Prexaspes,
I aim for the heart!" he said.

Sharp through the twilight stillness
Echoed the steel-bow's twang;
Loud through the twilight stillness
The courtiers' plaudits rang.

And the head of the boy drooped downward,
And the quivering shaft stood still;
And the King said, "O Prexaspes,
Match I thy Bactrian's skill?"

Then low before Cambyses
The Satrap bowed his head —
"O great King, live forever!
Thou hast cleft the heart!" he said.[1]

A FACE

[From the Same.]

There is a face I remember,
Clear through the shadow of years;
I can see it to-night so plainly,
Except now and then for my tears.

A face you would not have fancied,
It would have meant nothing to you,
But to me it has just been the one thing
To dream of my whole life through.

There never was aught between us,
She never looked into my heart;
Friend unto friend spoke greeting,
Friend as from friend did part.

The summers have flushed and faded
So often since last we met,
I am sure she does not remember,
I know I cannot forget.

[1] The title of this poem is derived from "I Henry IV," II, iv, 425. The story on which it is founded is given in Herodotus III, 35, but there are important variations, as Mr. Sass has pointed out in an interesting letter to the editor. The Bactrian archer does not appear in Herodotus, but does appear in Paul Hayne's version of the story — his narrative poem in blank verse, "Cambyses and the Macrobian Bow" in "Legends and Lyrics." Yet Mr. Sass cannot remember having read Hayne's poem before composing his own, and thinks that both may have been based on some other version of the episode. Mr. Sass remembers inventing the name Meres.

For the face is there in my dreaming,
It dwells with me everywhere,
The clear brown eyes shine on me,
Wavers the dusky hair.

The faces of men and women
I meet with every day
Pass and vanish, — but this face
Never can fade away.

Whether in life's hard journey
Those eyes have lost their light,
Whether the mouth's pure sweetness
Quivers with pain to-night,

I know not, knowing only
It changes not for me, —
That face my heart keeps safely
And my eyes no more may see.

SAMUEL MINTURN PECK

[Born of Northern stock in Tuscaloosa, Alabama, November 4, 1854, a son of a chief-justice of the state. He graduated from the University of Alabama (at his birthplace) in 1876, studied medicine and graduated from Bellevue in New York City, and from his twenty-fifth year began to write poems for newspapers and magazines which gained him many readers. He has collected his verses in "Cap and Bells" (1886), which has passed through many editions, in "Rings and Love-knots" (1892) and in "Rhymes and Roses" (1895). He has also written fiction, collected in "Alabama Sketches" (1902), and he has furnished verses for two illustrated volumes, "The Fair Women of To-day" (1896) and "The Golf Girl" (1899). "The Grapevine Swing" is perhaps Dr. Peck's best-known poem, but many others of his light, melodious lyrics have become very popular. He is unmarried and resides in his Tuscaloosa home, but frequently travels in Europe and has taken special courses of study in literature. For sympathetic criticism, see the paper by Professor William Henry Hulme, in "Southern Writers," Vol. II.]

ALABAMA[1]

[From "Cap and Bells." Sixth Edition.]

Why shines the moon so wan and white?
Why drift the shades so thick to-night
Beneath the winds that wail in flight
  Across the sobbing foam?
I watched the happy swallows flee
Beyond the lurid autumn sea;
They fled and left the gloom to me,
  Far — far from home.

Know'st thou that balmy Southern land,
By myrtle crowned, by zephyrs fanned,
Where verdant hills and forests grand
  Smile 'neath an azure dome?
'Tis there the stars shed softer beams
As if to bless the woods and streams;
'Tis there I wander in my dreams,
  Far — far from home.

I long to hear the murmuring pine,
To see the golden jasmine twine,
For there my fancy builds her shrine
  Where'er my footsteps roam.
O, sunny land, for thy sweet sake
A thousand tender memories wake;
For thee my heart is like to break,
  Far — far from home.

PAUL HAMILTON HAYNE

[From the Same.]

All strains are his. But most his lines
  Are fraught with peace and woodland pleasures,

[1] Copyright, 1886, by White, Stokes, and Allen. All the copyrighted poems selected are here printed by the kind permission of the Frederick A. Stokes Company and the author.

With bough-swing of the Georgian pines
Enwoven through the golden measures.

Beneath the purple muscadine
Sweet Fancy brings him many a vision,
Where frolic Dryads, laughing, twine
In airy cirques and songs Elysian.

Who notes the frosts that fringe his brows!
His tide of song is swelling sweeter,
With breathings of the myrtle boughs
And sunny roses in the meter.

Who cavils at the wings of Time!
They only waft him tones more tender
That he may chant in mellow rhyme
Of woodland charms and cloudland splendor.

The winsome Nine, a lissome throng,
With dimpled smiles still linger near him;
And still supreme in Southern song,
He pipes and millions joy to hear him.

THE GRAPEVINE SWING[1]

[From "Rings and Love-knots." Fourth Edition.]

When I was a boy on the old plantation,
Down by the deep bayou,
The fairest spot of all creation,
Under the arching blue;
When the wind came over the cotton and corn,
To the long slim loop I'd spring
With brown feet bare, and a hat-brim torn,
And swing in the grapevine swing.

[1] Copyright, 1892, by Frederick A. Stokes Company.

Swinging in the grapevine swing,
Laughing where the wild birds sing,
I dream and sigh
For the days gone by
Swinging in the grapevine swing.

Out — o'er the water-lilies bonnie and bright,
Back — to the moss-grown trees;
I shouted and laughed with a heart as light
As a wild-rose tossed by the breeze.
The mocking-bird joined in my reckless glee,
I longed for no angel's wing,
I was just as near heaven as I wanted to be
Swinging in the grapevine swing.

Swinging in the grapevine swing,
Laughing where the wild birds sing, —
Oh, to be a boy
With a heart full of joy,
Swinging in the grapevine swing!

I'm weary at noon, I'm weary at night,
I'm fretted and sore of heart,
And care is sowing my locks with white
As I wend through the fevered mart.
I'm tired of the world with its pride and pomp,
And fame seems a worthless thing.
I'd barter it all for one day's romp,
And a swing in the grapevine swing.

Swinging in the grapevine swing,
Laughing where the wild birds sing,
I would I were away
From the world to-day,
Swinging in the grapevine swing.[1]

[1] William Gilmore Simms wrote a poem on this subject, which may be found in Weber's "Selections from the Southern Poets."

A SOUTHERN GIRL

[From the Same.]

Her dimpled cheeks are pale;
She's a lily of the vale,
Not a rose.
In a muslin or a lawn
She is fairer than the dawn
To her beaux.

Her boots are slim and neat, —
She is vain about her feet
It is said.
She amputates her *r*'s,
But her eyes are like the stars
Overhead.

On a balcony at night
With a fleecy cloud of white
Round her hair —
Her grace, ah, who could paint?
She would fascinate a saint,
I declare.

'Tis a matter of regret,
She's a bit of a coquette,
Whom I sing:
On her cruel path she goes
With a half-a-dozen beaux
To her string.

But let all that pass by,
As her maiden moments fly
Dew empearled;
When she marries, on my life,
She will make the dearest wife
In the world.

AUNT JEMIMA'S QUILT[1]

[FROM "RHYMES AND ROSES."]

A MIRACLE of gleaming dyes
  Blue, scarlet, buff and green;
O ne'er before by mortal eyes
  Such gorgeous hues were seen!
So grandly was its plan designed,
  So cunningly 'twas built,
The whole proclaimed a master mind —
  My Aunt Jemima's quilt.

Each friendly household far and wide
  Contributed its share;
It chronicled the country side
  In colors quaint and rare.
From belles and brides came rich brocade
  Enwrought with threads of gilt;
E'en buxom widows lent their aid
  To Aunt Jemima's quilt.

No tapestry from days of yore,
  No web from Orient loom,
But paled in beauteous tints before
  This strange expanse of bloom.
Here glittering stars and comet shone
  O'er flowers that never wilt;
Here fluttered birds from worlds unknown
  On Aunt Jemima's quilt.

O, merry was the quilting bee,
  When this great quilt was done;
The rafters rang with maiden glee,
  And hearts were lost and won.

[1] Copyright, 1895, by Frederick A. Stokes Company.

Ne'er did a throng of braver men
In war clash hilt to hilt,
Than sought the smiles of beauty then
Round Aunt Jemima's quilt.

This work of art my aunt esteemed
The glory of the age;
No poet's eyes have ever beamed
More proudly o'er his page.
Were other quilt to this compared,
Her nose would upward tilt;
Such impudence was seldom dared
O'er Aunt Jemima's quilt.

Her dear old hands have gone to dust,
That once were lithe and light;
Her needles keen are thick with rust,
That flashed so nimbly bright.
And here it lies by her behest,
Stained with the tears we spilt,
Safe folded in this cedar chest —
My Aunt Jemima's quilt.

PHYLLIS

[From the Same.]

The singing of sweet Phyllis
Like the silver laughing rill is,
And her breath is like the lily's
In the dawn.
As graceful as the dipping
Summer swallow, or the skipping
Of a lambkin is her tripping
O'er the lawn.

To whom shall I compare her?
To a dryad? No! She's rarer.
She is something — only fairer —
Like Bopeep.
She is merry, she is clever.
Surely had Bopeep been ever
Half so winsome, she had never
Lost a sheep.

Her eyes are like the heather,
Or the skies in April weather;
And as blue as both together
In the spring.
Alas! I need a metre,
As I pipe her, that is sweeter,
And a rhythm that is fleeter
On the wing.

Beyond a poet's fancies,
Though the muse had kissed his glances,
Is her dimple when it dances
In a smile.
Oh, the havoc it is making —
Days of sorrow, nights of waking —
Half a score of hearts are aching
All the while.

Sweet Phyllis! I adore her,
And with beating heart implore her
On my loving knees before her
In alarm.
'Tis neither kind nor rightful
That a lassie so delightful
Should exert a spell so frightful
With her charm.

FROM "A WINTER DAY"

[From the Same.]

Pent in his lair until the storms be past,
Sequestered from the north wind's stinging blast,
The bumble bee in cozy slumber dreams
Of mossy dingles and soft rippling streams
O'erhung by flowerets waiting to be won
When blue-eyed Spring leads back the ardent sun,
And Winter's restless wrath is all forgot
Neath spell of primrose and forget-me-not.
The cricket too hath buried in the mould
His Autumn sorrow from a world a-cold;
Or else a guest beside the cottage hearth
He wakes again his minstrelsie and mirth;
And as he gaily sweeps his elfin lyre
His lay finds answer in the crackling fire,
Which echoes back his summer-toned refrain
Of joyous revels in the golden grain.

WILLIAM HAMILTON HAYNE

[Born in Charleston, South Carolina, March 11, 1856, the son of Paul Hamilton Hayne (*q.v.*). He was educated mainly at his home "Copse Hill" near Augusta, Georgia, where he still resides. He began to publish verses in newspapers and magazines in 1879, and has since been a steady contributor. His poems were collected in "Sylvan Lyrics and Other Verses" (1892).]

A CYCLONE AT SEA[1]

A throat of thunder, a tameless heart,
And a passion malign and free;
He is no sheik of the desert sand,
But an Arab of the sea!

[1] First published in *The Independent*. By kind permission of the publishers and the author.

He sprang from the womb of some wild cloud,
And was born to smite and slay;
To soar like a million hawks set free,
And swoop on his ocean prey!

He has scourged the Sea 'till her mighty breast
Responds to his heart's fierce beat,
And has torn brave souls from their bodies frail
To fling them at Allah's feet.

Possessed by a demon's lust of life
He revels o'er wrecks and graves,
And hurtles onward in curbless speed,—
Dark Bedouin of the waves.

"SLEEP AND HIS BROTHER DEATH"[1]

Just ere the darkness is withdrawn,
In seasons of cold or heat,
Close to the boundary line of Dawn
These mystical brothers meet.

They clasp their weird and shadowy hands,
As they listen each to each,
But never a mortal understands
Their strange immortal speech.

THE YULE LOG[2]

Out of the mighty Yule log came
The crooning of the lithe wood-flame,—
A single bar of music fraught
With cheerful yet half-pensive thought,—
A thought elusive; out of reach,
Yet trembling on the verge of speech.

[1] First published in *Collier's Weekly*. By kind permission of the publishers and the author.

[2] First published in *The Cosmopolitan*. By kind permission of the publishers and the author.

YATES SNOWDEN

[Born at Charleston, South Carolina, May 8, 1858. He graduated in 1879 at the College of Charleston, was admitted to the bar in 1882, but shortly after joined the staff of *The News and Courier*.]

A CAROLINA BOURBON[1]

W. M. P. (1812–1902)

Ridiculous to some may seem
This relic of the old régime,
So rudely wakened from his dream
Of high ambition.
A heart of nature's noblest mould,
By honor tempered and controlled —
Oh! look not in a soul so bold
For mock contrition.

For, when the die of war was cast,
And through the land the bugle blast
Called all to arms from first to last,
For Carolina,
Careless of what might be his fate,
He gave his all to save the State;
He thought, thinks now (strange to relate),
No cause diviner.

Of name and lineage proud, he bore
The character 'mongst rich and poor
Which marks now, as in days of yore,
The Huguenot.
Two hundred slaves were in his train,
Six thousand acres broad domain.
(His ancestors in fair Touraine
Had no such lot.)

[1] By kind permission of the author.

He loved and wooed in early days;
She died, — and he her memory pays
The highest tribute — for, with ways
And views extreme,
He, 'gainst stern facts and common sense,
To the whole sex (to all intents),
Transferred the love and reverence
Of life's young dream.

Perhaps too easy life he led —
Four hours afield, and ten abed,
His other time he talked and read,
Or else made merry
With many a planter friend to dine,
His health to drink in rare old wine —
Madeira, which thrice crossed the line,
And gold-leaf Sherry.

And here was mooted many a day,
The question on which each *gourmet*
Throughout the Parish had his say:
"Which is the best,
Santee or Cooper River bream?"
Alas! the evening star grew dim,
Ere any guest agreed with him,
Or he with guest.

* * * * * * *

The war rolled on; and many a friend
And kinsman, whom he helped to send
Their homes and country to defend,
Home ne'er returned.
What harder lot could now befall!
Threats could not bend nor woes appall;
Unmoved, he saw his Fathers' hall
To ashes burned.

And now to live within his means,
He dons his gray Kentucky jeans.

(His dress, in other times and scenes,
Was *drap d'été*.)
His hat is much the worse for wear;
His shoes revamped from year to year,
For "calf-skin boots are all too dear,"
We hear him say.

So life drags on as in a trance,
No *émigré*[1] of stricken France,
No Jacobite of old romance
Of sterner mould.
His fortune gone, his rights denied;
For him the Federal Union died
When o'er Virginia's line the tide
Of battle rolled.

* * * * * * *

Loyal je serai durant ma vie[2]
So runs his motto. What cares he
For the flag that flies from sea to sea
And tops the world?
Within the silence of his gates
Death's welcome shadow he awaits,
Still true to those Confederate States
Whose flag is furled.

HENRY JEROME STOCKARD

[Born in Chatham County, North Carolina, September 15, 1858. He was educated at the Graham High School and the University of North Carolina, receiving the degree of A.M. He has held positions as county superintendent of schools, principal of a high school, assistant professor of English in the University of North Carolina, professor of English and political science in Fredericksburg College, and is at present professor of Latin in Peace Institute, Raleigh, North Carolina. Professor Stockard has contributed poems to the best magazines and is the author of a volume of verse entitled "Fugitive Lines" (1897) and of "A Study of Southern Poetry," not yet published.]

[1] Cf. the title of the poem.

[2] I shall be loyal throughout my life.

AT FORDHAM[1]

(THE HOME OF EDGAR ALLAN POE)

[FROM "FUGITIVE LINES. BY HENRY JEROME STOCKARD." 1897.]

NOT here he dwelt, but down some path unknown
That winding sinks into night's spectral vale,
Where prisoned, uneasy winds forever wail,
And plangent seas on dolorous shores intone.
His charmed, cloud-builded home was there upthrown,
Engirt by marsh and mere and wastes of bale;
No foot save his e'er trod those reaches pale;
His were those tracts abandoned, his alone.
There with hushed breath he heard the thin, far strains
Of Israfel steal through his haunted room,
Or caught the nearer, clearer clank of chains:
Now o'er him leaned Lenore in deathless bloom;
Now, while the blood slowed, freezing in his veins,
Some goblin shivered in upon the gloom![2]

TO AN OLD OAK

[FROM THE SAME.]

BRAVE monarch of the forest, armies warred
Around thee once; the scathful shot and shell
Like bolts of death among thy branches fell,
And thee unto thine utmost being jarred.
Yet thou, though wasted then and battle-scarred,—
Seared even with the flaming breath of hell,—
Art stancher grown — and thou art typical
Of this great Union in whose cause was marred

[1] Copyright, 1897, by Henry Jerome Stockard. The three poems are here printed by kind permission of the author and G. P. Putnam's Sons.

[2] The student may compare with this sonnet John Henry Boner's well-known poem "Poe's Cottage at Fordham" (given in Stedman's "American Anthology") and Walter Malone's stanzas bearing the same title.

Thy massive bole : — those wounds are healed, and all
The closer for them now thy bark doth bind ;
While 'neath thy corrugations so are twined
And locked 'round many a deep-embodied ball
The stern warped fibres of thy life, that vain
Were brawniest blows to wedge thy heart in twain !

HOMER

[From the Same.]

That conjuring name doth change the centuries,
And the enchanted pagan world restore !
Old Triton and the Nereids sport before
Poseidon's chariot storming down the seas.
Pan blows his mellow reed, and to the breeze
The nautilus unfurls his sail once more ;
While silver voices wake the waters o'er
'Mid asphodels on Anthemusia's [1] leas.
I hear the Odyssey and Iliad rise
With deeper rhythm than that of Chios' surge,
And there upon the blue Ægean's verge,
Unchanging while the centuries increase,
After three thousand years, before me lies
The unveiled shore of old sea-cinctured Greece !

MRS. DANSKE DANDRIDGE

[Born in 1859, as Danske Bedinger, in Copenhagen, Denmark, where her father, Henry Bedinger, was United States Minister. In 1877 she married Mr. Stephen Dandridge of Shepherdstown, West Virginia, where she still resides. She has published "Joy and Other Poems" (1888; second and enlarged edition, 1900) and "Rose Brake" (1890).]

[1] *I.e.* Anthemussa, which, according to a fragment of Hesiod, was an island in the Tyrrhenian Sea, the abode of the Sirens.

SILENCE[1]

[From "Joy and Other Poems." Second Enlarged Edition, 1900.]

Come down from thine aërial height,
Spirit of the summer night!
Come softly stepping from the slender Moon,
Where thou dost lie upon her gentle breast,
And bring a boon
Of silence and of solace for our rest.

Or lift us, lift our souls to that bright place
Where she doth hide her face;
Lap us in light and cooling fleece, and steep
Our hearts in stillness; drench in drowsy dreams;
Grant us the pleasant languor that beseems,
And rock our sleep.

Quell thy barbed lightning in the sombre west;
Quiet thy thunder-dogs that bay the Moon;
Soothe the day's fretting, like a tender nurse;
Breathe on our spirits till they be in tune:
Were it not best
To hush all noises in the universe,
And bless with solemn quietude, that thus
The still, small voice of God might speak to us?

GLAMOUR-LAND

[From the Same.]

Ah, dim, lost Glamour-land,
On whose confines I stand,
Longing for home that shall be home no more!
There stood my palace grand,
Where now, on every hand,
The fiery swords of seraphs guard the door.

[1] Copyright, 1900, by Danske Dandridge. The five poems are here printed by kind permission of the author and the publishers, G. P. Putnam's Sons.

There once I roamed to cull
Dear hopes more beautiful
  Than siren thoughts that musing monks resist:
Nothing too far, or fair,
But its mirage was there
  Pictured upon the valley's rosy mist.

There each sweet day I heard
Songs of a brooding bird
  Telling of purest pleasure yet to be:
There, by the singing streams,
Faint forms of darling dreams
  Loitered and lingered, hand in hand with me.

Ah, dim, dear Fancy-land!
Thy welkin rainbow-spanned;
  The softened light of halcyon hours o'erpast
Fading away, away,
All the expanse is gray
  As fades the moon on nights too fair to last.

THE PRELUDE

[From the Same.]

What is astir where the shadows are dense?
Something that baffles the curious sense;
Something that shimmers, and whispers, and sighs;
Something that glimmers to far-reaching eyes;
The Shape of a song, or the Soul of a stream,
Or a Being awake from a beautiful dream,
Is pulsing, and stirring, and making prelude,
In the reverent heart of the reverent wood.

Is it a word that I never have heard?
Is it a hint of a jubilant bird
  That never was hinted before?

Oh, what can it be that is new in the wood?
That thrills with its meaning, but half understood,
  A rapture, and more?
A sound is created that never the breeze
Has carried till now through the city of trees:
Fresh tidings from God — a new message — is sent
Through I know not what delicate instrument.

And I would I had senses as fine as a sprite,
To hear and interpret the message aright:
But I think, oh I think, as I fall on my knees,
God is walking and talking again 'mid the trees.

THE SPIRIT OF THE FALL

[From the Same.]

Come, on thy swaying feet,
  Wild Spirit of the Fall!
With wind-blown skirts, loose hair of russet brown
Crowned with bright berries of the bitter-sweet.
Trip a light measure with the hurrying leaf,
  Straining thy few late roses to thy breast:
With laughter overgay, sweet eyes drooped down,
That none may guess thy grief:
  Dare not to pause for rest
Lest the slow tears should gather to their fall.

But when the cold Moon rises o'er the hill,
The last numb crickets cease, and all is still,
  Face down thou liest on the frosty ground,
Strewed with thy fortune's wreck, alas, thine all!

* * * * * * * *

  There, on a winter dawn, thy corse I found,
Lone Spirit of the Fall.

AS YOU WENT DOWN THE ROAD

[From the Same.]

As you went down the road, dear,
  As you went down the road,
How chill the breeze began to blow —
  My heart took up its load;
The skies that had been blue and bright,
How fast they darkened into night.

And will you ne'er turn back, dear?
  And shall we never meet?
Do no glad cries come up the road?
  No swift returning feet?
Halfway to meet you I would run,
Though long the way and set the sun.

Alas! the days go on, dear:
  How dulled the daylight seems,
Since you went down the road, dear,
  And left me to my dreams;
Left me to bear my weary load,
As I toil after, down the road.

ROBERT LOVEMAN

[Born in Cleveland, Ohio, April 11, 1864. He was educated in Dalton, Georgia, where he still resides. He travelled and studied and devoted himself to literature. His published volumes are, "Poems" (1889, 1893, 1897), "A Book of Verses" (1900), "The Gates of Silence with Interludes of Song" (1903), and "Songs from a Georgia Garden" (1904).]

THE RACES RISE AND FALL[1]

[From "The Gates of Silence with Interludes of Song." 1903.]

The races rise and fall,
  The nations come and go,

[1] Copyright, 1903, by Robert Loveman. The four poems are here printed by kind permission of the author and G. P. Putnam's Sons.

Time tenderly doth cover all
With violets and snow.

The mortal tide moves on
To some immortal shore,
Past purple peaks of dusk and dawn,
Into the evermore.

WHAT OF THE MEN OF MARS?

[From the Same.]

What of the men of Mars,
And maids of Mercury?
What of the loves and wars
These swirling systems see?

How do the Moon-folk fare?
What ships ply Saturn's seas?
And what brave races rare
Throng the proud Pleiades?

SONG

[From the Same.]

Back to the siren South,
Each mad red rose aglow,
To the vintage of her mouth,
Where purple kisses grow.

Back to her Orient eyes,
Her bosom's buds ablow;
Languorous land of ardent skies,
What should the cold North know?

A FLAKE AT A TIME[1]

[From "Songs from a Georgia Garden and Echoes from the Gates of Silence." 1904.]

A flake at a time the dawn drifts down,
Filling the world with light;

[1] Copyright, 1904, by J. B. Lippincott Company. The four poems are here printed by kind permission of the publishers and the author.

Heart of my heart, in dreams of thee
I smiled away the night.

And now 'tis morn, the garish sun
Doth flaunt his lurid beams;
Speed day, speed light; come quickly, night,
Bringing again my dreams.

I PINÈD IN A PALACE GRAND

[From the Same.]

I pinèd in a palace grand,
Amid the fruits of Samarcand,
The fountains murmured wearily, —
My dear Muse had forsaken me.

Confinèd in a dungeon I
Revelled in dreams of ecstasy; —
By day, by night, within my soul,
My Muse sang like an oriole.

IN ANCIENT GREECE

[From the Same.]

In ancient Greece sweet Sappho turned
Her thoughts to words that breathed and burned,
O temples, lutes, and incense urn'd
In ancient Greece.

Art, learning, grace, and beauty's bliss
Blossomed in the Acropolis, —
But lo, the woman, tender, true,

Who leans to me with lips of dew,
And love immortal in her eyes —
Thank God, I lived not with the wise
In ancient Greece.

THE LILY WHISPERED

[From the Same.]

The lily whispered: "From the sod
I leap into the light;
Thou churlish clod, to doubt thy God,
Nor know the noon from night.

"Look where I lay, but yesterday,
O thou of feeble faith, —
So thou shalt climb, and soar sublime
From the swift pause of death."

BENJAMIN SLEDD

[Born in Bedford County, Virginia, August 27, 1864. He graduated at Washington and Lee University in 1886, studied at the Johns Hopkins University the next year, and became in 1888 professor of English in Wake Forest College, North Carolina, which position he still holds. He has edited text-books and published two volumes of poems, "From Cliff and Scaur" (1897) and "The Watchers of the Hearth" (1901).]

UNITED[1]

[From "From Cliff and Scaur. A Collection of Verse." 1897.]

I

All day it shook the land — grim battle's thunder tread;
And fields at morning green, at eve are trampled red.
But now, on the stricken scene, twilight and quiet fall;
Only, from hill to hill, night's tremulous voices call;
And comes from far along, where campfires warning burn,
The dread, hushed sound which tells of morning's sad return.

[1] Copyright, 1897, by Benjamin Sledd. The two poems are here printed by kind permission of the author and G. P. Putnam's Sons.

II

Timidly nature awakens; the stars come out overhead,
And a flood of moonlight breaks like a voiceless prayer for the dead.
And steals the blessed wind, like Odin's fairest daughter,[1]
In viewless ministry, over the fields of slaughter;
Soothing the smitten life, easing the pang of death,
And bearing away on high the passing warrior's breath.

III

Two youthful forms are lying apart from the thickest fray,
The one in Northern blue, the other in Southern gray.
Around his lifeless foeman the arms of each are pressed,
And the head of one is pillowed upon the other's breast.
As if two loving brothers, wearied with work and play,
Had fallen asleep together, at close of the summer day.
Foemen were they, and brothers? — Again the battle's din,
With its sullen, cruel answer, from far away breaks in.

DAWN AND THE PEAK

[From the Same.]

High over all one huge peak stands,
Flinging his Titan hands
To grasp the vale, a glowing cup,
And to the morning holds it up;
Then leaning its lips to the river's edge,
Pours to the sun earth's sacred pledge.

TO SAPPHO[2]

[From "The Watchers of the Hearth." 1902.]

Might each but claim of Time's unfeeling hand
Some treasure reft of man so long ago

[1] Skuld, one of the Norns of Scandinavian mythology.

[2] Copyright, 1901, by Benjamin Sledd. The two poems are here printed by kind permission of the author and Richard G. Badger & Co.

That fancy's utmost can but dimly show
The glory of the gifts we would demand, —
What gift were mine? — In that far Lesbian land
To pluck from some forgotten tomb a scroll
Writ with those songs of woe and passion, — whole,
In characters of Sappho's own sweet hand.

Or yet to lie one hour upon the shore,
While far off come and go the long-prored ships,
And watch that hand divine flash o'er the lyre,
And hear the numbers flow from her wild lips, —
To drink of her dark, regal eyes the fire,
And, passing, feel no meaner rapture more.

THE CHILDREN

[From the Same.]

No more of work! Yet ere I seek my bed,
Noiseless into the children's room I go,
With its four little couches all a-row,
And bend a moment over each dear head.

Those soft, round arms upon the pillow spread,
These dreaming lips babbling more than we know,
One tearful, smothered sigh of baby woe —
Fond words of chiding, would they were unsaid!

And while on each moist brow a kiss I lay,
With tremulous rapture grown almost to pain,
Close at my side I hear a whispered name: —
Our long-lost babe, who with the dawning came,
And in the midnight went from us again.
And with bowed head, one good night more I say.

MADISON JULIUS CAWEIN

[Born in Louisville, Kentucky, March 23, 1865. He graduated from the high school there, and devoted himself to poetry and the study of literature.

In 1887 he published "Blooms of the Berry," which gained the warm commendation of Mr. William Dean Howells in the "Editor's Study" of *Harper's Magazine* for May, 1888. He has since issued between fifteen and twenty volumes of verse, among them an elaborate poem, "Accolon of Gaul" (1889), "Moods and Memories" (1892), "Red Leaves and Roses" (1893), "The Garden of Dreams" (1896), "Undertones" (1896), and "Weeds by the Wall" (1901). A volume of selections from his poetry, entitled "Kentucky Poems," with an introduction by Mr. Edmund Gosse, was issued in 1902. In 1895 Mr. Cawein published a volume of translations from German poetry under the title of "The White Snake." For sympathetic criticism of his work, which has covered with maturing art a large variety of poetic forms, see, besides the essays mentioned above, the study by Professor William Henry Hulme in "Southern Writers," Vol. II.]

WOOD-WORDS [1]

[From "The Garden of Dreams."[2] 1896.]

The spirits of the forest,
That to the winds give voice —
I lie the livelong April day
And wonder what it is they say
That makes the leaves rejoice.

The spirits of the forest,
That breathe in bud and bloom —
I walk within the black-haw brake
And wonder how it is they make
The bubbles of perfume.

The spirits of the forest,
That live in every spring —
I lean above the brook's bright blue
And wonder what it is they do
That makes the water sing.

The spirits of the forest,
That haunt the sun's green glow —

[1] Copyright, 1896, by John P. Morton & Co. The seven poems are here printed by kind permission of the author and the publishers.

[2] The selection is the first section of the poem.

Down fungus ways of fern I steal
And wonder what they can conceal,
In dews, that twinkle so.

The spirits of the forest,
They hold me, heart and hand —
And, oh ! the bird they send by light,
The jack-o'-lantern gleam by night,
To guide to Fairyland !

RAIN AND WIND

[From the Same.]

I hear the hoofs of horses
Galloping over the hill,
Galloping on and galloping on,
When all the night is shrill
With wind and rain that beats the pane —
And my soul with awe is still.

For every dripping window
Their headlong rush makes bound,
Galloping up, and galloping by,
Then back again and around,
Till the gusty roofs ring with their hoofs,
And the draughty cellars sound.

And then I hear black horsemen
Hallooing in the night;
Hallooing and hallooing,
They ride o'er vale and height,
And the branches snap and the shutters clap
With the fury of their flight.

Then at each door a horseman, —
With burly bearded lip
Hallooing through the keyhole, —

Pauses with cloak a-drip;
And the door-knob shakes and the panel quakes
'Neath the anger of his whip.

All night I hear their gallop,
And their wild halloo's alarm;
The tree-tops sound and vanes go round
In forest and on farm;
But never a hair of a thing is there —
Only the wind and the storm.

REST

[From the Same.]

Under the brindled beech,
Deep in the mottled shade,
Where the rocks hang in reach
Flower and ferny blade,
Let him be laid.

Here will the brooks, that rove
Under the mossy trees,
Grave with the music of
Underworld melodies,
Lap him in peace.

Here will the winds, that blow
Out of the haunted west,
Gold with the dreams that glow
There on the heaven's breast,
Lull him to rest.

Here will the stars and moon,
Silent and far and deep,
Old with the mystic rune
Of the slow years that creep,
Charm him with sleep.

Under the ancient beech,
Deep in the mossy shade,
Where the hill moods may reach,
Where the hill dreams may aid,
Let him be laid.

HEART'S ENCOURAGEMENT

[From the Same.]

Nor time nor all his minions
Of sorrow or of pain,
Shall dash with vulture pinions
The cup she fills again
Within the dream-dominions
Of life where she doth reign.

Clothed on with bright desire
And hope that makes her strong,
With limbs of frost and fire,
She sits above all wrong,
Her heart, a living lyre,
Her love, its only song.

And in the waking pauses
Of weariness and care,
And when the dark hour draws his
Black weapon of despair
Above effects and causes
We hear its music there.

The longings life hath near it
Of love we yearn to see;
The dreams it doth inherit
Of immortality;
Are callings of her spirit
To something yet to be.

LOVE AND A DAY[1]

[From "Weeds by the Wall. Verses. By Madison Cawein." 1901.]

In girandoles of gladioles
The day had kindled flame;
And Heaven a door of gold and pearl
Unclosed when Morning, — like a girl,
A red rose twisted in a curl, —
Down sapphire stairways came.
Said I to Love: "What must I do?
What shall I do? what can I do?"
Said I to Love: "What must I do?
All on a summer's morning."

Said Love to me: "Go woo, go woo."
Said Love to me: "Go woo.
If she be milking, follow, O!
And in the clover hollow, O!
While through the dew the bells clang clear,
Just whisper it into her ear,
All on a summer's morning."

REQUIESCAT

[From the Same.]

The roses mourn for her who sleeps
Within the tomb;
For her each lily-flower weeps
Dew and perfume.
In each neglected flower-bed
Each blossom droops its lovely head, —
They miss her touch, they miss her tread,
Her face of bloom,
Of happy bloom.

[1] Copyright, 1901, by Madison J. Cawein.

The very breezes grieve for her,
A lonely grief;
For her each tree is sorrower,
Each blade and leaf.
The foliage rocks itself and sighs,
And to its woe the wind replies, —
They miss her girlish laugh and cries,
Whose life was brief,
Was very brief.

The sunlight, too, seems pale with care,
Or sick with woe;
The memory haunts it of her hair,
Its golden glow.
No more within the bramble-brake
The sleepy bloom is kissed awake —
The sun is sad for her dear sake,
Whose head lies low,
Lies dim and low.

The bird, that sang so sweet, is still
At dusk and dawn;
No more it makes the silence thrill
Of wood and lawn.
In vain the buds, when it is near,
Open each pink and perfumed ear, —
The song it sings she will not hear
Who now is gone,
Is dead and gone.

Ah, well she sleeps who loved them well,
The birds and bowers;
The fair, the young, the lovable,
Who once was ours.
Alas! that loveliness must pass!
Must come to lie beneath the grass!
That youth and joy must fade, alas!
And die like flowers,
Earth's sweetest flowers!

BEAUTY AND ART

[From the Same.]

The gods are dead; but still for me
  Lives on in wildwood brook and tree
Each myth, each old divinity.

For me still laughs among her rocks
  The Naiad; and the Dryad's locks
Drop perfume on the wild-flower flocks.

The Satyr hoof still prints the loam;
  And, whiter than the wind-blown foam,
The Oread haunts her mountain home.

To him, whose mind is fain to dwell
  With loveliness no time can quell,
All things are real, imperishable.

To him — whatever facts may say —
  Who sees the soul beneath the clay,
Is proof of a diviner day.

The very stars and flowers preach
  A gospel old as God, and teach
Philosophy a child may reach;

That cannot die, that shall not cease,
  That lives through idealities
Of beauty, ev'n as Rome and Greece;

That lifts the soul above the clod,
  And, working out some period
Of art, is part and proof of God.[1]

[1] The changes from plural to singular in the verbs of this stanza are made with Mr. Cawein's sanction.

WALTER MALONE

[BORN in De Soto County, Mississippi, February 10, 1866. He graduated at the University of Mississippi in 1887, practised law in Memphis, Tennessee, for the next ten years, and engaged in literary pursuits in New York City from 1897 to 1900, when he resumed his law practice in Memphis, where he now resides. He has published "Claribel and Other Poems" (1882), "The Outcast and Other Poems" (1885), "Narcissus and Other Poems" (1892), "Songs of Dusk and Dawn" (1894), "Songs of December and June" (1896), "Songs of North and South" (1900), and "Poems" (1904) containing the contents of most of the preceding volumes. In 1897 he published a volume of short stories entitled "The Coming of the King." In 1905 he was raised to the bench.]

OCTOBER IN TENNESSEE[1]

[FROM "POEMS. BY WALTER MALONE." 1904.]

FAR, far away, beyond a hazy height,
The turquoise skies are hung in dreamy sleep;
Below, the fields of cotton, fleecy-white,
Are spreading like a mighty flock of sheep.

Now, like Aladdin of the days of old,
October robes the weeds in purple gowns;
He sprinkles all the sterile fields with gold,
And all the rustic trees wear royal crowns.

The straggling fences all are interlaced
With pink and azure morning-glory blooms,
The starry asters glorify the waste,
While grasses stand on guard with pikes and plumes.

Yet still amid the splendor of decay
The chill winds call for blossoms that are dead,
The cricket chirps for sunshine passed away,
And lovely Summer songsters that have fled.

[1] Copyright, 1904, by Walter Malone. The three poems are here printed by kind permission of the author and the publishers, Paul & Douglass Co.

And lonesome in a haunt of withered vines,
Amid the flutter of her withered leaves,
Pale Summer for her perished Kingdom pines,
And all the glories of her golden sheaves.

In vain October wooes her to remain
Within the palace of his scarlet bowers,
Entreats her to forget her heart-break pain,
And weep no more about her faded flowers.

At last November, like a Conqueror, comes
To storm the golden city of his foe;
We hear his rude winds, like the roll of drums,
Bringing their desolation and their woe.

The sunset, like a vast vermilion flood,
Splashes its giant glowing waves on high,
The forest flames with foliage red as blood,
A conflagration sweeping to the sky.

Then all the treasures of that brilliant state
Are gathered in a mighty funeral pyre;
October, like a King resigned to fate,
Dies in his forests, with their sunset fire.

A PORTRAIT OF HENRY TIMROD

[From the Same.]

Strange eyes gaze sadly from that weary face,
Beneath a brow that shows the seal of care;
Defeat and Disappointment leave their trace
Upon the youthful visage pictured there.

The same old story here is handed down —
The true-born poet and the same old doom —
The bard who starves while rhymesters wear the crown,
Who finds his throne, erected in a tomb.

Gone are the glories of your halcyon days,
  Gone are the heroes whom you sung of yore;
Their banners in the skies no longer blaze,
  Their fervent shouts are stilled forevermore.

No more their white steeds paw the bloody field,
  No more their trumpets rouse the raptured soul,
No more their ranks in fiery fight are wheeled,
  No more their drums like sullen thunders roll.

Yet as I view your old-time picture, all
  The proud past blossoms, though your day has fled;
Once more I hear your Stuart's battle-call,
  And see your Stonewall rising from the dead.

I see their blazoned banners float like fire,
  I hear their shouts sweep down the perished years;
I hear once more the throbbing of your lyre,
  Ecstatic with a nation's hopes and fears.

And foes with friends now come to honor you,
  O poet, free from blemish and from blame,
A wreath is yours as long as men are true,
  As long as Courage wins the crown of Fame.

NAPOLEON AND BYRON

[From the Same.]

Two names together linked forevermore;
  Their outward march no kingdoms can retard;
Their banners flame on every sea and shore,
  Immortal chieftain and immortal bard.

Napoleon's name no longer awes the world;
  His legions long ago have shared his doom,
His stately empire in the dust is hurled,
  His aspirations ended in a tomb.

And Byron lost the fickle praise of men
Amid the blossom of his youthful grace;
So then Death came to drag into his den
The classic beauty of that perfect face.

And yet they live triumphant o'er their shrouds,
In song and story, legend and romance.
One, like an eagle, soars above the clouds,
One, like a lion, rules the soul of France.

Sons of the mountains and the stormy sea,
With souls of thunder, and with hearts of flame,
The czar of heroes, prince of poesy,
The Spouse of Beauty, and the King of Fame.

LUCIEN V. RULE

[Born at Goshen, Kentucky, August 29, 1871. He was educated at the Kentucky State College (1887–1888), Lexington, and at Centre College (1889–1893), Danville, Kentucky. He studied for the ministry but later went into newspaper work for five or six years. He is now engaged wholly in writing and speaking on social and spiritual problems. He has published "The Shrine of Love and Other Poems" (1898), and a small volume of social and political satires, "When John Bull Comes A-Courtin'" (1903).]

ABSENCE[1]

[From "The Shrine of Love and Other Poems." 1898.]

The western skies are starless now;
No beauty's beacon sweet,
When evening comes, smiles softly down
Where happy lovers meet.

[1] Copyright, 1898, by Lucien V. Rule. The two poems are here printed by kind permission of the author and Herbert S. Stone & Co.

Thus from the heavens of my heart
I miss a tender light:
For she my song, and hope, and cheer,
Is far from me to-night.

CONSTANCY

[From the Same.]

I love thee when the morning hours
Are joyous, fresh, and new;
I love thee when the noontide calm
Descends the forest through.

I love thee when the sunset skies,
Aflame with glory, burn;
I love thee when the twilight birds
Back to their nests return.

I love thee when the silvery moon
Smiles down on vale and hill;
I love thee when the midnight stars
Are glowing far and still.

I love thee when the dawning east
Proclaims the darkness o'er;
Ah, sweetheart, wouldst thou know the truth?
I love thee evermore.

APPENDIX

THE usually received version of O'Hara's famous elegy is so different from that given in the text (see page 281) that it has seemed best to reproduce it here.

THE BIVOUAC OF THE DEAD

THE muffled drum's sad roll has beat
The soldier's last tattoo;
No more on Life's parade shall meet
That brave and fallen few.
On Fame's eternal camping-ground
Their silent tents are spread,
And Glory guards, with solemn round,
The bivouac of the dead.

No rumor of the foe's advance
Now swells upon the wind;
No troubled thought at midnight haunts
Of loved ones left behind;
No vision of the morrow's strife
The warrior's dream alarms;
No braying horn nor screaming fife
At dawn shall call to arms.

Their shivered swords are red with rust,
Their plumèd heads are bowed;
Their haughty banner, trailed in dust,
Is now their martial shroud.
And plenteous funeral tears have washed
The red stains from each brow,
And the proud forms, by battle gashed,
Are free from anguish now.

The neighing troop, the flashing blade,
The bugle's stirring blast,
The charge, the dreadful cannonade,
The din and shout, are past;
Nor war's wild note nor glory's peal
Shall thrill with fierce delight
Those breasts that nevermore may feel
The rapture of the fight.

Like the fierce northern hurricane
That sweeps his great plateau,
Flushed with the triumph yet to gain,
Came down the serried foe.
Who heard the thunder of the fray
Break o'er the field beneath,
Knew well the watchword of that day
Was "Victory or Death."

Long had the doubtful conflict raged
O'er all that stricken plain,
For never fiercer fight had waged
The vengeful blood of Spain;
And still the storm of battle blew,
Still swelled the gory tide;
Not long, our stout old chieftain[1] knew,
Such odds his strength could bide.

'Twas in that hour his stern command
Called to a martyr's grave
The flower of his beloved land,
The nation's flag to save.
By rivers of their fathers' gore
His first-born laurels grew,
And well he deemed the sons would pour
Their lives for glory too.

[1] General, afterward President, Zachary Taylor, known to his soldiers as "Old Rough and Ready."

Full many a norther's breath has swept
O'er Angostura's[1] plain,
And long the pitying sky has wept
Above its mouldered slain.
The raven's scream, or eagle's flight,
Or shepherd's pensive lay,
Alone awakes each sullen height
That frowned o'er that dread fray.

Sons of the Dark and Bloody Ground,[2]
Ye must not slumber there,
Where stranger steps and tongues resound
Along the heedless air.
Your own proud land's heroic soil
Shall be your fitter grave:
She claims from war his richest spoil —
The ashes of her brave.

Thus 'neath their parent turf they rest,
Far from the gory field,
Borne to a Spartan mother's breast
On many a bloody shield;
The sunshine of their native sky
Smiles sadly on them here,
And kindred eyes and hearts watch by
The heroes' sepulchre.

Rest on, embalmed and sainted dead!
Dear as the blood ye gave;
No impious footstep here shall tread
The herbage of your grave;
Nor shall your glory be forgot
While Fame her record keeps,
Or Honor points the hallowed spot
Where Valor proudly sleeps.

[1] Near Buena Vista. [2] The meaning of the Indian word "Kentucky."

Yon marble minstrel's voiceless stone
In deathless song shall tell,
When many a vanished age hath flown,
The story how ye fell;
Nor wreck, nor change, nor winter's blight,
Nor Time's remorseless doom,
Shall dim one ray of glory's light
That gilds your deathless tomb.

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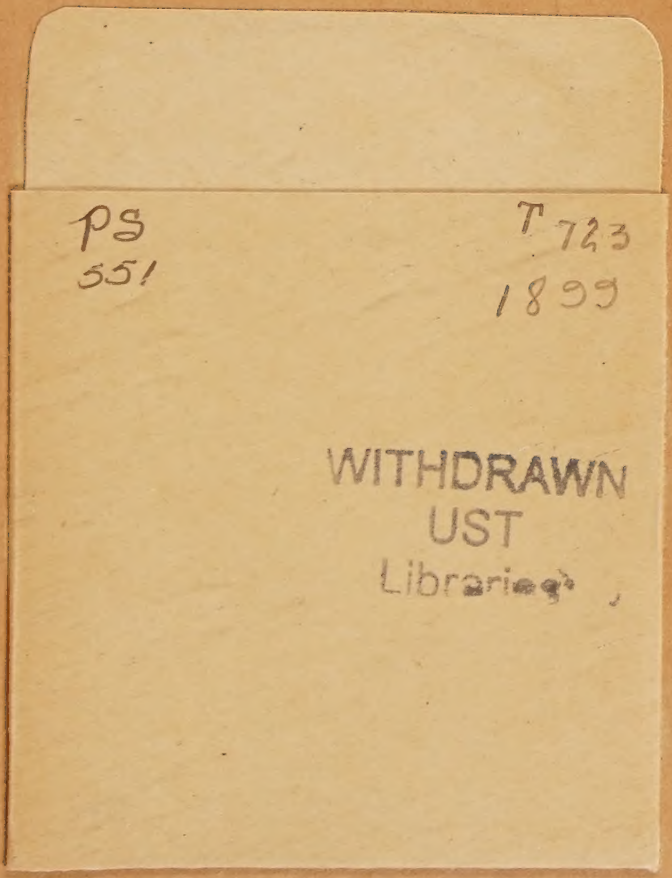
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